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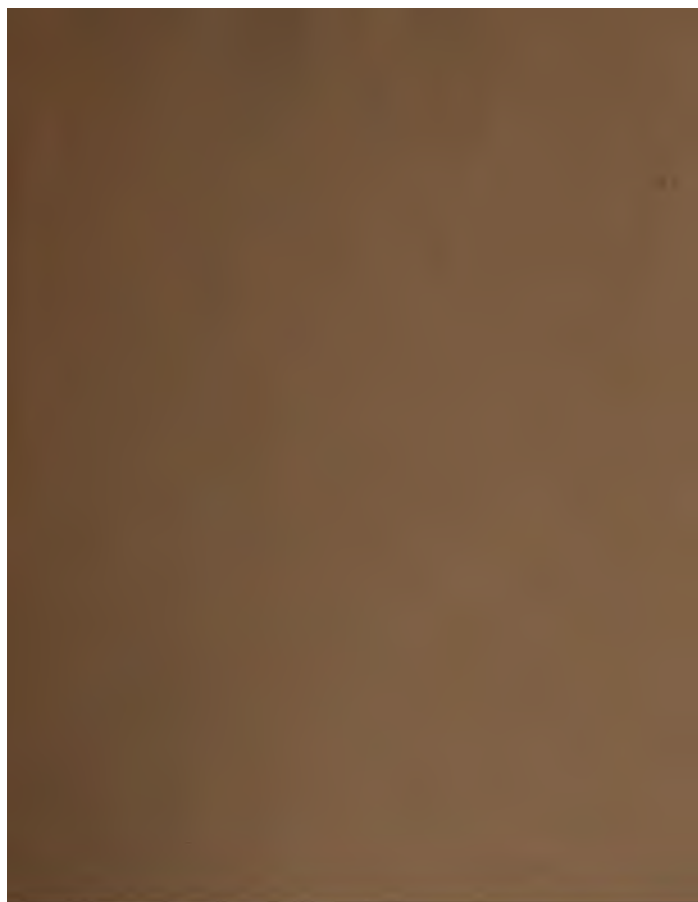
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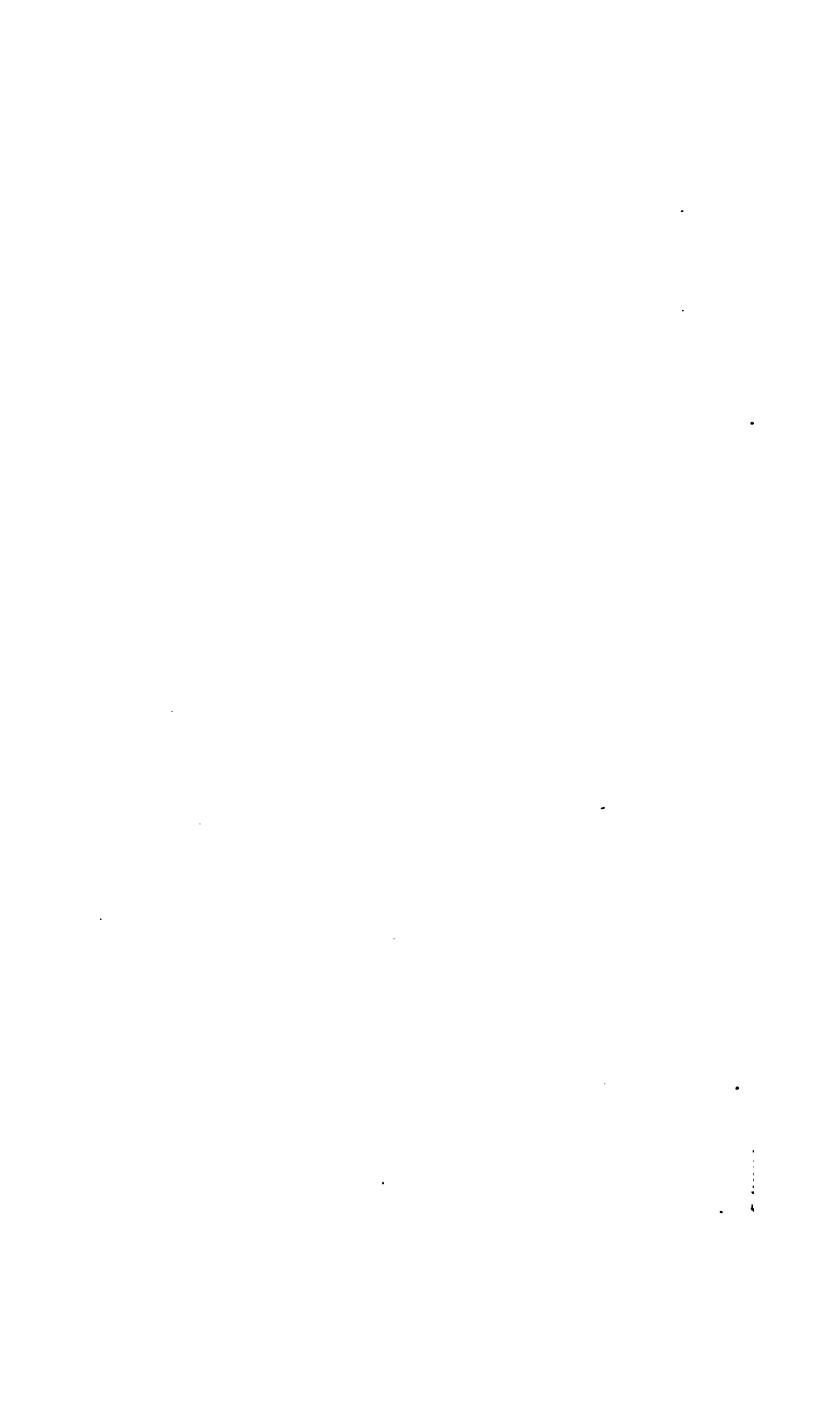
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FROM

Misses Emma and Elizabeth Harris









Engraved by J. H. Johnson.

Engraved by J. H. Johnson.

"And Frank called more straw, more manure! several times before she was ready."

(Page 23.)

New York, Harper & Brothers, 1836.

F R A N K .

MARIA EDGEWORTH.



As this is the first time the author has been able to publish a new volume of her works, she is very anxious to see it in the hands of her friends.

NEW YORK,
Harper & Brothers,
1836.



Grav. by V. S. S.

Engraved by A. T. S.

"and Frank called more straw, more man! more! several
times before she was ready."

Page 231.

New York. Harper & Brothers. 1836.

F R A N K,

MARIA EDGEWORTH.



He asked if he could see the call to see whether he turned it as
was the wind now regular, and then he went on.

Page 11.

NEW YORK.
Harper & Brothers.
1836.



F R A N K.

BY

M A R I A E D G E W O R T H.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,

NO. 82 CLIFF-STREET.

1836.

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ADDRESS TO MOTHERS.

IN offering these little books to those kind mothers who attend to the early instruction of their children, the authors beg leave to prefix a few observations on early education which have occurred to them since the former parts of these books were published.

We found, to our high gratifications, during a visit which we lately paid to England, that the attention of parents, in every rank of society, was turned to the early education of their children.

Formerly a child was left, during the first eight or ten years, to chance, in every part of its education except its book and keeping its clothes clean—the mother or the nursery-maid attended to the latter, for their own sakes—the father, remembering the praise that had been bestowed upon himself when he was a child, was anxious that his son should learn to read as soon as possible.

The object was to cram children with certain commonplaces of knowledge, to furnish them with answers to ready-made questions, to prove that the teacher, whether parent, schoolmaster, or private tutor, had kept the pupil's memory, at least, at hard work, and had confined his limbs and his mind, for many hours in the day, to study.

At present, the attention of parents is more extended; they endeavour to give their pupils reasonable motives for industry and application. They watch the tempers and dispositions of children; they endeavour to cultivate the general powers of the infant understanding, instead of labouring incessantly to make them reading, writing, and calculating machines.

To assist them in these views, parents have now a number of excellent elementary books. Such a variety of these have of late years been published, that, by a proper use of them, more general knowledge can be now acquired by a child, with two hours' daily application, than could have been acquired, fifty years ago, by the constant labour of ten hours in the four-and-twenty.

There are persons who think that the ease with which

knowledge is thus obtained, and its dispersion through the wide mass of society, are unfavourable to the advancement of science; that knowledge easily acquired is easily lost; that it makes scarcely any salutary impression upon the mind, impeding, instead of invigorating its native force: they assert that the principal use of early learning is to inure the young mind to application; and that the rugged path of scholastic discipline taught the foot of the learner to trade more firmly, and hardened him to bear the labour of climbing the more difficult ascents of literature and science.

Undoubtedly, the infant mind should be inured to labour; but it can scarcely be denied, that it is better to bestow that labour upon what is within the comprehension of a child, than to cram its memory with what must be unintelligible. A child is taught to walk upon smooth ground; and no persons in their senses would put an infant on its legs for the first time on rugged rocks.

It seems to be a very plain direction to a teacher, to proceed from what is known to the next step which is not known; but there are pedagogues who choose the retrograde motion of going from what is little known to what is less known. Surely a child may be kept employed, and his faculties may be sufficiently exercised, by gradual instruction on subjects suited to his capacity, where every step advances, and where the universal and rational incentive to application, *success*, is perceived by the learner.

So far from thinking that there is a royal road to any science, I believe that the road must be long, but I do not think it need be rugged: I am convinced that a love for learning may be early induced, by making it agreeable; that the listless idleness of many an excellent scholar arises, not from aversion to application, but from having all the family of pain associated with early instruction. By *pain* I do not merely mean the pain of corporeal correction, or of any species of direct punishment. Even where parents have not recourse to these, they often associate pain indissolubly with literature, by compelling children to read that which they cannot understand. One of the objects of this address to mothers is to deprecate this practice, and to prevent this evil in future. Let me most earnestly conjure the parents and teachers into whose hands these volumes may come, to lay any of them aside immediately that is

not easily understood; a time will come when that which is now rejected may be sought for with avidity. I am particularly anxious upon this subject, because we have found from experience, that the "Early Lessons" are not arranged in the order in which, for the facility of the learner, they ought to be read. In fact, the order in which they were first published was the order of time in which they were written, and not of the matter which they contained. The first part of *Harry and Lucy* was written by me thirty-four years before *Frank and Rosamond* were written by my daughter. *Frank* is the easiest to be understood, and should, therefore, have come first; after *Frank*, the first part of *Harry and Lucy*; then *Rosamond*; and, lastly, the second part of *Harry and Lucy*, which was written long after the first part had been published. This latter part should not be put into the hands of pupils before they are eight years old. We have heard children say, "*We love little Frank, because it is easy; but we hate Harry and Lucy, because it is difficult.*" We defer implicitly to their opinion; well-educated children are, in fact, best judges of what is fit for children.

Molière's hackneyed old woman was not so good a critic of comedy as a child of eight years old might be of books for infants.

Whenever, therefore, a child, who has in general a disposition for instruction, shows a dislike for any book, lay it aside at once, without saying any thing upon the subject; and put something before him that is more to his taste. For instance, in the following books, different parts of them are suited to the tastes of different children, as well as to children of different ages. It is therefore strongly recommended to parents to select what they find upon trial to be the best for their immediate purpose, and to lay aside the rest for another opportunity. We have repeatedly heard parents and teachers complain of the want of books for their pupils: can there be a better proof of the general improvement that has taken place of late years in the modes of instruction, than this desire for early literature? When I was a child, I had no resource but Newberry's little books and Mrs. Teachum; and now, when every year produces something new and something good for the supply of juvenile libraries, there is still an increasing demand for children's books. In a selection of this

sort, teachers of prudence and experience are cautious not to be deceived by a name, or by an alluring title-page: they previously examine what they put into the hands of their scholars; they know that want of information in a child is preferable to confused and obscure instruction; that for their pupils to know any one thing well, and to be able to convey to others, in appropriate language, the little knowledge which they may have acquired, is far preferable to a string of ready made answers to specific questions, which have been merely committed to memory; that an example of proper conduct, of a noble sentiment, the glow of enthusiasm raised by a simple recital of a generous action, have more influence upon the tempers and understandings of children than the most pompous harangues of studied eloquence.

In choosing books for young people; the enlightened parent will endeavour to collect such as tend to give general knowledge, and to strengthen the understanding. Books which teach particular sciences or distinct branches of knowledge should be sparingly employed. In one word, the mind should be prepared for instruction; the terms of every art and every science should, in some degree, be familiar to the child, before any thing like a specific treatise on the subject should be read.

It is by no means our intention to lay down a course of early instruction, or to limit the number of books that may in succession be safely put into the hand of the pupil. Mrs. Barbauld's "Lessons for Children from three to four years old" have obtained a prescriptive pre-eminence in the nursery. These are fit for a child's first attempts to read sentences; and they go on in easy progression to such little narratives as ought to follow. Her eloquent hymns may next be read. They give an early taste for the sublime language and feelings of devotion. Scriptural stories have been selected in some little volumes; these may succeed to Mrs. Barbauld's Hymns. No narrative makes a greater impression upon the mind than that of Joseph and his brethren: not the story of Joseph, expanded and adorned by what is falsely called fine writing: but the history of Joseph in the book of Genesis.

When children can read fluently, the difficulty is not to supply them with entertaining books, but to prevent them from reading too much, and indiscriminately. To give them only such as cultivate the moral feelings, and

create a taste for knowledge, while they at the same time amuse and interest. A few, and *quite sufficient for this purpose*, may be named; for instance, "Fabulous Histories;" "Evenings at Home;" "Berquin's Children's Friend;" "Sandford and Merton;" "Little Jack;" "The Children's Miscellany;" "Bob the Terrier;" "Dick the Pony;" "The Book of Trades;" "The Looking-glass, or History of a young Artist;" "Robinson Crusoe;" "The Travels of Rolando;" a book which I mention with some *hesitation*, because, though it contains much knowledge, collected from various authors, yet it is too much mixed with fiction. "Mrs. Wakefield on Instinct" I name with more confidence, because the facts and the fiction are judiciously separated; so that the reader is in no danger of mistaking truth for falsehood. To this juvenile library, perhaps, may be added *parts* of "White's Natural History of Selbourne;" and *parts* of "Smellie's Philosophy of Natural History."

These books are not here named in the order in which they should be read; that must vary according to the tastes and capacities of the pupils, and according to various accidental circumstances which it is impossible to foresee or enumerate. * But here it is necessary to observe, that scarcely any one of these books will probably be suited in every part to any child. Children should not be forced to read any book *through*, but ~~suffered~~ to pass over what they do not understand, and to select that which suits their tastes, which will generally be found to be what they perfectly comprehend. There is no danger that this permission should lead to a taste for desultory reading, if the pupils are confined to a certain collection of books. They will, at different ages, and as their knowledge enlarges, recur to those parts of the books which they had rejected; and, the taste for reading increasing, they will, in time, become perfectly acquainted with every thing worth their attention in their juvenile library.

For instance, that excellent work, "Evenings at Home," contains lessons and narratives suited to different capacities, from seven or eight to twelve or thirteen years of age. It would be highly injurious to the work and to the young readers to insist, or even to permit, that the whole should be perused at an age when the whole cannot be understood. The same may be said of "The Children's Friend," and of "Sandford and Merton," the last volume of which is suited to young



Illustration by J. H. P.

Engraved by J. H. P.

"and crack called more straw, more man! more! several
times before she was ready."

Page 230.

New York, Harper & Brothers, 1836.

F F A N T

MARIA EDGEWORTH



THE HISTORY OF THE TWO PRINCESSES, OR THE
LIFE OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES, AND THE PRINCESS OF
SOMERSET.

NEW YORK,
Harper & Brothers
1836.

which merely give the events, without mixture of political reflections, may be read between the ages of eight and ten; but it is absurd to put Hume, Robertson, Macauley, Gibbon, or any of our philosophical historians' works, into the hands of children. All that should or can be done effectually, is to give the young pupils a clear view of the outline of history, and to fix in their memories the leading facts in the proper order of time. For this purpose there are several genealogical and historical charts that may be useful, even at the early age of nine or ten;—Le Sage's chart contains the fullest, and "Stork's *Stream of Time*" by far the clearest view of chronology and history. There are some careless omissions in these, which will probably be remedied in future editions. Priestley's *Charts of History and of Biography* can never be obsolete. To me, his *Chart of History* is not so clear either as Le Sage or as the *Stream of Time*: but I hear, from those whose judgment I respect, that it conveys to their minds a clear and comprehensive view of its subject.

For the purpose of fixing in the minds of children a few of the leading facts of history, chronology, and geography, I think the technical help of what is called artificial memory may be safely employed. The succession of Roman emperors, of English kings, the large geographical divisions of the world, the order of the principal inventions and discoveries—such as those of gunpowder, printing, and the mariner's compass; the discovery of America, and of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, &c., may be chronologically stored in the memory, without injury to the understanding. Without encumbering the recollective faculty, twenty or thirty of Gray's *memorial lines* may, when selected, be easily committed to memory. They should be recited merely as jargon till they are perfectly learned by rote: then the use of the letters in the terminations of the words, which express the dates, should be explained, and the pupil should be practised in the use of these: they should be frequently referred to in conversation; the children should be called upon, and made ready in the use of their numerical symbols, and, at the same time, made sensible of the advantage of the knowledge they have thus acquired.

Any farther than this, I would avoid technical memory. Among the ancients, it might, in some degree, supply the want of printed books of reference; but, in our days,

when knowledge of every sort that has been hitherto acquired may be immediately referred to in every common library, or in the shop of every bookseller, it is needless to load the memories of children with answers to every possible question in geography and history, and with all such learning as is to be found in *task-books*.

Before I quit the subject, I may be permitted to suggest to those who are composing or who intend to compose elementary books for children, that what is purely didactic, and all general reflections, ought, as much as possible, to be avoided. Action should be introduced. Action! action! Whether in morals or science, the thing to be taught should seem to arise from the circumstances in which the little persons of the drama are placed; and on the proper manner in which this is managed will depend the excellence and success of initiatory books for children. Entertaining story or natural dialogue induces the pupil to read; but, on the other hand, unless some useful instruction be mixed with this entertainment, nothing but mere amusement will be acceptable, and it will be difficult to bring the attention to fix itself, without dislike, upon any serious subject.

In fact, early instruction—I may trust my own experience in the education of a large family—early instruction depends more upon oral communication than upon the books, either *task-books* or books of amusement, that can be found for them, or perhaps that can be written. Books should be used to recall, arrange, and imprint what is learned by the senses; they will please the more when they give back the images that have been slightly impressed upon the memory.

I know that it is much easier to point out what is desirable, than to show distinctly the means of accomplishing our wishes. How to fill up, from day to day, the aching void in the little breasts of children, is a question that cannot be easily solved. When I recommend teaching as much as possible by oral instruction, I have this grand difficulty full in my view; but I hope to point out that means may be found by which, in some degree, it may be obviated. There is scarcely any object which a child sees or touches, that may not become a subject for *conversation* and *instruction*.

For instance, is the mother dressing!—the things on her dressing-table are objects of curiosity to the child. The combs are of different sorts—horn, ivory, bone, and

tortoise-shell. How can the horns of a cow be made flat so as to be cut into the shape of a comb?—What is ivory? and where is tortoise-shell to be had? A cane-bottom chair frequently catches the attention of a child—it may be made a first lesson in weaving. At breakfast, how many objects for instruction!

The water in a basin reflects the sun—its image dances from place to place, as the water moves. A spoon reflects the face, distorted to a frightful length; if turned in another direction, the face becomes ridiculously short. The steam rises from the urn—the top is forced off the tea-urn—or the water bursts from the spout of the teakettle. The child observes that the water rises in a lump of sugar that is dipped in the tea. The cream swims on the top of the tea—milk mixes with it more readily than cream. At dinner, the backbone, and fins, and gill of a fish, every bone and joint of a fowl or hare, or of any joint of meat, afford subjects of remark; and all these things, though but very little should be said of them at one time, may by degrees be made subservient not only to amusement, but to the acquisition of real knowledge.

It is by no means intended to recommend that *lectures* should be spoken at every meal, or that the appetites of infants should be made to wait for an explanation of whatever they feed upon—it is only suggested, that the commonest circumstances of life, and the commonest objects that occur, may become the means of teaching useful facts, and, what is of more consequence, habits of observation and reasoning. It will be objected, that, although the subjects which are here alluded to are familiar and of daily occurrence in families of all ranks, parents themselves are frequently not sufficiently capable of giving the instruction which is required.

To this it may be answered, that scarcely any parents are so situated that they may not, without effort, acquire, from time to time, the little knowledge which they wish to communicate—at least so far as is requisite to excite and support the curiosity of their pupils.

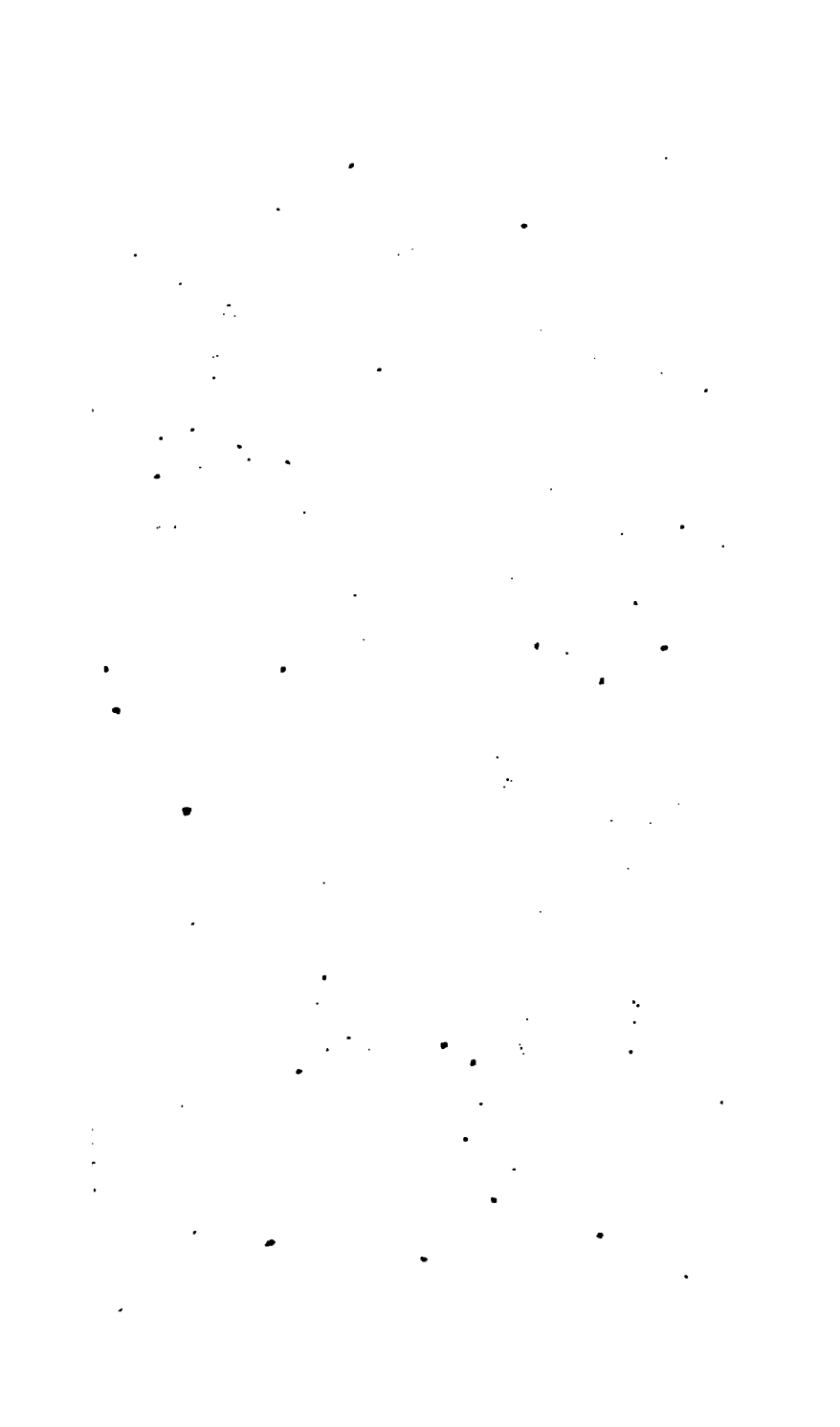
All this may be easily effected by the higher classes of parents, who have leisure to attend to their children; and those parents who have not time themselves to pursue this course of tuition, may find proper assistants at no great expense. There are in England many persons who would be suited to such situations—widows,

and elderly unmarried women, who are above the station of ordinary domestics, and yet are not sufficiently instructed, or *accomplished*, to become governesses. Such persons might be employed to take the early care of children, while the lower offices of the nursery-maid might be performed by common, uneducated servants. No person should daily or hourly converse with children, or should have power over them, or any share in the management of their minds, who does not possess good temper, and a certain degree of good sense. Accomplishments, learning, or *even* much information, in the usual sense of the word, will be unnecessary for the kind of *assistants* here described; but the habit of speaking good language, and in a good accent, is indispensable. All the knowledge requisite for explaining common objects, to children from six to eight years old, may be gradually acquired, as occasion calls for it daily; and good sense, with a little practice, will soon teach *the teacher* how to manage instruction in conversation.

In families of less affluence, where this subordinate governess or attendant cannot be afforded, and where the mother cannot secure a friend to assist her, or has not an elder daughter to take a part in the care of the younger ones, the mother must give up more of her own time to her children than is usual or agreeable, or else she must send them to school.

Here recurs the difficulty of finding schools where children can be rationally taught; that is to say, where distinct and useful knowledge may be clearly conveyed to their understandings, without unnecessary confinement, slavish habits, or corporeal correction. To keep children poring over books that they cannot understand, or casting up sums without making them acquainted with the reasons for the rules which they mechanically follow, is all that can be expected from a common schoolmaster, or, to speak more properly, from a common school. Parents send young children to school, not only to learn what is professed to be taught, but also to keep their troublesome infants out of harm's way. Were the schoolmaster ever so much enlightened or ever so well disposed, he must comply with the expectations of parents—he must keep his scholars apparently at work for a given number of hours, or he cannot satisfy his employers.

What is to be done?



FRANK.

THERE was a little boy whose name was Frank. He had a father and a mother who were very kind to him ; and he loved them : he liked to talk to them, and he liked to walk with them, and he liked to be with them. He liked to do what they asked him to do ; and he took care not to do what they desired him not to do. When his father or mother said to him, " Frank, shut the door," he ran directly, and shut the door. When they said to him, " Frank, do not touch that knife," he took his hands away from the knife, and did not touch it. He was an obedient little boy.

One evening, when his father and mother were drinking tea, he was sitting under the tea-table : and he took hold of one of the legs of the table ; and he tried to pull it towards himself ; but he could not move it. He took hold of another leg of the table, and he found that he could not move it ; but at last he took hold of one which he found that he could move very easily ; for this leg turned upon a hinge, and was not fixed, like the other legs. As he was drawing this leg of the table towards him, his mother said to him " Frank, what are you doing ?"

And he answered, " Mamma, I am playing with the leg of the table."

And his mother said, " What do you mean by saying that you are playing with the leg of the table ?"

And Frank said, " I mean that I am pulling it towards me, mamma."

And his mother said, " Let it alone, my dear."

And Frank took his hands away from the leg of the table, and he let it alone, and he came from under the table ; and he got up, and stood beside his mother : and he said, " Mamma, I come away from the leg of the table, that I may not think of touching it any more : " and his father and mother smiled.

And Frank said, " But, mother, will you tell me why you bid me let it alone ?"

" Yes, I will, my dear," said his mother ; and she then

moved some of the teacups and saucers to another table: and Frank's father put the tea-urn upon another table; and then Frank's mother said to him, "Now, my dear Frank, go and push the leg of the table as you did before."

And Frank pushed the leg of the table; and when he had pushed it a little way, he stopped, and looked up at his mother, and said, "I see part of the top of the table moving down towards my head, mamma; and if I push this leg any farther back, I am afraid that part of the table will fall down upon my head and hurt me."

"I will hold up this part of the table, which is called the leaf," said his mother; "and I will not let it fall down upon your head. Pull the leg of the table back as far as you can." And Frank did as his mother desired him; and when he had pulled it back as far as he could, his mother bid him come from under the table; and he did so; and she said, "Stand beside me, and look what happens when I let go this leaf of the table which I am now holding."

And Frank said, "I know what will happen, I believe, mamma: it will fall; for, now that I have pulled back the leg, there is nothing to hold it up but your hand."

Then his mother took away her hand, and the leaf of the table fell: and Frank put his hand upon his head, and said, "O mamma, that would have hurt me very much if it had fallen upon my head—I am glad I was not under the table when the leaf fell—and now I believe I know the reason, mamma, why you asked me not to meddle with that leg of the table: because the leaf (is not that the name you told me?) the leaf would have fallen upon my head, and would have hurt me. Was not that the reason, mamma?"

"That was one reason; but I had some other reasons. Try if you can find out what they were, Frank," said his mother.

And Frank looked at the table for a little while, and then answered, "I don't know any other reasons, mamma;" but as he was saying these words, he saw his mother turn her head towards the table upon which she had put the cups and saucers.

"Oh, now, mamma," said Frank, "I know what you mean. If those cups and saucers had been upon this leaf of the table, they would have slid down when it fell, and they would have been broken. And the urn, too,

mamma, would have come tumbling down ; and perhaps the top of the urn would have come off ; and then all the hot water would have come running out, and would have wet the room, and would have scalded me if I had been under it. I am very glad, mamma, that I did as you bid me."

One day Frank's mother took him out to walk with her in the fields ; and he saw flowers of different colours, blue, red, yellow, and purple ; and he asked his mother whether he might gather some of these flowers.

She answered, " Yes, my dear : you may gather as many of these flowers as you please."

Then Frank ran and gathered several flowers ; and in one corner of this field, upon a bank, he saw some blue-bells ; and he liked blue-bells ; and he ran and gathered them ; and in the next field he saw a great number of purple flowers, which he thought looked very pretty ; and he got over the stile, and went into the next field, and went close up to the purple flowers ; they had yellow in the middle of them ; and they grew upon a plant which had a great number of green leaves.

As Frank was pulling some of the purple flowers he shook the green leaves ; and he saw among them several little green balls, which looked like very small apples. Frank wished to taste them ; and he was just going to pull one from the stalk, when he recollected that his mother had not given him leave to have them ; and he ran back to his mother, and said, " Mamma, may I have some of those nice little apples ?" and he pointed to the plants on which the purple flowers grew.

His mother answered, " I do not see any apples, my dear."

" You will see them, mamma, if you will come a little closer to them," said Frank ; and he took his mother by the hand, and led her to the plants, and showed her the little green balls which he thought were apples.

" My dear little boy," said his mother, " these are not apples ; these things are not good to be eaten ; they are poisonous ; they would have made you sick if you had eaten them."

" I am glad," said Frank, " that I did not taste them. But may I have one of them for a ball ?"

"No, my dear," said his mother, "do not meddle with any of them."

Frank walked on in the path beside his mother; and he did not meddle with any of the little green balls. And he saw at a little distance from him a boy who was digging; and when he came near to this boy, Frank saw that he was digging up some of the plants that bore the pretty purple flowers; and Frank said, "Mamma, why does this boy dig up these things?—Is he going to throw them away?"

And Frank's mother said, "Look, and you will see what part of them he keeps, and what part of them he throws away."

And Frank looked; and he saw that the boy pulled off some of the brown and white round roots of the plant; and he put these roots into a basket. The green part of the plant, and the purple flowers, and the green balls, which Frank mistook for apples, he saw that the boy threw away.

And Frank said to his mother, "What are those roots in the basket?"

His mother said, "Look at them; and try if you can find out—you have eaten roots like them—you often see roots like these at dinner."

"I do not remember," said Frank, "ever having seen such dirty things as these at dinner."

"They are washed and boiled before you see them at dinner; and then they look white," said his mother.

Frank looked again at the roots which were in the basket; and he said, "Mamma, I think they are potatoes."

"Yes, my dear, they are potatoes," said his mother; and then Frank and his mother went on a little farther, and they came to a large shady tree; and Frank's mother sat down upon a bank under the shade of this tree, to cool and rest herself; for she was hot and tired.

Frank was not tired; therefore he did not sit down: but he amused himself with trying to reach some of the branches of the tree which hung over his head.

He jumped up as high as he could to catch them; but he found that several, which he thought he could reach, he could not touch, even when he stretched out his hand and arm, and stood on tiptoe.

At last, he saw a bough which hung lower than the other boughs; and he jumped up, and caught hold of it;

and he held it down, that he might look at the leaves of the tree.

"Mamma," said he, "these leaves are not like the leaves of the tree which is near the hall-door at home—you told me the name of that tree: that tree is called a beech. What is the name of this tree?"

"This tree is called a horsechestnut-tree."

"Mamma," said Frank, "here are little green balls upon this tree; they are something like those I saw upon the potatoes—I won't meddle with them: they have prickles upon them."

And Frank's mother said, "You may gather some of these little balls, my dear; these are not of the same sort as those you saw on the potato-plants. These are not poisonous: these are called horsechestnuts—the prickles are not very sharp—you may break them off."

"How many of these horsechestnuts may I gather, mamma?" said Frank.

"You may gather four of them, my dear," said his mother; and Frank gathered four of the horsechestnuts—then he let go the bough; and he sat down upon the bank beside his mother, to examine his horsechestnuts. His mother broke one of them open for him—the inside of the green husk was white and soft; and in the middle of this white, soft substance, there lay a smooth, shining kernel, of the colour of mahogany.

"Is it good to eat, mamma?" said Frank—"may I taste it?"

"You may taste it, if you please, my dear," said his mother, "but I do not think that you will like it, for that brown skin has a bitter taste; and I do not think the inside of it is agreeable; but you may taste it, if you like it."

Frank tasted it, and he did not like the bitter of the outside; and he said, "Mamma, I will always take care to ask you, before I meddle with things or taste them, because you know more than I do: and you can tell me whether they are good for me or not."

Frank's mother having now rested herself, got up from her seat; and she walked home; and Frank carried his three horsechestnuts home with him—he did not put them into his mouth, because he had learned that they tasted bitter; but he used them as balls, and he rolled them along the floor when he got into the house; and he was very happy playing with them.

ANOTHER day, Frank went out to walk with his mother, and he came to a gate that was painted green; and he stopped at the gate, and looked between the rails of it: and he saw a pretty garden, with several beds of flowers in it; and there were nice clean gravel-walks between these flower-beds, and all round the garden—and against the walls of the garden there were plum-trees and cherry-trees; and the cherries and plums looked as if they were quite ripe.

And Frank called to his mother, who was a little way off; and he said, "Mamma, come and look at this pretty garden—I wish I might open this gate, and go in and walk in it."

"My dear," said his mother, "you must not open the gate—this garden does not belong to me; and I cannot give you leave to walk in it."

There was a man nailing up a net over a cherry-tree in this garden; and he came to the gate, and opened it, and said, "Will you walk in, ma'am? This garden belongs to me; and you shall be very welcome to walk in it." And Frank's mother thanked the man; and she then turned to Frank, and said, "If I take you with me, Frank, to walk in this garden, you must take care not to meddle with any thing in it." And Frank said that he would not meddle with any thing in the garden; and his mother took him into it.

As he walked along the gravel-walks, he looked at every thing: but he did not touch any thing.

A very sweet smell came from two beds of pinks and carnations; and he stood at a little distance from them, looking at them; and the man to whom the garden belonged said to him, "Walk down this narrow path, master, between the beds, and you'll see my carnations better."

And Frank answered, "I should like to come down that narrow path; but I am afraid of coming, because the skirts of my coat, I am afraid, will brush against the flowers—I saw your coat, just now, sir, hit against the top of a flower; and it broke it."

Frank's mother smiled, and said, "I am glad, my dear little boy, that you are so careful not to do mischief."

Frank did not tread upon any of the borders; and the person to whom the garden belonged, who was a gar-

den, said to his mother, "I hope, whenever you come this way again, ma'am, you'll walk in this garden of mine, and bring this little gentleman with you; for I am sure, by what I see of him now, that he will not do me any mischief."

The gardener told Frank the names of several flowers, and he showed him the seeds of some of these flowers; and he showed Frank how these seeds should be sowed in the ground.

And while the gardener was showing Frank how to sow the seeds of the mignonette, he heard a noise at the gate; and he looked, and he saw a boy who was shaking the gate, and trying to get in; but the gate was locked, and the boy could not open it; and the boy called to the gardener, and said, "Let me in; let me in—won't you let me in?"

But the gardener answered, "No—I will not let you come in, sir, I assure you; for when I did let you in yesterday, you meddled with my flowers, and you ate some of my cherries. I do not choose to let you in here again—I do not choose to let a dishonest boy into my garden, who meddles with what does not belong to him."

This boy looked very much ashamed and very sorry that he might not come into the pretty garden; and he stood at the gate for some time; but, when he found that the gardener would not let him in, he went slowly away.

A little while afterward, Frank asked his mother why she did not gather some of the pinks in this garden; and his mother answered, "Because they are not mine; and I must not meddle with what does not belong to me."

"I did not know, till now, mamma," said Frank, "that *you* must not meddle with what does not belong to you—I thought that people only said to little boys, *you must not meddle with what does not belong to you.*"

"My dear," said Frank's mother, "neither men, nor women, nor children, should meddle with what does not belong to them—little children do not know this till it is told to them."

"And, mamma," said Frank, "what is the reason that men, women, and children should not meddle with what does not belong to them?"

Frank's mother answered, "I cannot explain all the

reasons to you yet, my dear—but should you like that anybody should take flowers out of the little garden you have at home?"

"No, mamma, I should not."

"And did not you see that the boy who just now came to this green gate, was prevented by the gardener from coming into this garden, because, yesterday, the boy took flowers and fruit which did not belong to him. You, Frank, have not meddled with any of these flowers, or this fruit; and, you know, the gardener said that he would let you come in here again whenever I like to bring you with me."

"I am very glad of that, mamma," said Frank; "for I like to walk in this pretty garden; and I will take care not to meddle with any thing that does not belong to me."

Then Frank's mother said, "It is time that we should go home." And Frank thanked the gardener for letting him walk in his garden, and for showing him how to sow seeds in the ground; and Frank went home with his mother.

A few days after Frank had been with his mother to walk in the garden that had the green gate, his mother said to him, "Frank, put on your hat, and come with me—I am going to the garden in which we walked two or three days ago."

Frank was very glad to hear this—he put on his hat in an instant, and followed his mother, jumping and singing as he went along.

When they were in the fields which led to the garden with the green gate, Frank ran on before his mother—he came to a stile; a boy of about Frank's size was sitting upon the uppermost step of the stile. He had a hat upon his knees, in which there were some nuts; and the boy was picking the white kernel of a nut out of its shell.

When the boy saw Frank, he said to him, "Do you want to get over this stile?"

And Frank answered, "Yes, I do."

The boy then got up from the step of the stile on which he was sitting; and he jumped down and walked on, that he might make room for Frank to get over the stile.

Frank and his mother got over the stile; and, in the

path in the next field, at a little distance from the stile, Frank saw a fine bunch of nuts.

"Mamma," said Frank, "I think these nuts belong to that little boy who was sitting upon the stile, with nuts in his hat; perhaps he dropped them and did not know it—may I pick them up and run after the little boy, and give them to him?"

His mother said, "Yes, my dear, and I will go back with you to the boy." So Frank picked up the nuts; and he and his mother went back; and he called to the little boy, who stopped when he heard him call.

And as soon as Frank came near to him, and had breath to speak, he said to the boy, "Here are some nuts, which I believe are yours—I found them in the path near that stile."

"Thank you," said the boy; "they are mine—I dropped them there; and I am much obliged to you for bringing them back to me."

Frank saw that the boy was glad to have his nuts again; and Frank was glad that he had found them, and that he had returned them to the person to whom they belonged.

Frank then went on with his mother; and they came to the garden with the green gate. The gardener was tying the pinks and carnations to white sticks, which he stuck in the ground near them. He did this to prevent the flowers from hanging down in the dirt, and being broken by the wind.

Frank told his mother that he thought he could tie up some of these flowers, and that he should like to try to do it.

She asked the gardener if he would let Frank try to help him.

The gardener said he would; and he gave Frank a bundle of sticks, and some strings made of bass mat: and Frank stuck the sticks in the ground, and tied the pinks and carnations to them; and he said, "Mamma, I am of some use;" and he was happy while he was employed in this manner.

After the flowers were all tied up, the gardener went to the cherry-tree, which was nailed up against the wall; and he took down the net which was spread over it.

Frank asked his mother why this net had been spread over it.

She told him that it was to prevent the birds from pecking at and eating the cherries.

The cherries looked very ripe, and the gardener began to gather them.

Frank asked whether he might help him to gather some of the cherries.

His mother said, "Yes! I think the gardener will trust you to gather his cherries, because he has seen that you have not meddled with any of his things without his leave."

The gardener said that he would trust him; and Frank was glad; and he gathered all the cherries that he could reach that were ripe.

The gardener desired that he would not gather any that were not ripe; and his mother showed Frank a ripe and an unripe cherry, that he might know the difference between them: and she asked the gardener if he would let Frank taste these two cherries, that he might know the difference in the taste.

"If you please, ma'am," said the gardener; and Frank tasted the cherries, and he found that the ripe cherry was sweet, and the unripe cherry sour.

The gardener told him that the cherries which were now unripe would grow ripe in a few days, if they were let to hang upon the tree, and if the sun shone.

And Frank said, "Mamma, if you let me come with you here again in a few days, I will look at those cherries, that I may see whether they do grow ripe."

Frank took care to gather only the cherries that were ripe; and when he had filled the basket into which the gardener asked him to put them, the gardener picked out five or six bunches of the ripest cherries, and he offered them to Frank.

"May I have them, mamma?" said Frank.

His mother said, "Yes, you may, my dear."

Then he took them; and he thanked the gardener for giving them to him; and, after this, he and his mother left the garden and returned towards home.

He asked his mother to eat some of the cherries; and she took one bunch, and she said that she liked them.

"And I will keep another bunch for papa," said Frank, "because I know he likes cherries."

And Frank ate all the rest of the cherries, except the bunch which he kept for his father; and he said, "I

wish, mother, you would give me a little garden, and some mignonette-seeds to sow in it."

She answered, "This is not the time of year in which mignonette-seed should be sown; the seeds will not grow if you sow them now. We must wait till spring."

Frank was going to say, "How many months will it be between this time and spring?" but he forgot what he was going to say, because he saw a boy in the field in which they were walking, who had something made of white paper in his hand, which was fluttering in the wind.

"What is that, mamma?" said Frank.

"It is a paper kite, my dear," said his mother; "you shall see the boy flying this kite, if you please."

"I do not know what you mean by flying the kite, mamma," said Frank.

"Look at what the boy is doing, and you will see."

Frank looked, and he saw the paper kite blown by the wind; and it mounted up higher than the trees, and went higher and higher, till it seemed to touch the clouds, and till it appeared no larger than a little black spot; and at last Frank lost sight of it entirely.

The boy who had been flying the kite now ran up to the place where Frank was standing, and Frank saw that he was the same boy to whom he had returned the nuts.

The boy held one end of a string in his hand; and the other end of the string, Frank's mother told him, was fastened to the kite.

The boy pulled the string towards him, and wound it up on a bit of wood; and Frank saw the paper kite again coming downwards; and it fell lower, and lower, and lower, and at last it fell to the ground.

The boy to whom it belonged went to fetch it; and Frank's mother said, "Now we must make haste and go home."

Frank followed his mother, asking her several questions about the kite; and he did not perceive that he had not his bunch of cherries in his hand till he was near home—when his mother said, "There is your father coming to meet us." Frank cried, "O mamma! my cherries, the nice bunch of cherries that I kept to give him—I have dropped them—I have lost them—I am very sorry for it—May I run back to look for them?—I think I dropped them while I was looking at the kite—May I go back to that field and look for them?"

"No, my dear," said his mother; "it is just dinner-time."

Frank was sorry for this; and he looked back towards the field where he lost his cherries, and he saw the boy with the kite in his hand running very fast across the field nearest to him.

"I think he seems to be running to us, mamma," said Frank—"will you wait one minute?"

His mother stopped, and the boy ran up to them quite out of breath. He held his kite in one hand; and in his other hand he held Frank's bunch of cherries.

"Oh, my cherries! thank you for bringing them to me," said Frank.

"You seem to be as glad as I was when you brought me my nuts," said the boy—"you dropped the cherries in the field where I was flying my kite—I knew they were yours, because I saw them in your hand when you were looking at my kite."

Frank thanked the boy again for returning them to him; and his mother also said to the boy, "Thank you, my little honest boy."

"I was honest, mamma, when I returned his nuts to him; and he was honest when he returned my cherries—I liked him for being honest; and he liked me for being honest—I will always be honest about every thing, as well as about nuts." Then Frank ran to meet his father, with the ripe bunch of cherries, and gave them to him; and his father liked them very much.

The evening after Frank had seen the boy flying a kite, he asked his father if he would be so good as to give him a kite.

"My dear," said his father, "I am busy now; I am writing a letter; and I cannot think about kites now—do not talk to me about kites when I am busy."

When his father had finished writing his letter, he folded it up, and took up some sealing-wax to seal it; and Frank watched the sealing-wax, as it was melted by the heat of the candle. He saw that his father let some of the melted sealing-wax drop upon the paper; and then he pressed the seal down upon the wax which had dropped upon the paper, and which was then soft.

✓ When the seal was taken up, Frank saw that there

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was the figure of the head of a man upon the wax; and he looked at the bottom of the seal, and he said, "This is the same head that there is upon the wax, only this on the seal goes inward, and that on the wax comes outward."

He touched the wax upon which the seal had been pressed: and he felt that it was now cold and hard; and he said, "Papa, are you busy now?"

And his father said that he was not busy.

And Frank asked him if he would drop some more wax on a bit of paper, and press the seal down upon it.

"Yes," said his father: "you were not troublesome to me when I said that I was busy. Now I have leisure to attend to you, my dear."

His father then took out of a drawer three different seals; and he sealed three different letters with these, and let Frank see him drop the wax upon the paper, and let Frank press down the seals upon the soft wax.

"Papa, will you give me leave to try if I can do it myself?" said Frank.

"My dear," said his mother, "I do not like that you should meddle with candles or with fire, lest you should set your clothes on fire and burn yourself, as many children of your age have done, when no one has been present to help them."

"But, papa," said Frank, "I never meddle with candles or fire when you or mamma are not in the room."

"Then now we are present you may try what you wish to do; but I advise you to take care," said his mother, "not to let any of the melted wax drop upon your hands, for it will burn you if you do."

Frank was in a great hurry to melt the wax. His mother called to him, and said—"Gently, Frank, or you will let the wax drop upon your hand, and burn yourself."

But he said, "O no, mamma, it will not burn me."

And just after he had said this, a drop of the melted sealing-wax fell upon the forefinger of his hand, and burnt him; and he squeezed his finger as hard as he could to stop the feeling of pain. "It hurts me very much, mamma!—I wish I had minded what you said to me—but I will not cry—I will bear it well."

"You do bear it well," said his father; "shake hands with me, with the hand that is not burnt."

A few minutes afterward, Frank said that he did not

feel the pain any longer ; and he asked his father if he would give him leave to have the sealing-wax again, and to try whether he could not make such a seal as he had seen upon his father's letter, without burning himself. " You did not burn yourself, papa," said Frank ; " and if I take care and do it as you did, I shall not burn myself—may I try again ?"

" Yes, my dear," said his father ; " and I am glad to see that you wish to *try again*, though you have had a little pain."

His father showed him once more how to hold the wax to the candle, and how to drop it when melting upon the paper, without burning himself.

And Frank succeeded very well this time, and made a good impression from the seal : and he showed it to his mother.

" Is it not a *good seal*, mamma ?" said he. " I took good care not to hold the wax this time as I did the last, when I burnt myself."

" Yes," said his mother, " I dare say you remember how you held it when you burnt yourself."

" O yes, *that* I do, mamma : the pain makes me remember it, I believe."

" And I dare say you remember how you held the wax when you made this pretty seal."

" O yes, mamma, *that* I do ; and I shall remember to do it the same way the next time."

" You have been rewarded for your patience by having succeeded in making this seal ; and you were punished for your carelessness by having burnt your fore-finger."

FRANK remembered that his father desired him not to talk to him about kites when he was busy ; and though Frank was very eager to have a kite, he waited till he saw that his father was neither reading, nor writing, nor talking to anybody—then he said, " Papa, I believe you are not busy now—will you give me a kite ?"

" I have not a kite ready made in my house," replied his father, " but I will show you how to make one ; and I will give you some paper, and some paste, and some wood, to make it of." Then his father gave him three large sheets of paper ; and his mother rang the bell, and

desired the servant would order the cook to make some paste.

And Frank asked his mother how the cook made paste, and what she would make it of?

His mother took him by the hand, and said, "You shall see;" and she took Frank down stairs with her into the kitchen, where he had never been before; and she stayed with him while he looked at the manner in which the cook made the paste.

"What is that white powder, mamma, which the cook is taking up in her hands?" said Frank.

"It is called flour, my dear—you may take some of it in your hand; and you may taste it."

"Where does it come from, mamma?"

"From corn, my dear. You have seen corn growing in the fields; and when we walk out again into a field, when there is corn, if you will put me in mind, I will show you the part of the plant from which flour is made."

"Made, mamma! how is it made?"

"It is ground in a mill—but I cannot explain to you now what I mean by that—when you see a mill, you will know."

"I should like to see a mill," said Frank, "now, this minute."

"But I cannot show it to you, Frank, now, this minute," said his mother; "besides, you came here to see how paste was made; and you had better attend to that now."

Frank attended; and he saw how paste was made.

* * * * * And when the paste was made, it was left upon a plate to cool.

Frank, as soon as it was cool enough to be used, took it to his father, and asked him if he might now begin to make his kite; but his father said, "My dear, I cannot find two slips of wood for you; and you cannot well make your kite without them: but I am going to the carpenter's; and I can get such bits as I want from him—if you wish to come, you may come with me."

Frank said that he should like to go to the carpenter's; so his father took him along with him.

The carpenter lived in a village, which was about a mile from Frank's home; and the way to it was by the turnpike-road.

As he walked along with his father, he saw some men who were lifting up a tree which they had just cut down—it had been growing in a hedge by the roadside—the men put the tree upon a sort of carriage; and then they dragged the carriage along the road.

“What are they going to do with this tree, papa?” said Frank; “will you ask them?”

The men said that they were carrying the tree to the sawpit, to have it cut into boards.

They went on a little farther; and then the men turned up a lane, and dragged the carriage with the tree upon it, after them; and Frank told his father that he should like very much to see the sawpit.

It was not far off; and his father went down the lane and showed it to him.

At the sawpit, Frank observed how the sawyer sawed wood: he looked at some boards which had just been sawed asunder—when the sawyer rested himself, Frank looked at the large sharp teeth of his saw; and when the sawyer went on with his work, Frank’s father asked him to saw slowly; and Frank observed, that the teeth of the saw cut and broke off very small parts of the wood, as the saw was pushed and drawn backwards and forwards—he saw a great deal of yellow dust in the sawpit, which his father told him was called sawdust; and fresh sawdust fell from the teeth of the saw as it was moved.

The men who had brought the tree to be sawed into boards, were all this time busy in cutting off, with a hatchet, the small branches, and Frank turned to look at what they were doing; but his father said, “Frank, I cannot wait any longer now: I have business to do at the carpenter’s.” So Frank followed his father directly; and they went on to the carpenter’s.

When they came to the door of his workshop, they heard the noise of his hammering; and Frank clapped his hands, and said, “I am glad to hear hammering—I shall like to hammer myself.”

“But,” said his father, stopping him, just as he pulled up the latch of the door—“remember that the hammer in this house is not yours; and you must not meddle with it, nor with any of the carpenter’s tools, without his leave.”

“Yes, papa,” said Frank, “I know that I must not meddle with things that are not mine—I did not meddle

with any of the flowers or cherries in the gardener's nice garden; and I will not meddle with any of the carpenter's tools." So his father took him into the workshop; and he saw the bench upon which the carpenter worked, which was called a workbench: upon it he saw several tools, a plane, and a chisel, and a saw, and a gimlet, and a hammer: he did not meddle with any of them; and after his father had been some time in the workshop, and when he saw that Frank did not touch any of these things, he asked the carpenter to let him touch them, and to show him their use.

The carpenter, who had observed that Frank had not meddled with any of his tools, readily lent them to him to look at; and when he had looked at them, showed him their use—he planed a little slip of wood with a plane; and he bored a hole through it with the gimlet; and he sloped off the end of it with his chisel; and then he nailed it to another piece of wood with nails, which he struck into the wood with his hammer.

And Frank asked if he might take the hammer and a nail, and hammer it into a bit of wood himself.

"You may try, if the carpenter will give you leave," said his father.

So Frank took the hammer, and tried to hammer a nail into a bit of wood—he hit his fingers, instead of the nail, two or three times; but at last he drove it into the wood; and he said, "I thought it was much easier to do this, when I saw the carpenter hammering."

Frank afterward tried to use the plane, and the saw, which he thought he could manage very easily; but he found that he could not: and he asked his father what was the reason that he could not do all this as well as the carpenter.

The carpenter smiled and said, "I have been learning to do all this, master, a great long while. When I first took a plane in my hand, I could not use it better than you do now."

"Then perhaps, papa, I may learn too, in time. But, papa," said Frank, recollecting his kite, "will you be so good as to ask for the slips of wood for my kite?"

His father did so; and the carpenter found two slips that were just fit for his purpose, and gave them to him; and his father then desired him not to talk any more; "For," said he, "we have business to do: and you must not interrupt us."

WHILE his father was speaking to the carpenter about his own business; Frank went to the window to look at it; for it was a different sort of window from those which he had been used to see in his father's house. It opened like a door; and the panes of glass were very small, and had flat slips of lead all round them.

While Frank was examining this window, he heard the sound of a horse trotting; and he looked out, and he saw a horse upon the road, which was before the window.

The horse had a saddle and bridle on; but nobody was riding upon it:—it stopped and ate some grass by the roadside, and then went down a lane.

Soon after Frank had seen the horse go by, his father, who had finished his business with the carpenter, called to Frank, and told him that he was going home.

Frank thanked the carpenter for letting him look at the plane, and the saw, and the chisel, and for giving him a slip of wood for his kite; and he took the bit of wood with him, and followed his father. When his father and he had walked a few yards from the carpenter's door, a man passed by them, who seemed very hot and very much tired. He looked back at Frank's father, and said, "Pray, sir, did you see a horse go by this way a little while ago?"

"No, sir, I did not," said Frank's father.

"But I did, papa," said Frank; "I saw a horse going by, upon this road, while I was standing just now at the carpenter's window."

"Pray, master, what colour was the horse you saw?" said the man.

"Black, sir," said Frank.

"Had he a saddle and bridle on?" said the man.

"Yes, sir, he had," answered Frank.

"And pray, master," said the man, "will you be so good as to tell me whether he went on upon this road straight before us, or whether he turned down this lane to the right, or this other lane to the left hand?"

As the man spoke, he pointed to the lanes; and Frank answered, "The horse that I saw, sir, galloped down this lane, to my righthand side."

"Thank you, master," said the man. "I will go after him—I hope that the people at the house yonder will stop him. He is as quiet and good a horse as can

be, only that whenever I leave him by the roadside, without tying him fast by the bridle, he is apt to stray away; and that is what he has done now."

The man, after saying this, went down to the lane to his right-hand side; and Frank walked on with his father.

The road towards home was up a steep hill; and Frank began to be tired before he had got halfway up the hill.

"It did not tire me so much, papa, as we came down the hill; but it is very difficult to get up it again."

"I do not hear all that you are saying," said his father; "you are so far behind me—cannot you keep up with me?"

"No, papa," cried Frank, as loud as he could, "because I am tired—my knees are very much tired coming up this great hill."

His father stopped and looked back, and saw that Frank was trying to come up the hill as fast as he could.

At this time, Frank heard the noise of a horse behind him; and he looked and saw the man whom he had spoken to a little while before, riding up the black horse which he had seen going down the lane.

The man said to him, "Thank you, master, for telling me which way my horse went—you see I have got him again. You seem sadly tired—I will carry you up this hill upon my horse, if you have a mind."

"I will ask my father if he likes it," said Frank.

His father said, "Yes, if you please;" and the man took Frank up, and set him before him upon the horse, and put his arms round Frank's body, to hold him fast upon the horse. Then the horse walked gently up the hill, and Frank's father walked beside him—and when they came to the top of the steep hill, his father took Frank down from the horse; and Frank thanked the man for carrying him: and he felt rested, and able to walk on merrily with his father.

And as he walked on, he said to his father, "I am glad that I saw the horse, and observed which way it went, and that I told the man which road it went. You know, papa, there were three roads; and the man could not know which way the horse went till I told him. If I had not observed, and if I had not told him the right road, he would have gone on—on—on—on—a great way; and he would have tired himself; and he would not have found his horse."

"Very true," said his father: "now you have found one of the uses of observing what you see, and of relating facts exactly."

"One of the uses, papa!—Are there more uses, papa?"

"Yes, a great many."

"Will you tell all to me?"

"I would rather that you should find them out for yourself," said his father—"you will find them all out some time or other."

Then Frank began to talk about his kite; and as soon as he had got home, his father showed him how to make it, and helped him to do it. And when it was made, he left it to dry: for the paste which pasted the paper together was wet; and his father told him that it must dry before the paste would hold the paper together, and before the kite was fit to be used.

And when it was quite dry, his father told him that he might go out upon the grass, in a field near the house, and fly it.

Frank did so, and it went up very high in the air; and it stayed up, now higher, now lower, for some time; and the sun shone upon it, so that it was plainly seen; and the wind swelled out the sides of it, as Frank pulled it by the middle with the string.

His mother came to the window to look at the kite, and Frank was very glad that she saw it too; and when it came down, it fell upon the smooth grass, and it was not torn.

Frank carried it into the house, and put it by carefully that it might not be spoiled, and that he might have the pleasure of flying it another day; and he said, "I wish I could find out why the kite goes up into the air!"

It was a rainy day, and Frank could not go out to fly his kite—he amused himself with playing with his horsechestnuts. He was playing in a room by himself; and, by accident, he threw one of his horsechestnuts against the window, and it broke a pane of glass. Immediately he ran down stairs into the room where he knew that his mother was, and he went up to her—she was speaking to somebody, and she did not see him; and he laid his hand upon her arm to make her attend

to him: and the moment she turned her face to him, he said, "Mamma, I have broken the window in your bed-chamber, by throwing a horsechestnut against it."

His mother said, "I am sorry you have broken my window; but I am glad, my dear Frank, that you come directly to tell me of it." And his mother kissed him.

"But how shall I prevent you," said she, "from breaking my window again with your horsechestnuts?"

"I will take care not to break it again, mamma," said Frank.

"But you said that you would take care, before you broke it to-day; and yet you see that you have broken it. After you burnt your finger by letting the hot sealing-wax drop upon it, you took a great deal of care not to do the same thing again, did not you?"

"Oh yes, mamma," said Frank, squeezing the finger which he burnt just as he did at the time he burnt it—

"Oh yes, mamma, I took a great deal of care not to do the same thing again, for fear of burning myself again."

"And if you had felt some pain when you broke the window just now, do you not think that you should take care not to do so again?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Where is the horsechestnut with which you broke the window?"

"It is lying upon the floor in your room."

"Go and fetch it."

Frank went for it, and brought it to his mother; and she took it in her hand and said, "You would be sorry to see this horsechestnut thrown away, would not you?"

"Yes, mamma," said Frank; "for I like to roll it about, and to play with it; and it is the only one of my horsechestnuts that I have left."

"But," said his mother, "I am afraid that you will break another of my windows with it; and if you would throw it away, you could not break them with it; and the pain you would feel at your horsechestnut's being thrown away would make you remember, I think, not to throw hard things against glass windows again."

Frank stood for a little while looking at his horsechestnut; and then he said, "Well, mamma, I will throw it away!" and he threw it out of the window.

Some days afterward, his mother called Frank to the table where she was at work; and she took out of her workbasket two leather balls, and gave them to Frank;

one of them was very hard, and the other was very soft.

His mother desired that he would play with the soft ball when he was in the house, and with the hard ball when he was out of doors—she said that she had made the soft ball on purpose for him, that he might have one to play with when it was rainy weather, and when he could not go out.

This soft ball was stuffed with horsehair; it was not stuffed tight; and Frank could squeeze it together with his fingers.

Frank thanked his mother: and he liked the two balls very much: and his mother said to him, "You have not broken any more windows, Frank, since you punished yourself by throwing away your horsechestnut; and now I am glad to reward you for your truth and good sense."

ABOUT a week after Frank's mother had given him the two balls, she came into the room where he had been playing at ball. Nobody had been in the room with him till his mother came in. She had a large nosegay of pinks and carnations in her hand. "Look here, Frank," said she; "the gardener who lives at the garden with the green gate, has brought these pinks and carnations, and has given them to me; he says they are some of those which you helped him to tie up."

"Oh, they are very pretty! they are very sweet!" said Frank, smelling to them as his mother held them towards him—"May I help you, mamma, to put them into the flower-pot?"

"Yes, my dear—bring the flower-pot to me which stands on that little table, and we will put these flowers into it."

She sat down; and Frank ran to the little table for the flower-pot.

"There is no water in it, mamma," said Frank.

"But we can put some in," said his mother—"Well! why do not you bring it to me?"

"Mamma," said Frank, "I am afraid to take it up; for here is a great large crack all down the flower-pot; and when I touched it just now, it shook: it seems quite loose; and I think it will fall to pieces if I take it in my hands."

His mother then came to the little table by which Frank was standing, and she looked at the flower-pot, and saw that it was cracked through, from top to bottom; and the moment she took it in her hands it fell to pieces.

"This flower-pot was not broken yesterday evening," said his mother; "I remember seeing it without any crack in it yesterday evening, when I took the dead mignonette out of it."

"So do I, mamma: I was by at that time."

"I do not ask you, my dear Frank," said his mother, "whether you broke this flower-pot; I think, if you had broken it, you would come and tell me, as you did when you broke the pane of glass in this window."

"But, mamma," said Frank, eagerly looking up in his mother's face, "I did not break this flower-pot—I have not meddled with it—I have been playing with my soft ball, as you desired—look, here is my soft ball," said he; "this is what I have been playing with all this morning."

"My dear Frank," said his mother, "I believe you. You told me the truth before about the window that you broke."

Frank's father came into the room at this moment; and Frank asked him if he had broken or cracked the flower-pot.

He said, "No, I have not; I know nothing about it."

Frank's mother rang the bell, and when the maid-servant came up, asked the maid whether she had cracked the flower-pot.

The maid answered, "No, madam, I did not." And after she had given this answer, the maid left the room.

"Now, my dear Frank," said his father, "you see what an advantage it is to speak the truth; because I know that you told the truth about the window which you broke, and about the horse which you said you had seen going down the lane, I cannot help believing that you speak the truth now—I believe that you did not break this flower-pot, because you say that you did not."

"But, papa," said Frank, "I wish that the person that did crack it, would tell you or mamma that they cracked it, because then you would be quite, quite sure that I did not do it. Do you think the maid did it?"

"No; I do not, because she says she did not; and I have always found that she tells the truth."

Frank's mother, while he was speaking, was looking at the broken pieces of the flower-pot; and she observed that, near the place where it was cracked, one side of the flower-pot was blackened; and she rubbed the black, and it came off easily: and she said, "This looks as if it had been smoked."

"But smoke comes from the fire," said Frank, "and there has been no fire in this room, mamma."

"And did you never see smoke come from any thing but from the fire in the fireplace?"

"Not that I remember, mamma," said Frank—"Oh, yes; I have seen smoke, a great deal of smoke, come from the spout of the teakettle, and from the top of the urn."

"That is not smoke," said his father; "but I will tell you more about that another time—cannot you recollect seeing smoke come from—"

"From what, papa?"

"Last night you saw smoke coming from—"

"Oh, now I recollect—from the candle, papa," said Frank.

"And now I recollect," said Frank's father, "that late last night I was sealing a letter at this little table, and I remember that I left the green wax candle burning very near this flower-pot, while I went out of the room to give the letter which I had been sealing to a man who was waiting for it. When I came back again I put out the candle. I did not observe that the flower-pot was smoked or cracked; but I now think it is very probable that the heat of that candle cracked it."

"Let us look whether there is any melted green wax," said Frank, "upon the pieces of the flower-pot; because wax, when it was melting, might drop upon the flower-pot, as it did upon my finger once."

Frank examined all the pieces of the flower-pot, and on one bit, near the place where it was blackened with smoke, he found a round spot of green wax.

"Then," said his father, "I am now pretty sure that it was I who was the cause of cracking the flower-pot, by putting the lighted candle too near it."

"I am very glad we have found out the truth," said Frank; "and now, papa," added he, "will you be so good as to tell me about the smoke—no, not the smoke, but the thing that looks so like smoke, which comes out of the top of the urn, and out of the spout of the teakettle?"

"I have not time to explain it to you now, Frank," said his father: "but if I am not busy at tea-time this evening, you may put me in mind of it again." And, at tea-time, his father showed him the difference between smoke and steam.*

"THE bread, mamma, is very good this morning," said Frank, one morning at breakfast.

"It is new bread."

"New bread, mamma!—What is meant by new bread?"

"Bread that has been newly made."

"Bread is made of flour, I remember you told me, mamma; and flour comes from—O mamma, do not you recollect telling me that, some time or other, you would show me corn growing in the fields!—When we walk out this morning, I will put you in mind of it again."

And when he walked out with his mother in the fields, Frank put her in mind of it again; and she said, "I see some men at work yonder, in a corn-field; let us go and see what they are doing." So they went to the field; and Frank's mother showed him some wheat growing, and she showed him some that had been cut down; she showed him some that was ripe, and some that was not ripe. And then they walked farther on, to the part of the field where the men were at work.

Frank saw that they had a kind of sharp, bright hook in their hands, with which they were cutting down the wheat. His mother told him that these hooks were called reaping-hooks.

He saw that, after the wheat was cut down, the men tied up bundles of it, which they set upright in the field at regular distances from each other. His mother told him that each of these bundles was called a sheaf of wheat; and she pulled out a single stalk, and put it into his hand, and said, "This is called an ear of wheat—what grows upon a single stalk is called an ear of wheat."

While Frank was looking at the men tying up the sheaves, a person came up to him, and said, "You are

* See Harry and Lucy.

welcome here, master.—You are he that was so good as to tell me which road my horse strayed, some time ago.”

Frank looked in the face of the person who was speaking to him ; and he recollected this to be the man who carried him up the steep hill upon his horse.

This man was a farmer, and he was now overlooking some labourers who were reaping his wheat. He pointed to a small house among some trees at a little distance, and he told Frank's mother that he lived in that house, and that if she would like to walk there, he could show Frank how the men were thrashing in his barn.

Frank's mother thanked the farmer ; and they walked to his house—it was a thatched, whitewashed house ; and it looked very neat.

There were some scarlet flowers in the kitchen-garden, which looked very pretty. As they passed through the garden, Frank asked the name of these flowers ; and his mother told him that these were called scarlet runners ; and she said to him, “ on this kind of plant grow kidney beans, of which you are so fond, Frank.”

Frank saw cabbages, and cauliflowers, and lettuce, in this garden : but his mother said, “ Come, Frank, you must not keep us waiting ;” and he followed his mother through a yard, where there were a great number of ducks, and fowls, and geese, and turkeys ; and they made a great noise : and several of them clapped their white wings ; and the geese and turkeys stretched out their long necks.

“ You need not squeeze my hand so tight, Frank,” said his mother : “ you need not squeeze yourself up so close to me : these geese and turkeys will not do you any harm, though they make so much noise.”

So Frank walked on stoutly ; and he found that the geese and turkeys did not hurt him : and when he had crossed this yard, the farmer led him through a gate into a large yard where there were ricks of hay ; and there were several cows in this yard ; and as he passed by them, Frank observed that their breath smelt very sweet.

“ Come this way into the barn,” said the farmer : “ here are the men who are thrashing.”

The barn, on the inside, looked like a large room, with rough walls and no ceiling ; but it had a floor.

Four men were at work in this barn : they were beating some wheat that lay upon the floor with long sticks ; they made a great noise as they struck the floor with their sticks, so that Frank could neither make his mother hear what he said, nor could he hear her voice.

The sticks seemed to be half broken in two in the middle ; and they seemed to swing with great violence as the men struck with them ; and Frank was afraid that the sticks should reach to where he stood, and should hit him ; but after he had been in the barn for a little while, he became less afraid ; he observed that the sticks did not swing within reach of him.

The farmer asked the men to stop working ; and they stopped : and the farmer took one of the things with which they had been working out of their hands, and showed it to Frank.

His mother told him that it was called a flail. It was made of two sticks, tied together with a bit of leather.

The farmer showed Frank the wheat which lay upon the floor ; and his mother showed him that the loose, outside cover of the wheat, was beaten off by the strokes of the flail.

The farmer said, " You may take some of the wheat, master, in your hand, and some of the chaff ; and then you will see the difference. The chaff was the outside covering."

" And how is this wheat made into bread ?"

" O master," said the farmer, " a great deal must be done to it before it is made into bread—it must go to the mill to be ground."

" I should like to see the mill, mamma," said Frank ; " but I do not know what he means by *to be ground*."

" That you will see when you go to the mill."

" Shall we go to the mill now, mamma ?" said Frank.

" No, my dear," said his mother ; " I would rather that you should wait till some day when your father can have time to go with you to the mill, because he can explain it to you much better than I could."

Then Frank and his mother thanked the farmer for what he had shown them ; and they had a pleasant walk home.

"Ah! spare yon emmet, rich in hoarded grain;
He lives with pleasure, and he dies with pain."*

FRANK was always careful not to hurt insects, nor any sort of animals. He liked to observe spiders in their webs, and ants carrying their white loads; but he never teased them; even those animals which he did not think pretty, he took care not to hurt.

One evening, when he was walking with his father and mother, upon a gravel-walk near the house, he saw several black snails. He did not think them pretty animals; but whenever he came near one, he took care not to tread upon it. He stooped down to look at one of these black snails, which was drawing in its black horns.

"I believe, mamma," said Frank, "that he drew in those horns because he is afraid I am going to hurt him."

"Very likely."

"But that is foolish of the snail, mamma, because, you know, I am not going to hurt it."

"I know that, Frank; but how should the snail know it?"

"He lies quite still—he will not put out his black horns again—I will go away and leave him, that I may not frighten him any more. I should not like to be frightened myself, if I was a snail," said Frank. So he ran on before his father and mother, and left the snail; and he saw some pretty brown and green moss upon a bank; and he asked his mother if he might gather some of it.

✓ She said, "Yes;" and he climbed up the bank, and he gathered some of the moss; and in the moss, at the foot of a tree, he found a pretty shell: it was striped with purple, and green, and straw colour, and white; and it was smooth and very shining. He got down from the bank as fast as he could, and he ran and asked his mother if he might keep this pretty shell, and carry it into the house, when he came home from walking.

His mother looked at the shell as Frank held it upon the palm of his hand; and she told him that he might have it, and that he might carry it into the house with

* Sir William Jones.

him when he went home; and she told him it was a snail-shell.

"A snail-shell, mamma!" said Frank; "I never saw such a pretty snail-shell before: I am glad I have found it, and I will take care not to break it."

Frank held it carefully in his hand during the rest of his walk; and he often looked at it to see that it was safe; and, just as he came near the hall door, he opened his hand and began to count the number of coloured rings upon his snail-shell—"One, two, three, four, five rings, mamma," said Frank; "and the rings seem to wind round and round the shell; they are larger at the bottom; and they grow less, and less, and less, as they wind up to the top."

"That is called a spiral line," said his father, pointing to the line which, as Frank said, seemed to wind round and round the shell.

As Frank was looking with attention at the shell, he felt something cold, clammy, and disagreeable, touching his hand at the bottom of the shell; and with his other hand he was going to lift up the shell to see what this was; but, when he touched it, he found that it stuck to his hand: and, a few instants afterward, he saw the snail-shell seemed to rise up; and he perceived the horns and head of a snail peeping out from beneath the shell. "O mamma! there is a living snail in this shell—look at it," said Frank—"look! it has crawled out a great deal farther now, and it carries its shell upon its back: it is very curious; but I wish it was crawling anywhere but upon my hand, for I do not like the cold sticky feeling of it."

Frank then was going to shake the snail from his hand; but he recollected that, if he let it fall suddenly upon the stone steps, he might hurt the animal, or break the pretty shell; therefore, he did not shake it off; but he put his hand down gently to the stone step, and the snail crawled off his hand upon the stone.

"Mamma," said Frank, "I think the snail might do without that pretty shell. You gave the shell to me, mamma—may I pull it off the snail's back?"

"My dear," said his mother, "I did not know that there was a snail in that shell when I said that you might have it—I would not have given it to you, if I had known that there was a snail withinside of it—you

cannot pull the shell from the snail's back, without hurting the animal or breaking the shell."

"I do not wish to hurt the animal," said Frank; "and I am sure I do not wish to break the pretty shell, so I will not pull it—but, mamma, I think I had better take the snail and snail-shell, both together, into the house, and keep them in my little red box, mamma; what do you think?"

"I think, my dear, that the snail would not be so happy in your little red box, as it would be in the open air, upon the grass, or upon the leaves, which it usually eats."

"But, mamma, I would give it leaves to eat in the little red box."

"But, Frank, you do not know what leaves it likes best to eat; and, if you do not shut it up in your red box, it will find the leaves for itself which it loves best."

"Then, if you do not think it would be happy in my red box, mamma, I will not shut it up in it—I will leave it to go where it pleases, with its own pretty shell upon its back—that is what I should like if I was a snail, I believe."

He then took the snail, and put it upon the grass, and left it; and he went into the house with his mother, and she called him into her room; and she took out of her bureau something, which she held to Frank's ear; and he heard a noise like the sound of water boiling; then she put into Frank's hands what she had held to his ear; and he saw that it was a large shell, speckled red, and brown, and white; it was so large that his little fingers could hardly grasp it.

"Do you like it as well as you did the snail-shell?"

"Oh yes, a great deal better, mamma."

"Then I will give it to you, my dear," said his mother.

"Keep it," said his father; "and, even if you keep it till you are as old as I am, you will feel pleasure when you look at it; for you will recollect that your mother was pleased with you when she gave it to you, because you had been good-natured to a poor little snail."

"WHAT was it, mamma," said Frank, "that papa was saying to you just after you were looking at the snail?"

"I do not recollect, my dear."

"I wish you would be so good as to try to recollect, mamma, because it sounded very pretty, and I should like to hear it again. It seemed like something out of a book—it was something about 'horned snails, and varnished shells, and sliding—'"

"Do you mean,

"Slide here, ye horned snails with varnished shells?"

"Oh, yes, mamma," cried Frank, "that is what I mean; but papa said a great deal more of it—will you say it for me?"

"I will repeat the lines, that you may hear the agreeable sound; but I do not think that you can understand the sense of them yet," said his mother: and she repeated to him the following lines:—

"Stay thy soft murmuring waters, gentle rill;
Hush, whispering winds; ye rustling leaves, be still;
Rest, silver butterflies, your quivering wings;
Alight, ye beetles, from your airy rings;
Ye painted moths, your gold-eyed plumage furl,
Bow your wide horns, your spiral trunks uncurl;
Glitter, ye glow-worms, on your mossy beds;
Descend, ye spiders, on your lengthened threads;
Slide here, ye horned snails with varnished shells;
Ye bee-nymphs, listen in your waxen cells."*

"I do not understand the last line, mamma, at all; but I understand about the spiders coming down on their long threads—I have often looked at spiders doing that—but, mamma, I never saw any moths that had trunks; I do not think that a moth could carry a trunk."

"What do you think is meant by a trunk, my dear?"

"A sort of box."

"That is one meaning of the word trunk—do you know any other meaning?"

"Yes; a trunk of a tree."

"And did you never see the picture of the trunk of an elephant?"

"Yes, yes, mamma; I remember seeing that, and I remember you read to me an account of the elephant; and you told me that he could curl up that trunk of his

* Darwin.

—but, mamma, such moths as I have seen are little flying animals, about as large as a butterfly: they could not have such trunks as elephants have.”

“No, they have not: they have not such large trunks.”

“Will you tell me what sort of trunks they have?”

“I will show you, the first time we see a moth.”

“Thank you, mamma: and I wish you could show me a glow-worm—I have seen a beetle—but, mamma, will you say that part about the beetle again?”

“Alight, ye beetles, from your airy rings.”

“What does that mean, mamma?”

“Beetles sometimes fly round and round in the air, so as to make the shape of circles or rings in the air; and *alight*, here means, come down from—alight upon the ground, or settle upon the ground.”

“And *silver butterflies*, mamma, does not mean made of silver, but that they look shining like silver; does not it?”

“Yes, my dear.”

“But I wish very much, mamma, to see the glow-worms that lie on the mossy beds.”

“I will try if I can find a glow-worm, and show it to you this evening,” said his mother.

In the evening, when it was dusk, Frank’s mother called him, and bid him follow her; and she went down a lane that was near their house, and Frank followed her. She looked from side to side, on the banks and under the hedges, as she walked along.

“Are you looking for a glow-worm, mamma?” said Frank; “it is so dark now that I am afraid we shall not see it, unless it is a great deal larger than the common worm, or unless we had a lantern—may I go back for the little lantern that is in the hall; there is a candle ready lighted in it, mamma—may I go back for it, mamma?”

“No, my dear; we shall not want a lantern, nor a candle—we shall be more likely to find a glow-worm in the dark than if we had a candle.”

Frank was surprised at hearing his mother say this—“I can always find things better in the light than in the dark,” said he. But, just as he finished speaking, he saw a light upon the bank, near the place where his mother was standing; and she called to him, and said,

"Here is a glow-worm, Frank: come nearer to me, and you will see it better."

Frank kneeled down upon the bank beside his mother; and he saw that the light seemed to come from the tail of a little brown caterpillar.

The caterpillar crawled on upon the bank; and the light moved on whenever the caterpillar moved, and stood still whenever it stood still.

Frank's mother, while the glow-worm was standing still, put her hand down upon the bank close beside it; and, by-and-by, the glow-worm began to move again; and it crawled upon her hand.

"O mamma! take care," cried Frank; "it will burn you."

"No, my dear, it will not burn me, it will not hurt me," said his mother: and she held her hand towards Frank; and he saw the glow-worm upon it.

"Shall I put it in your hand?" said his mother.

Frank drew back, as if he was still a little afraid that it should burn him.

"My dear," said his mother, "it will not hurt you—you know that I would not tell you that it would not hurt you if it would—you know that I told you the hot melting sealing-wax would scald you if you let it drop upon your fingers, and it did—but I tell you that the light which you see about this animal will not burn you, as the flame of a candle or as the fire would."

"Then here is my hand, mamma—put the glow-worm upon it, and I will not shrink back again," said Frank.

He found that the light from the glow-worm did not hurt him in the least; and he asked his mother how it came that this, which looked so much like the flame of a candle, should not burn him.

But she answered, "I cannot explain that to you, my dear."

And when Frank had looked at the glow-worm as long as he liked to do so, his mother desired him to put it again upon the bank, and he did so; and before they got home, Frank saw several other glow-worms upon the banks, and his mother said to him, "Now you know the meaning of

"Glitter, ye glow-worms, on your mossy beds."

"Yes," said Frank; "*glitter* means look bright, shine—thank you, mamma, for showing me these glow-

worms; and, some time or other, I hope we shall see the trunk of a moth."

The candles were lighted, and all the window-shutters in the room were shut, except the shutters of one window, which were left open to let in air; for it was a warm evening.

Frank's mother was sitting upon a sofa, reading; and Frank was kneeling upon a chair at the table upon which the candles stood. He was looking at some prints in a book which his mother had lent to him.

Through the window, which was open, there flew into the room a large moth—it flew towards the candle.

"O mamma, here is a moth," cried Frank.

As he spoke, the moth, which had flown very quickly round and round the candle two or three times, went so close to the flame that Frank thought it would burn itself to death; and he cried, "Oh, it will burn itself!" and he put his hand before his eyes, that he might not see the moth burn itself—but his mother did not put her hand before her eyes: she got up as quickly as possible, and put her hand gently over the moth, and caught it, and so prevented it from burning itself in the candle.

"I am glad you have caught it, mamma," said Frank; "and the next time I will try to catch it as you did; and I will not put my hands before my eyes, because that did the moth no good."

His mother then covered the moth with a glass tumbler, and she put it upon the table; and Frank looked through the glass, and he saw it plainly.

When the moth was quiet, Frank's mother took a honeysuckle out of her nosegay; and she lifted up one side of the tumbler a little way from the table, and she squeezed the honeysuckle under the tumbler; and as soon as the moth perceived the flower was near him, he walked upon it, and Frank saw him uncurl what is called his trunk, or proboscis; and he saw the moth dip it into part of the flower of the honeysuckle—and he saw also what were called the horns of the moth; and he saw the animal bow them forwards; and he said, "Now, mamma, will you repeat those two lines about the moth again for me?"

"Ye painted moths, your gold-eyed plumage furl;
Bow your wide horns, your spiral trunks uncurl."

"*Painted!*" said Frank—"it does not mean that the moth is painted, I suppose, but that it looks as if it was painted. *Gold-eyed plumage*, mamma! What does that mean?"

"*Plumage* means feathers, such as you see on birds. Look through this glass," said his mother, putting a magnifying-glass into his hand.

"I have looked through this glass before at a caterpillar, mamma; it makes things look larger."

His mother lifted up the tumbler gently; and as the moth was settled upon the honeysuckle, Frank looked through the magnifying-glass at it.

"Mamma, it looks very large: and upon its wings," said Frank, "I see what look like very, very small feathers."

"That is what is meant by *plumage*."

"But *gold-eyed*, mamma!—I see no gold eyes."

"Do you see ~~some~~ spots upon the wings?"

"Dark-brown spots, mamma?"

"Yes."

"They are of the shape of eyes; and though they are not eyes, they are called so from their shape. In some moths those spots are yellow, gold-coloured: and then they may be called *gold-eyed*."

"One thing more, mamma," said Frank: "What does it mean by—Would you be so good as to say the first line again; for I do not recollect the word that I did not understand."

His mother repeated the line again—

"'Ye painted moths, your gold-eyed plumage furl;'"

"*Furl*, mamma—furl is the word which I do not understand."

His mother showed him a fan, and showed him what is meant by *to furl* and *unfurl* a fan; and when the moth closed and afterward spread its wings, she said, "Now he is furling, and now he is unfurling his pretty wings: *furl* and *unfurl* are seamen's phrases, and are used *metaphorically* in speaking of a fan, or of a moth's wings."

"Metaphorically! mamma," said Frank; "I think that is a harder word than furl."

"It is, my dear," said his mother, "but I will explain it to you. When a word, that properly belongs to one kind of thing, is made use of in speaking of another kind of thing, then it is used *metaphorically*—as the word

fur!, which is properly used in speaking of the sails of a ship, and metaphorically in speaking of a moth's wings. But now I think we have kept the poor moth long enough under this glass—we will now let him fly about where he pleases." So she took the moth, and let him fly out of the window.

"Do you know, mamma," said Frank, "that I can repeat those two lines about the moths?—I wish you would say the other lines again for me, that I might learn them all, and then say them to my father; I think he would like to hear me say them after dinner, to-morrow, mamma."

"I think your father will like to hear you repeat them if you understand them all, but not otherwise."

"I think I do understand them all—every one now, mamma, except something in the last line about bees in their waxen cells."

"You never saw a honeycomb, did you, Frank?"

"No, mamma, never."

"When you see a honeycomb, you will know what is meant by the waxen cells in which bees live."

THE next morning, at breakfast, there was part of a honeycomb upon a plate on the breakfast-table; and Frank's mother showed it to him; and she gave him some honey. He liked the sweet taste of the honey; and he thought the honeycomb was very pretty. His mother gave him a little bit of the honeycomb, which she told him was made of wax.

"It is quite a different sort of wax from sealing-wax, mamma," said Frank: "where does this wax come from, and this pretty honeycomb, and this sweet honey?"

His mother told him that she would show him where they all came from, when she had finished eating her breakfast. And, after breakfast was over, she took Frank with her to a cottage, belonging to an old woman in the neighbourhood.

The old woman was sitting at her door, turning a small wheel very quickly round, which Frank's mother told him was called a spinning-wheel.

The old woman pushed her spinning-wheel on one side, and got up, as soon as they came to the door.

"Thank you for the good honey you sent us, Mrs. Wheeler," said Frank's mother.

"You are heartily welcome, ma'am, I'm sure," said the old woman; "but it was not I that sent it; it was my grandson sent it to you—George! George! are you there?"

A little boy came running to the door: and he smiled when he saw Frank, and Frank smiled when he saw him; for he recollected that this was the same boy to whom he had returned the nuts which he had found dropped near the stile—the same boy who had brought him back his ripe bunch of cherries.

"Thank you for the honey you sent us," said Frank's mother to this boy; "will you be so good as to let us look at your beehive?—I hear that you have a glass beehive."

"Yes, ma'am, I have," said the boy; "and if you will be pleased to come with me into the garden, I will show it to you—I have a glass beehive, and I have a straw beehive."

Frank and his mother followed the boy, who ran across a narrow passage, which went straight through the house; and he opened a low gate, and took them into a small garden. The paths were narrow; and he said to Frank, "Take care that you do not prick yourself against the gooseberry-bushes, as I do when I am in a hurry to get by."

Frank took care not to prick himself; and the boy pointed to his beehives, and said, "There are my beehives, and there are my bees."

"Did bees make that straw basket?" said Frank.

The boy laughed so much at this question, that he could make no answer; but Frank's mother answered, "No, my dear; the bees did not make that straw basket; that was made by men: but go and look in through the little pane of glass in that wooden box, and you will see what bees make."

"Do not you know," said the little boy, "what bees make? I thought everybody knew that bees make honey and wax."

"How can they make honey? What do they make it of?" said Frank.

"They collect it; they get it from flowers," answered his mother; and she said to the boy, "May I gather this honeysuckle?" touching a honeysuckle which grew in an arbour close beside the place where she stood.

"Yes, and welcome, ma'am," said the boy; "that honeysuckle is mine: grandmother gave it to me."

When Frank's mother had gathered the honeysuckle, she pulled off a part of the flower; and she held that end of the flower which grew next the stalk to Frank's mouth, and she bid him suck it.

He sucked it.

"It has a sweet taste like honey," said Frank. "Is that the reason the flower is called honeysuckle, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, I believe it is."

"And have all flowers honey in them, mamma?"

"I do not know, my dear; but I know that some flowers have more honey in them than others."

"And how do bees get honey from flowers?"

"Look, and you may see a bee now settling upon that honeysuckle in the arbour: you will see all that I have seen, if you use your own little eyes."

Frank used his own little eyes: and he saw that the bee stretched out his proboscis, or trunk, and put it down into the flower, then drew it back again, and flew to another part of the flower, settled again, and again put down its proboscis, drew it back, and put it to its mouth.

"I fancy, mamma, the bee sucks the honey, which it gets in the flower, from its proboscis, every time it puts it to its mouth—but I am not sure, because I do not see the honey."

"You are very right not to say that you are sure of it, as you do not see it; but I believe that the bee does, as you say, draw the honey from flowers with that proboscis; and then he puts the honey into his mouth, and then swallows the honey. With a good magnifying-glass, you might see that the proboscis of the bee is rough, and you might see the little drops of honey sticking to it. The bee gets but one or two very small drops of honey from one flower."

"What a great deal of work it must be, then, for the bees to collect as much honey as I ate this morning at breakfast! But, mamma, does this bee swallow all the honey it gets from this flower?"

"Yes, the bee swallows it; it keeps the honey in a little bag, and the bee has the power of forcing it up again from this bag, whenever it pleases. Usually, the bee carries the honey home to the hive, and puts it in

the little waxen cells; such as those you saw in the honeycomb to-day at breakfast."

"And where do the bees get the wax, mamma, of which they make the cells in the honeycomb?"

"I am not sure, my dear, what that wax is—I believe that it is made partly of farina which the bees collect from the flowers, and partly of some sticky substance in the stomachs of bees. Some time or other you will read the accounts which have been written of bees, and then you will judge for yourself."

Frank looked through the glass pane into the beehive; but he said, that the bees crowded so close to one another, that he could not see what they were doing.

His mother told him that some other day she would bring him again to see the bees at work, and that, by degrees, perhaps he would distinguish them, and see what they were doing.

When Frank went home, he said, "Now, mamma, that I know what is meant by the bees in their waxen cells, may I learn those lines, and will you repeat them to me?"

"It is troublesome to me, my dear," said his mother, "to repeat them so often over; but here is a book in which you can read them yourself; and you may now learn them by rote if you like it."

FRANK read the lines over and over, and tried to learn them by rote; and at last he could repeat them, as he thought, perfectly; and one day, after dinner, he went to his father, and told him that he could repeat some pretty lines to him if he would give him leave.

"I shall be glad to hear them, Frank," said his father; "begin and repeat them." So Frank repeated them, without making any mistakes; and, when he had repeated them, his father asked him several questions about them, to try whether he understood them; and his father was pleased to find that he really did understand; and Frank told him that his mother had been so good as to show him a glow-worm, and a moth, and a beehive; and that she had explained to him all the words in the lines which he did not at first understand.

"I am glad, my dear," said his father, "that you have had so much amusement, and that you have had the perseverance to learn any thing well that you begin to

learn. But pray tell me why you have been continually buttoning and unbuttoning the left sleeve of your coat while you have been talking to me, and while you were repeating these verses ?”

“ I do not know, papa,” said Frank, laughing ; “ only I remember, that, when I was getting the verses by rote, and saying them by myself, I first began buttoning and unbuttoning this sleeve, and then I could not say the verses so well without doing that.”

“ And do you not remember, Frank,” said his mother, “ that I spoke to you several times, and told you that I was afraid you would get a trick, a habit of buttoning and unbuttoning that sleeve of yours, if you did not take care ?”

“ Yes, mamma,” said Frank ; “ and I stopped whenever you spoke to me, and whenever I remembered it : but then I found myself doing it again without thinking of it ; and now, whenever I am trying to recollect any thing, I cannot recollect it half so well without buttoning and unbuttoning my sleeve.”

“ Give me your right hand,” said his father.

Frank gave his hand to his father.

“ Now,” said his father, “ repeat those lines to me once more.”

Frank began—

“ ‘ Stay thy soft-murmuring waters, gentle rill ;
Hush, whispering winds—’ ”

But here he twitched his hand which his father held fast—

“ ‘ Hush, whispering winds—’ ”

“ Father, I cannot say it while you hold my hand.”

His father let go his hand.

Frank immediately buttoned and unbuttoned his sleeve, and then repeated very fluently—

“ ‘ Hush, whispering winds ; ye rustling leaves, be still ;
Rest, silver butterflies—’ ”

But here his father caught hold of his right hand ; and he could get no further.

“ My dear,” said his father, “ it would be very inconvenient to you if your memory was to depend upon your button ; for you see that I can make you forget all you have to say in an instant, by only catching hold of your hand.”

"But, then, papa, if you would be so good as not to catch hold of my hand," said Frank, "you would hear how well I could repeat the lines."

"It is of little consequence," said his father, "whether you repeat these lines to-day or to-morrow; but it is of great consequence that you should not learn foolish, awkward tricks; therefore, I beg you will not say them to me again, till you can hold yourself perfectly still while you are repeating them."

FRANK's father and mother went out to walk, and Frank went with them. "Oh, I am glad you are going this way," said Frank, "because now I shall see the swing."

His father had had a swing put up between two trees. Frank had seen it from the window of the room in which he slept; but he had never yet been close to it, and he wished very much to see it, and to swing in it.

When he came up to it, he found that there was a soft cushion fastened to the middle of the rope of which the swing was made.

One end of the rope was tied round the trunk of a large ash-tree, and the other end of the rope was tied round the trunk of an oak that was opposite to the ash.

The rope was tied towards the top of the trees; and some of the branches of the trees were cut away, so that the rope could swing backwards and forwards without catching in any thing.

The cushion, which made the seat of the swing, hung so near the ground that Frank could reach it; and he asked his father whether he might sit upon it.

His father told him that he might: and he said, "Take hold of the cord on each side of you, and hold it fast, and your mother and I will swing you."

Frank jumped up on the cushion directly, and seated himself, and took hold of the cord on each side of him, with each of his hands.

"You must take care not to let go the cord while we are swinging you," said his father, "or perhaps you will tumble out of the swing and be hurt—hold up your feet, that they may not touch the ground."

"I will not let go, papa: I will hold fast," said Frank: and his father and mother began to swing him backwards and forwards: he liked it very much; but it was

a sharp evening in autumn, and his father and mother did not like to stand still long to swing him.

"When you have had twenty more swings backwards and forwards, we will stop, Frank," said his father. So Frank began to count the swings; and while he was counting, a leaf fell from the tree, and put him out; and he tried to recollect whether the last number of swings he had counted to himself was six or seven; and the moment he began to try to recollect this, he let go the cord with his right hand; for he was going to button and unbutton his sleeve, as he had the habit of doing when he was trying to recollect any thing.

The moment he let go the cord, he twisted a little in the seat, and could not catch the cord again; and he fell out of the swing.

He fell on the grass, and he hurt his ankle, but not much.

"It is well you were not more hurt," said his father. "If we had been swinging you higher, and if you had fallen upon the gravel-walk instead of on the grass, you might have been very much hurt. My dear, why did you let go the cord?"

"Papa," said Frank, "because I was trying to recollect whether it was six swings or seven that I had had."

"Well, and could not you recollect that without letting go the cord?"

"No, papa—the thing was—that I was, I believe, going to button my sleeve—I wish I had not that trick."

"You may cure yourself of it, if you take pains to do so," said his father.

"I wish I could," said Frank: "my ankle is not very much hurt, however. Papa, will you put me into the swing again, and I think I shall take more care not to let go the cord now—you know I have not had all my twenty swings, papa."

"No: you have had but eight," said his father; "but I am afraid, that if I were to put you into the swing again, and if you were to begin counting again, if you should not be able to recollect the number, you would let go the cord to button your sleeve, and you would slip out of the swing again."

"No, papa," said Frank, "I think this is the very thing that would cure me of that trick, because that I do not like to tumble down and hurt myself; and I think

I should take care, and count, and recollect, without buttoning or unbuttoning this sleeve—may I try, papa?"

His father shook hands with him, and said, "I am glad to see that you can bear a little pain, and that you wish to cure yourself of this foolish trick—jump, my boy," said his father: and Frank sprang up, and his father seated him in the swing again.

He counted, and held fast by the rope, this time; and just when he was come to the eighteenth swing, his father said to him, "Can you recollect the last number you counted, without letting go the rope to button your sleeve?"

"Yes, papa," said Frank, "I can: it was seventeen."

"And you have had two swings since I spoke last; how many does that make?"

Frank was just going to let go the cord to button his sleeve; but he recollected his former tumble—he held fast; and, after thinking for an instant, answered, "Seventeen swings and two swings make nineteen swings."

His father then gave him one good swing more, and then lifted him out; and his mother kissed him.

The next day his father was going from home; and when he took leave of Frank, Frank asked him if there was any thing he could do for him while he was away. "May I dust the books in your study, papa? I can do that," said Frank.

"I would rather, my dear," said his father, "that you should, while I am away, learn to repeat the lines which you got by heart, without—"

"I know what you mean, papa; I will try if I can."

His father went away; and Frank, after he was gone, asked his mother if she would take him to the swing, and swing him, and let him try whether he could recollect some of the verses while he was swinging; "For then, you know, mamma, I cannot move my hands without tumbling out; and I shall take care."

But his mother said that she did not choose to swing him while his father was away; and Frank soon afterward said, "Will you be so good, then, mamma, as to cut off this button, and to sew up this buttonhole for me? and then I cannot button and unbutton it."

His mother cut off the button, and sewed up the buttonhole; and several times, when he was trying to repeat the lines, he felt for the button and buttonhole;

but when he found that the button was gone, and that he could not put his finger into the buttonhole, he by degrees left off feeling for them.

His father stayed away a week; and in this time Frank quite cured himself of the foolish trick which he had had, and he repeated the lines to himself, while he held his hands quite still.

He asked his mother to sew on the button again, and to open the buttonhole, the day his father came home; and she did so.

And when his father came home, and after he had said, "How do you do, father?" Frank cried, "May I say the lines now, father?"

"Yes, my dear."

He stood opposite to his father, held his hands perfectly still, and repeated the lines without making a single mistake.

His father was pleased; and he desired the servant, who was bringing some things of his out of the chaise in which he came, to give him a book that was in the front pocket of the chaise.

The book was Bewick's History of Quadrupeds: it had very pretty prints in it. Frank's father wrote in a blank page at the beginning of it—

"This book was given to Frank, October the 27th, 1798, by his father, as a mark of his father's approbation for his having, at six years old, cured himself of a foolish habit."

"Read that, if you can, Frank," said his father.

Frank could not read all the words, for he was not used to read writing; but his mother read it to him.

And Frank liked the prints in this book very much; and he said, "Shall I read all that is in the book, papa?"

"Read only what you can understand, and what entertains you in it, my dear," said his father.

FRANK was kneeling upon the chair beside the table upon which his mother was writing. He was looking at the prints in his Bewick; and every minute he exclaimed, "O mamma, look at this!—mamma, here is a very pretty print! Only look at this one, mamma—the

old, old man, going over a narrow bridge, and his dog leading him—he is a blind man, I suppose; and the wind has blown his hat off, and it is raining very hard—pray look, mamma!”

His mother put down her pen; and she looked at the print, which she said was very pretty.

“But now, Frank,” added she, “do not interrupt me any more.”

Frank was silent after this; but, whenever he turned over a new leaf, he put down both his elbows upon the table to look at the new print; and he shook the table so that his mother could not write: wherefore she at last desired him to take his book to another table.

He did so; but he said that he could not see nearly so well as when he was nearer to the light.

“If you had not disturbed me,” said his mother, “I should not have sent you away from this table. You should consider what is agreeable to others, or they will not consider what is agreeable to you.”

“Mamma,” said Frank, “if you will let me come back to the table where you are sitting, I will take care not to shake the table.”

His mother told Frank that he might come; and he took care not to shake the table.

A little while after this, he was trying to draw the old man going over the bridge. Pompey, a little dog that was in the room, jumped up suddenly behind Frank's chair, and shook the table.

“Fy! Pompey! fy!—down! down!” cried Frank—“I don't like you, Pompey, at all.”

“Why don't you like Pompey?” said Frank's mother—“you generally are very fond of him.”

“Yes, mamma, so I am fond of him, generally; but I don't like him now, because he shook me, and hindered me drawing. Oh, Pompey! Pompey! again you gave my elbow a great shake—look, mamma, just as I was drawing the old man's nose, he shook me.”

“Who? the old man?”

“No, mamma, but Pompey. Just as I was drawing the old man's nose, Pompey shook me, and made me make the old man's nose as large as his whole head—Oh, Pompey! you have spoiled my old man entirely—but I'll rub out his nose, and draw it over again.”

Just as Frank had finished drawing the old man's nose over again, the dog shook him again: and Frank

was angry. "Don't shake, Pompey—I have bid you several times not to shake, and still you go on shaking—naughty Pompey! Why don't you do as you are bid?"

"Perhaps the dog does not understand you," said Frank's mother.

"Well, but it is very disagreeable that he should shake the table. I don't like him at all to-night."

Here Frank began struggling with Pompey. Pompey had his fore paws upon the table, and Frank was trying to drag him back by the hind legs; but all this struggling shook the table very much.

"Frank, I don't like either you or Pompey, now," said Frank's mother, "because you both of you shake the table, so that I cannot write. Look, here is an O that is as crooked as your old man's nose."

"I am very sorry, mamma," said Frank; "but will you be so kind as to put Pompey out of the room; and then we shall all be quiet and happy. You know you sent me to another table when I was troublesome; and now if you put Pompey out of the room, he cannot be troublesome to us any more."

"Very true," said his mother; and she put Pompey out of the room.

"I am glad he is gone," cried Frank; "now I can draw nicely."

"And now I can write nicely," said his mother.

"Mamma, are you glad when I go out of the room after I have been troublesome, as we are now that we have got rid of Pompey?"

"Yes."

"But when I am not troublesome, you are not glad when I go out of the room?"

"No; I am glad to have you with me when you are not troublesome."

"And you are more glad to have me with you when I am useful to you, as I was yesterday, when I helped you to cut open the leaves of those new books which you wanted to read. You liked me very much then, when you said I was useful to you."

"Yes; people like those that are useful to them."

"And I like to be liked, mamma, by you more than by anybody, so I will try always to be as useful to you as I can. I can be useful to you now, mamma, if you will give me leave."

"I will give you leave, and welcome, Frank," said

his mother, smiling. So Frank went for a little bit of wood which his father had given to him; and he cut it with his knife into the shape of a wedge; and he put this wedge under one of the legs of the table, which was shorter than the other legs; and the table was now much steadier than it was before.

"Now, mamma," said Frank, "try to shake the table, and you will feel how steady it is. I can put my elbow upon it now without shaking it; and I dare say, even Pompey would not shake it if he was to leap up as he did just now. Is not my wedge useful, mamma?"

"Yes; thank you for it, my dear."

"And now, mamma, may I open the door and let poor Pompey in again, for he cannot easily shake us now?"

Frank's mother told him that he might let Pompey in again; and when Frank opened the door, he saw Pompey sitting upon his hind legs, holding something up in his fore paws.

"O mamma, it is my glove," cried Frank; "the glove that I lost yesterday. Useful Pompey! I like you for finding my glove. Useful Pompey! Come in, useful Pompey!"

One evening at tea-time there was a small plumcake upon a plate on the tea-table; and there was a knife beside the plate. Frank's father and mother, and two of his brothers, were sitting round the table; his mother was beginning to pour out the tea; and she called to Frank, and said to him, "My dear, cut this plumcake into five pieces for us; and take care that you make all the pieces of the same size, for your father, and your two brothers, and yourself, and me; and give us each a just share."

Frank began to cut the cake; but, by mistake, he divided it into six parts instead of into five.

"Mamma," said he, "what shall I do with this bit? I have five without it; one for you, and one for my father, and one for my brother Edward, and one for my brother Harry, and one for myself. What shall I do with this bit that is left?"

"What is it most just to do with it?"

"I think I had better keep it myself, mamma, be-

cause it belongs to nobody ; and I should have it for the trouble of cutting the cake for everybody."

"No," said his brother Henry, "I do not think *that* would be just, because then you would be rewarded for making a mistake ; if you had cut the cake rightly, there would not be this bit to spare."

"Well," said Frank, "I do not think it would be just that I should have it ; but who, then, shall I give it to ? I will give it to you, mamma, because I like to give it to you best. No, I will give it to papa, because he likes plumcake better than you do. Stay, I will give it to you, good Henry, because you mended my kite for me. No, indeed, I must give it to poor Edward, because he had no cherry-pie to-day at dinner."

"But," said his mother, "what right have you, Frank, to give this bit of cake to poor Edward, because he had no cherry-pie to-day at dinner ; or to good Henry, because he mended your kite ; or to your father, because he loves plumcake better than I do ; or to me, because you like to give it to me ? What right have you to give it to any of us !"

"Mamma, you said that I was to give each of you your just share ; and I thought I was to be judge."

"Remember, that I desired you to divide the cake into five pieces, all of the same size ; you were to judge about the size of the pieces ; and you were to take care that we have each our just shares ; but you are going to give one of us twice as much as any of the others."

"I cannot make the pieces the right size now, mamma."

"But you can give us each equal quantities of cake, cannot you ?"

"How, mamma ?"

"Think—when you are trusted to divide any thing, you must take the trouble, Mr. Judge, to consider how it is to be done fairly."

Frank took the trouble to think ; and he then cut the spare bit of cake into five equal parts ; and he put these parts by the side of the five large pieces of cake ; and he gave one of the large pieces and one of the little pieces to each person ; and he then said, "I believe I have divided the cake fairly now." Everybody present said "Yes," and everybody looked carefully at each of the shares ; and there appeared exactly the same quantity in each share. So each person took his por-

tion; and all were satisfied. Justice satisfies everybody.

"My dear Frank," said his mother, "as you have divided the cake so fairly, let us see how you will divide the sugar that was upon the top of the cake, and which is now broken and crumbled to pieces upon the plate. We all like that sugar; divide it equally among us."

"But this will be very difficult to do, mamma," said Frank, "because the pieces of sugar are all of such different sizes and shapes; and here are so many crumbs of cake mixed with the crumbs of sugar, I do not know how I shall ever divide it exactly. Will it do if I do not divide quite exactly, mamma?"

"No," said his mother, "I beg you will divide it quite exactly: you can do it if you take the right way to do it."

Frank first took out all the largest bits of sugar, and laid them upon one another, and broke off the corners and edges till he thought he made five of them of the same size exactly; and then he divided the crumbs and little broken bits into five heaps, which he thought seemed to be of the same size.

But when he had done, his brother Henry said, "This heap next me is a great deal larger than any one of the others."

And Edward said, "My heap is taller than yours, but it is not so closely squeezed together; and that makes a great difference."

And his father said, "Frank, my large bit of sugar is twice as big as your largest bit."

"O no, indeed, papa, I measured them; and they are exactly the same size; put yours upon mine, and you shall see. Look, papa—not the least corner, or crumb, difference."

"They are of the same length and breadth, I acknowledge," said his father; "but they are not of the same thickness."

"Oh, thickness! I never thought of thickness."

"But you should think of it," said his father; "because—look here—if I were to cut my bit of sugar, which is twice as thick as yours, into two slices, each of those slices would be as long, and as broad, and as thick as your bit is now, and I should have two bits of the same size as yours—twice as much as you."

"Ah! so you would. Thickness does make a great

difference. Then how shall I manage ? for, if I begin to cut the sugar, in your way, in slices—look, papa, it all crumbles—indeed, the crumbs are the most easily divided. I will crumble it all, and then divide the crumbs among you, and then I shall have no difficulty about the thickness.”

So Frank pounded the sugar with a spoon till it was all become a fine powder, and then he divided it into heaps ; but still, people did not agree that his heaps were all of the same size.

“ We can measure them,” said Frank ; and he put one of the heaps into a teaspoon ; it did not quite fill the spoon—another of the heaps filled the spoon higher than the brim—another was exactly a spoonful. Frank added to one heap, and took from another.

“ You squeeze the sugar in the spoon, and that will make more go in than there should,” said Henry.

“ Indeed, indeed,” said Frank, “ it cannot be divided more exactly. It is impossible to divide the sugar more exactly than I have done it now ; is not it, mamma ? ”

“ I cannot say that it is impossible to divide it more exactly,” said his mother, smiling ; “ but, as far as I can guess, by looking at your heaps, they seem to be of the same size ; I cannot, however, be sure, merely by looking at them, that they contain exactly equal quantities.”

“ How then could you be sure ? I do not feel any difference, mamma. Perhaps I could find out by weighing them in a pair of scales. Papa, will you be so good as to lend me the scales in which you were weighing—money, I believe, yesterday ? ”

“ No, my dear,” said his father ; “ the saucers of those scales are made of brass ; and you must not put any thing that you are going to eat near brass, because the rust of brass is poisonous. I will lend you another pair of scales, which are made of ivory, and in these you may weigh your sugar. Go for these scales ; they are upon the table that is on the righthand side of the window in my study. As you are used to find your way about the house in the dark, you will readily find what you want.”

Frank found the scales, and weighed his heaps of sugar very carefully. He was surprised to find that there was so much difference in the weight of the heaps, which he thought were exactly of the same size. By patiently adding and taking away, he at last, however,

made them each of the same weight, and everybody was then satisfied with the accuracy of his division.

"Now, Frank, eat your own share of cake, and drink this dish of tea, which has grown quite cold while you have been dividing and weighing," said his mother. And while Frank and his brothers were eating their shares of plumcake, Frank's father said, that if they pleased, he would read a short story to them.

The boys said they should like to hear a story; and the story that he read was out of Sandford and Merton—Cyrus's judgment about two coats.

One day Frank went with his mother to a shop in town: it was a shop where gloves, and ribands, and caps, and hats, were sold. His mother, after she had bought some gloves which she wanted, went into a little room behind the shop to see a poor girl who was ill.

"Frank," said his mother, "stay in this shop till I come back again."

Frank stayed in the shop; and while he was there, a carriage stopped at the door; and a lady got out of the carriage and came into the shop where Frank was; she asked to look at some ribands; and, while the shopman was looking in some little drawers for ribands, the lady turned to look at Frank, and said, "Does this little boy belong to you?" meaning the shopkeeper.

"O no, ma'am; he belongs to a lady who is just gone into the next room;" and the shopkeeper mentioned the name of Frank's mother.

The moment the lady heard this, she smiled at Frank, called him to her, kissed him, and told him he was a charming little creature. She then asked him several questions, and Frank was pleased by her smiling at him, and praising him; and he began to talk to her; and then she said he was the finest boy she had ever seen in her life, and he liked her still better.

She was rolling up some riband in a paper, upon which some words were printed; and she asked him whether he could read any of those words: "Oh yes," said Frank; and he read "Sarsnets, modes, and peelings—the most fashionable assortment."

The lady stopped his mouth by kissing him; and she told him he was a very clever fellow indeed.

Frank thought he should appear to her still cleverer, if he repeated the pretty verses which he had learned by heart. "O what a memory he has! I never heard any thing so well repeated!" exclaimed the lady.

Frank went on to tell her the history of his having cured himself of the trick of buttoning and unbuttoning his coat: and he told her that his father had given him a book: and he repeated, word for word, what his father had written at the beginning of his book.

To all this the lady listened with a smiling countenance; and Frank was going on talking about himself, when his mother came out of the room at the back of the shop; and she called Frank, and took him home with her.

The next day, his mother, who usually let Frank read to her a little every day, told him that he might bring his book to her and read. He began to read, and he made several mistakes; and his mother said, "Frank, you are not minding what you are about this morning."

Frank read on more carefully; and when he had read about half a page, without making any mistake, he stopped short, and said to his mother, "But, mamma, you do not praise me as the lady in the shop did."

"I do not flatter you, my dear," said his mother.

"What is flattering me, mamma?"

"Flattering you, my dear, is praising you more than you deserve to be praised."

"Did the lady in the shop flatter me, mamma?"

"I do not know, for I was not by: I did not hear what she said."

"She said—I feel, mamma, I do not know why, ashamed to tell you all she said to me. She said I was a charming little creature, and that I was the finest boy she had ever seen in her life; and she said I was a very clever little boy indeed, when I read something about sarsnets and modes that was printed on a paper, in which she was rolling up some riband; and when I repeated the verses to her, mamma, she said she never heard any thing so well repeated in her life."

"And did you believe all this, Frank?"

"Not quite, mamma—I made some mistakes when I was repeating the verses; and she did not take notice of them."

"And did you understand what you read about sarsnets and modes?"

"O mamma, I was sure you would ask that question! How came it that the lady never asked me that. And there was something about *fashionable assortment*—she kissed me for reading that; and all the time I did not understand those words. When you kiss me, and praise me, mamma, I feel quite sure that I have done something well, or good; I know what you are pleased with me for; but I did not know exactly why that lady was so much pleased with me; do you know, mamma!"

"No, my dear; and I am not sure that she was much pleased with you."

"O yes, mamma, I think she really was very much pleased with me, though she was a foolish woman, and did not know why."

"Did not know why she was a foolish woman, do you mean?"

"No, mamma; but did not know why she was pleased with me."

"In that respect," said his mother, laughing, "it seems that you were as foolish as she was."

"But, mamma," said Frank, "why are not you quite sure that she liked me?"

"Because, my dear, I have often heard people tell children that they were sweet creatures, and charming dears, and clever fellows; and I have observed, that these people forget the charming dears as soon as they are out of sight."

"You and my father never do so; do you?"

"Never."

"I had rather that you and papa should praise me, and like me, than the lady I saw in the shop. I think I was very foolish to tell her what my father wrote in my book, because I suppose she did not care about it."

"You will be wiser another time," said his mother.

"Now put on your hat, and let us go to look at the bees at work in the glass beehive."

They went to the old woman's cottage; and the little boy opened the garden-gate: and Frank went to the beehive to observe the bees, while his mother sat down in the arbour, and took a book out of her pocket, in which she read for some time. It entertained Frank more to-day to look at the bees than it did the first morning he came to look at them, because he saw more distinctly what they were doing. And when he had attended to the bees as long as he liked, he went to the

arbour where his mother was sitting; and he asked her whether he might go and talk to the little boy who was now weeding in the garden.

His mother said that she would rather that he should not talk to this little boy; but she went to him herself, and thanked him for letting Frank look at his beehive; and she told him that, if he would come to her house, she would give him a pair of strong shoes.

Then she took Frank by the hand, and went to the cottage.

Somebody was talking to the old woman very eagerly about washing a gown.

The person who was talking was a maidservant; and she had a muslin gown in her hand, which, she said, her mistress had desired her to take to be washed.

This old woman was a washerwoman.

"Look here!" said the maid, showing the bottom of the muslin gown, on which there were the marks of shoes which had trodden upon it, and on which there was a mark of a large hole that had been mended; "Look here! what a piece of work I have had this morning. Yesterday, my mistress came home with her gown torn and dirtied in this manner: and she told me it was all done by a little mischievous, troublesome, conceited brat of a boy, that she met with in the milliner's shop at ———, where she was yesterday."

While the maid was saying this, she did not see Frank or his mother; for her back was turned towards the door through which they came.

"O mamma!" cried Frank, "I remember that was the gown the lady had on who called me a charming little fellow, and who *praised*, I mean the other word, *flattered* me so much; but now she calls me a little mischievous, troublesome, conceited brat, only because I had upon her gown by accident, and tore it. I did not know I had torn it—I remember I caught my foot in it when you called me to come away with you. Mamma, if I had torn or dirtied your gown, I do not think you would have been so angry with me. The next time anybody begins to flatter me, and to tell me I am a *charming little dear*, I shall recollect all this: and I shall not repeat my verses, nor tell them what papa wrote in my book."

FRANK, who had seen the little boy to whom the beehive belonged weeding the beds in the garden, said to his mother one morning, "Mamma, I should like to try to weed some of the borders in your garden, as that little boy weeds the beds in his grandmother's garden."

Frank's mother said that he might weed one of the borders in her garden; and she lent him a little hoe, and he went to work, and weeded a piece of the border very carefully; and his mother looked at it when he had done, and said that it was very well done.

The same day, at dinner, Frank's father gave him a bit of cheese; and his mother was surprised to see Frank take this cheese off his plate, and put it between his forefinger and middlefinger; then he took a piece of bread, and stuck it between his middlefinger and his fourth finger, and then he took a large mouthful of the cheese, and a large mouthful of the bread, so that his mouth was filled in a very disagreeable manner.

"Pray, Frank," said his mother, "what are you about?"

Frank's mouth was not empty for nearly a minute; and he could make no answer.

"Where did you learn this new method of eating bread and cheese?"

"Mamma," said Frank, "I saw the little boy in the cottage eating his bread and cheese, after he had done weeding; and he ate it just in this way."

"And why should you act in that way, because you saw him do so?"

"Mamma, I thought you liked that little boy; I thought he was a very good boy; do not you remember his bringing me back a bunch of ripe cherries that I dropped? You called him an honest little fellow; and do not you remember that he has been very good-natured, in telling us all he knew about bees, and in letting me look at his glass beehive? And you know, mamma, this morning you said, when you saw him at work, that he was very industrious, did not you?"

✓ "Yes, I did; I think he is very industrious, and that he was good-natured in letting you look at his glass beehive, and honest in returning to you the bunch of ripe cherries which you dropped: but what has all this to do with his method of eating bread and cheese?"

"I do not know, mamma," said Frank, after thinking a little while. "Nothing to do with it. But I thought

you would be pleased to see me do every thing like him, because you were pleased this morning when you saw me weeding like him."

"You may weed like him," said Frank's mother, "without eating like him; he weeds well, but he eats disagreeably—I shall be glad to see you as honest, and as good-natured, and as industrious as he is; but I should be sorry to see you imitate his manner of eating, because that is disagreeable. Sensible people do not imitate every thing which they see others do; they imitate only what is useful or agreeable."

Frank took the bread and cheese from between his forefinger and his middlefinger, and between his middle finger and his fourth finger; and he put the cheese upon his plate, and did not any longer imitate the manner in which he had seen the little boy in the cottage cram his mouth.

"Did you ever hear," said Frank's father, "of the manner in which apes are sometimes caught?"

"No, papa."

"Apes are apt to imitate every thing which they see done: and they cannot, as you can, Frank, distinguish what is useful and agreeable from what is useless or disagreeable—they imitate every thing without reflecting. Men, who want to catch these apes, go under the trees in which the apes live; and the men take with them basins with water in them, in which they wash their own hands. They rub their hands, and wash and wash for some time, till they perceive that the apes are looking at them: then the men go away, and carry with them the basins of water; and they leave under the trees large heavy wooden basins, filled with pitch—you have seen pitch, Frank: you know that it is a very sticky substance. The apes, as soon as the men are out of sight, come down from the trees, and go to the basins to wash their hands, in imitation of the men. The apes dip their hands into the pitch; and the pitch sticks to their hairy hands; and the apes cannot draw their hands out of the pitch. Now these animals usually run upon all fours."

"All fours, papa!" interrupted Frank, "how is that?"

"As you run upon your hands and feet upon the carpet sometimes.—The apes cannot run well, for want of their hands, and because the wooden bowls, which stick to their hands, are so heavy. The men who left

these bowls come back, and find the apes caught in this manner."

"I think these apes are very foolish animals," said Frank.

"So do I," said his father: "no animals are wise who imitate what they see done, without considering the reason why it is done."

FRANK asked his mother if she would take him again to the cottage garden, to see the bees at work in the glass beehive; but his mother answered, "I am afraid to take you there again, till I am sure that you will not imitate the little boy in every thing which you see him do; for instance—"

"O mamma!" said Frank, "I know what you are going to say—but to-day at dinner, you shall see that I will not eat in that disagreeable way."

His mother attended to him several days; and when she observed that he did not imitate this boy any more in his manner of eating, she took him again to the cottage.

The old woman was spinning; and Frank stopped to look at her spinning-wheel; and he asked his mother what was the use of what the old woman was doing.

She told him that the woman was twisting a kind of coarse thread, and that her spinning-wheel was a machine which helped her to do this quickly.

His mother then asked Frank whether he knew where the thread was found, or how it was made.

"No, mamma," said Frank.

"It is made of a plant called flax, my dear," said his mother—"I think you went with me, last summer, through a field in which you saw flax—you took notice of its pretty blue flowers."

Frank said that he did remember this; but that he could not imagine how thread, which he saw upon the spinning-wheel, could be made from that green plant with the blue flowers.

His mother told him that she would show him whenever she had an opportunity.

The old woman who was spinning told Frank's mother that a neighbour of hers was this very day hackling some flax, and that if she liked to let Frank

see how it was done, she would show her the way to the house where her neighbour lived.

"I should like to see what is meant by hackling flax," said Frank.

"Then come with us, and you shall see," said his mother.

Frank followed his mother to another cottage, where he saw a woman beating, with the edge of a thin bit of wood, something which he thought looked a little like very yellow dry hay; but his mother told him that this was flax.

As the woman beat it, a great deal of dust and dirt fell out of it upon the ground; and, by degrees, the flax which she held in her hand looked cleaner and cleaner, and finer and finer, till at last it looked like yellow hair.

"But, mamma," said Frank, "the flax which I saw last summer, growing in a field near this house, had long green stalks and blue flowers; and I saw no yellow threads like these—is this a different kind of flax?"

"No, my dear; this is the same flax. The blue flowers have withered and died. When the blue flowers began to wither, the woman pulled up all the green stalks, and bound them together in bundles, and put these bundles under water, where she left them for about a fortnight; during this time, the green outside of the stalk decayed, and the stringy part remained; she then untied the bundles, and spread them out near a fire to dry; in a few days they were dried, and then she brought the flax home—and this," said she, showing Frank a bit of the flax which the woman had not yet beaten and cleaned, "this is the flax as it looks after it has been soaked in water and dried."

"And what is going to be done to it now, mamma?" said Frank, who observed that the woman was now placing two small boards before her, on which were stuck, with their points upright, several rows of steel pins; their points were as sharp as needles.

"I am going to hackle the flax, master," said the woman: and she began to comb the flax with these steel combs. She drew the flax through the steel pins several times. The board into which the pins were stuck was fastened upon the table; and, as the woman drew the flax through the pins, it was disentangled, and combed smooth.

"Mamma," said Frank, "it is just like combing hair out, only the woman does not move the comb, but she draws the hair—the flax, I mean, through it."

The pins in one of the boards were much smaller, and placed closer together, than those in the other board.

"This is the large comb, and this is the small-toothed comb, mamma," said Frank.

And when the flax had been drawn through these fine pins, there was not a tangle left in it: and it looked smooth, bright, and shining, and of a light yellow colour.

Frank's mother showed him that this looked the same as what he had seen on the old woman's spinning-wheel.

They went back to the spinning-wheel; and the old woman sat down, and spun a little; and Frank saw that the threads of the flax were twisted together—he did not exactly know how; and his mother told him that he must not expect to find out how it was done by looking at it for a few minutes.

Frank said, "Mamma, I feel tired, my eyes are tired of looking, and I am tired with thinking about this spinning-wheel."

"Then do not think any more about it now: go and run into the garden;" and Frank ran into the garden; and he jumped and sang; then he listened to the birds who were singing; and he smelt the flowers, particularly rosemary and balm, which he had never smelt before; and he heard the humming of bees near him, as he was smelling to the rosemary; and he recollected that he had not looked at the bees this day; so he ran to the glass beehive, and watched them working.

And afterward he ran back to his mother, and said, "I am quite rested now, mamma—I mean, I do not feel tired of thinking about the spinning-wheel. May I look at the woman spinning again?"

"Yes, my dear."

Frank went into the cottage, and looked at the old woman who was spinning.

"Would you like to try to spin a bit, dear?" said the old woman.

"Yes, I should," said Frank; "it looks as if it was very easy to do it, but perhaps it is not; for I remember I could not plane with the carpenter's plane, though it seemed very easy when he was doing it."

Frank tried to spin, but he broke the thread almost at

the first trial; however, the old woman clapped her hands, and said, "That's a pretty dear! He spins as well as I do, I declare!"

"Oh, no, no, no," said Frank; "I know I cannot spin at all;" and he looked ashamed, and left the spinning-wheel, and turned away from the old woman, and went back to his mother.

She walked home with him; and as they were walking home, his mother said to him, "Do you know why you came back just now, Frank?"

"Yes, mamma, because the woman called me a pretty dear, and told me that I could spin as well as she could; and you know I could not; so that was flattering me; and I do not like people that flatter me. I remember the lady in the shop who flattered me, and afterward called me a mischievous brat. But I do not much like to think of that. Mamma, of what use is that brown thread which the old woman made of the flax?"

"Of that brown thread linen is made, my dear."

"But linen is white, mamma: how is the brown thread made white?"

"It is left in a place where the sun shines upon it; and there are other ways of making linen white, which I cannot now explain to you. Making linen white is called bleaching it."

"Can you explain to me, mamma, how thread is made into linen?"

"No, my dear, I cannot; but perhaps your father, when you are able to understand it, may show you how people weave linen in a loom."

ONE night, when Frank's brother Henry was with him, they were talking of Henry's garden.

Henry said, "Next spring I intend to sow some scarlet runners, or French beans, in my garden."

"Whereabouts in your garden?" said Frank.

Henry tried to describe to him whereabouts: but Frank could not understand him; so Henry took his pencil out of his pocket, and said, "Now, Frank, I will draw for you a map of my garden; and then you will understand it."

He drew the shape of his garden upon paper; and he marked where all the little walks went, and where the

rosebud stood, and where the sally-fence was; and he drew all the borders, and printed upon each of the borders the name of what was planted there when Frank last saw it.

Frank, after he had looked at this drawing for a little while, understood it, and saw the exact spot in which Henry intended to sow his scarlet runners.

"So this is what you called a map," said Frank; "but it is not like the maps in papa's study."

"They are maps of counties, not of little gardens," said Henry.

"I suppose they are of the same use to other people that the little map of your garden was to me—to show them whereabouts places are. But, Henry, what are those odd-shaped, crooked bits of wood, which hook into one another, and which I thought you called a map?"

"That is a map pasted upon wood: and the shapes of the different places are cut out through the paper, and through the wood; and then they can be joined together again exactly in the same shape that they were in at first."

"I do not understand how you mean," said Frank.

Henry cut out the different beds and walks in the little map which he had drawn of his garden; and when he had separated the parts, he threw them down upon the table before Frank, and asked him to try if he could put them together again as they were before.

After some trials, Frank did join them all together; and he told Henry that he should very much like to try to put his wooden map together, and that he would be very much obliged to him if he would lend it to him.

"I am afraid," said Henry, "to lend you that map, lest you should lose any of the parts of it."

"I will not lose them, I assure you."

"I tried every day for a week," said Henry, "before I was able to put it all together; and after I had done with it every day, I put it into the box belonging to it; and I regularly counted all the bits, to see that I had them right."

"I will count them every day before I put them by if you will lend them to me," said Frank.

"If you will promise me to do so," said Henry, "I will lend you my map for a week."

Frank was eagerly going to say, "*Yes, I will promise*

you," when he felt a hand before his lips. It was his mother's. "My dear Frank," said she, in a serious tone of voice, "consider before you ever make any promise. No persons are believed or trusted who break their promise. You are very young, Frank; and you scarcely know what a promise means."

"I think I know, mamma, what this promise means," said Frank.

"And do you think you shall be able to keep your promise?"

"Yes, mamma," said Frank; "I hope that I shall."

"I hope so too, my dear," said his mother; "for I would rather that you should never put that map together, than that you should make a promise and break it."

Frank promised Henry, that whenever he took the map out of the box, he would count the pieces, to see whether he had the right number, before he put them again into the box.

"Remember," said Frank, "I do not promise that I will not lose any pieces of the map—I promise only to count them; but I hope I shall not lose any of them."

Henry told him that he understood very well what he said: and he put the box into his hands.

Frank immediately counted the pieces of the map. It was a map of England and Wales; and there were fifty-two pieces; one to represent each county.

"Fifty-two—fifty-two—fifty-two," repeated Frank, several times; "I am afraid I shall forget how many there are."

"Then," said Henry, "you had better write it down. Here is a pencil for you, and you may write it upon the lid of the box."

Frank wrote a two and a five after it.

"That is not right," said Henry; "that is twenty-five; and you know that there are fifty-two."

"Then," said Frank, "I must put the five to my left hand and the two to my right hand to make fifty-two. Mamma, I did not understand what papa told me once about the places of units, and tens, and hundreds."

"Then you had better ask him to explain it to you again when he is at leisure: for want of knowing this, when you were to write fifty-two, you wrote twenty-five."

"That was a great mistake: but papa is busy now,

and cannot explain about units and tens to me ; therefore, I will put the map together if I can."

Frank could not put the map together the first night that he tried, nor the second day, nor the third : but he regularly remembered to count the bits, according to his promise, every day, before he put them into the box.

One day he was in a great hurry to go out to fly his kite ; but all the pieces of the map were scattered upon the carpet ; and he stayed to count them and put them into the box before he went out.

It was not easy to get them into the box, which was but just large enough to hold them when they were well packed.

The lid of the box would not slide into its place when the pieces of the map were not put in so as to lie quite flat.

One day—it was Friday—Frank saw his father open a large book, in which there were very pretty prints of houses ; and he was eager to go to look at these prints ; but his map was upon the table ; and he thought he had better count the pieces and put them into the box before he went to look at the prints, lest he should forget to do it afterward : therefore, he counted them as fast as he could. They were not all right. Fifty-two was the number that had been lent to him, and he could find but fifty-one.

He searched all over the room—under the tables—under the chairs—upon the sofa—under the cushions of the sofa—under the carpet—everywhere he could think of. The lost bit of the map was nowhere to be found ; and, while he was searching, his father turned over all the leaves in the book of prints, found the print that he wanted, then shut the book, and put it into its place in the bookcase.

Frank was at this instant crawling from beneath the sofa, where he had been feeling for his lost county. He looked up and sighed when he saw the book of pretty prints shut and put up into the bookcase.

"O papa ! there is the very thing I have been looking for all this time," cried Frank, who now espied the bit of the map which he had missed : it was lying upon the table, and the book of prints had been put upon it, so that Frank never could see it till the book was lifted up.

"I am glad I have found you, little crooked county

of Middlesex," said Frank. "Now I have them all right—fifty-two."

The next morning—Saturday—the last day of the week during which the map was lent to Frank, he spent an hour and a half* in trying to put it together: at last he succeeded, and hooked every county, even crooked little Middlesex, into its right place.

He was much pleased to see the whole map fitted together. "Look at it, dear mamma," said he: "you cannot see the joinings, it fits so nicely."

His mother was just come to look at his map, when they heard a noise of several sheep baaing very loud near the windows. Frank ran to the window, and he saw a large flock of sheep passing near the window; a man and two women were driving them.

"How fat they look, mamma!" said Frank; "they seem as if they could hardly walk, they are so fat."

"They have a great deal of wool upon their backs."

"Mamma, what can be the use of those large, very large scissors, which that woman carries in her hand?"

"Those large scissors are called shears; and with them the wool will be cut from the backs of these sheep."

"Will it hurt the sheep, mamma, to cut their wool off?"

"Not at all, I believe."

"I should like, then, to see it done; and I should like to touch the wool. What use is made of wool, mamma?"

"Your coat is made of wool, my dear."

Frank looked surprised; and he was going to ask how wool could be made into a coat; but his father came into the room, and asked him if he should like to go with him to see some sheep sheared.

"Yes, very much, papa; thank you," said Frank, jumping down from the chair on which he stood.

"I shall be ready to go in five minutes," said his father.

"I am ready this minute," said Frank; "I have nothing to do but to get my hat, and to put on my shoes." But just as he got to the door, he recollected that he had left Henry's map upon the floor; and he returned

* A boy of four years old spent, voluntarily, above an hour and a half in attempts to put together a joining map.

back, and was going hastily to put it into the box; but he then recollected his promise to count the pieces every day before he put them into the box. He was much afraid that his father should be ready before he had finished counting them, and that he should be left behind, and should not see the sheep sheared; but he kept his promise exactly: he counted the fifty-two pieces, put them into the box, and was ready the instant his father called him.

He saw the wool cut off the back of the sheep; it did not entertain him quite so much as he had expected, to see this done; but when he returned home, he was very glad to meet his brother Henry in the evening; and he returned the box of maps to him.

"Thank you, Henry," said he; "here is your map, safe. Count the pieces, and you will find that there are fifty-two. And I have kept my promise; I have counted them every day before I put them into the box. My mother saw me count them every day."

"I am glad, Frank, that you have kept your promise," said Henry, and his mother, and his father, all at once; and they all looked pleased with him.

His father took down the book of pretty prints, and put it into Frank's hands.

"I will lend you this book for a week," said his father; "you may look at all the prints in it; I can trust you with it; for I saw that you took care of Henry's map which was lent to you."

Frank opened the book, and he saw upon the first page the print of the front of a house.

"The reason I wished to look at this book so much," said Frank, "was, because I thought I saw prints of houses in it, and I am going to build a house in my garden."

"You have kept your promise so well," said Henry, "about the map, that I will lend you—what I would not lend to anybody that I could not trust—I will lend you my box full of little bricks, if you will not take them out of doors, nor wet them."

Frank said that he would not either take them out of doors or wet them.

And Henry believed that Frank would do what he said that he would do, because he had kept his promise exactly with respect to the map.

Frank received the box full of little bricks with a joy-

ful countenance, and his mother gave him leave to build with them in the room in which he slept.

Henry showed him how to *break the joints* in building—how to build walls and arches. And Frank was happy in building different sorts of buildings, and staircases, and pillars, and towers, and arches, with the little bricks which were lent to him. And he kept his promise not to wet them, and not to take them out of doors.

"It is a good thing to keep one's promise," said his mother: "people are trusted who keep their promises—trusted even with little bricks."*

It was autumn—the leaves withered and fell from the trees; and the paths in the *grove* were strewn with the red leaves of the beech-trees.

Little Frank swept away the leaves in his mother's favourite walk in the *grove*; it was his morning's work to make this walk quite clean; and, as soon as dinner was over, he sat down from his chair; and he went to his mother, and asked her if she would walk out this evening in the *grove*.

"I think," said his mother, "it is now too late in the year to walk after dinner: the evenings are cold; and—"

"O mamma," interrupted Frank, "pray walk out this one evening—look, the sun has not set yet; look at the pretty red sunshine upon the tops of the trees—several of the trees in the *grove* have leaves upon them still, mamma, and I have swept away all the withered leaves that were strewn upon *your path*—will you come and look at it, mamma?"

"Since you have swept my path, and have taken pains to oblige me," said his mother, "I will walk with you, Frank. People should not always do just what they like best themselves: they should be sometimes ready

* These little bricks were made of plaster of Paris: they were *exactly* twice as long as they were broad, and twice as broad as they were thick. Two inches and a quarter long is a convenient length, being one quarter of the length of a common brick. Common bricks are not *exactly* in the proportion above mentioned, as there is generally allowance made for mortar. A few lintels of wood, the depth and breadth of a brick, and twelve inches and three quarters long, will be found very convenient: these should be painted exactly to match the colour of the bricks.

to comply with the wishes of their friends : so, Frank, I will comply with your wish, and walk to the grove."

His mother found it a more pleasant evening than she had expected; and the walk in the grove was sheltered; and she thanked Frank for having swept it.

The wind had blown a few leaves from one of the heaps which he had made; and he ran on before his mother to clear them away—but, as he stooped to brush away one of the leaves, he saw a caterpillar, which was so nearly the colour of the faded green leaf upon which it lay, that he at first sight mistook it for a part of the leaf—it stuck to the leaf, and did not move in the least, even when Frank touched it. He carried it to his mother, and asked her if she thought that it was dead, or if she knew what was the matter with it.

"I believe, my dear," said his mother, "that this caterpillar will soon turn into a chrysalis."

"Chry—what, mamma?"

"Chrysalis."

"What is a chrysalis?"

"I cannot describe it to you; but if you keep this caterpillar a few days, you will see what I mean by a chrysalis!"

"I will—but how do you know, mamma, that a caterpillar will turn into a chrysalis?"

"I have seen caterpillars that have turned into chrysalises; and I have heard that they do so from many other people who have seen it; and I have read in books accounts of caterpillars that have turned into chrysalises; and this is the time of the year in which, as it has been observed, this change usually happens."

"But, my dear mother," said Frank, "may I keep this caterpillar in my red box?—And what shall I give it to eat?"

"You need not give it any thing to eat; for it will not eat while it is in this state: and you may keep this caterpillar in your box; it will soon become a chrysalis; and, in the spring, a moth or butterfly will come out of the chrysalis."

Frank looked much surprised at hearing this; and he said that he would take great care of the caterpillar, and that he would watch it, that he might see all these curious changes.

"Who was the first person, mamma, that ever ob-

served that a caterpillar turned into a chrysalis, and a chrysalis into a butterfly?"

"I don't know, my dear."

"Mamma, perhaps, if I observe, I may find out things as well as other people."

"Yes, very likely you may."

"Mamma, how did the person who wrote about animals, in my book that my father gave me, find out all that he knew?"

"Partly from reading other books, and partly from observing animals himself."

"But, mamma," said Frank, "how did the people who wrote the other books know all the things that are told in them?"

"By observing," said his mother—"different people, in different places, observed different animals, and wrote the histories of those animals."

"I am very glad that they did. Did they ever make mistakes, mamma?"

"Yes, I believe that they did make a great many mistakes."

"Then every thing that is in books is not true, is it?"

"No."

"I am sorry for that—but how shall I know what is true and what is not true in books, mamma?"

"You cannot always find out what is true and what is not true in books, till you have more knowledge, my dear."

"And how shall I get more knowledge, mamma?"

"By observing whatever you see, and hear, and feel; by reading; and by trying experiments."

"Experiments, mamma!—Papa and grown-up wise people try experiments; but I did not know that such a little boy as I am could try experiments."

Frank and his mother had walked on, while they were talking, till they came to a path which led to the river side.

A little girl was by the river side, dipping a yellow earthen jug into the water.

The girl did not perceive Frank and his mother, who were coming behind her, till she heard Frank's voice, which startled her; and she let the pitcher fall from her hand, and it broke.

The girl looked very sorry that she had broken the jug; but a woman who was standing beside her said,

"It is no great misfortune, Mary; for we can take it home, and tie it together, and boil it in milk, and it will be as good as ever."

"My dear mother," cried Frank, "then we can mend the broken flower-pot—shall we do it as soon as we get home?"

"We can *try* to do it as soon as we go home."

"*Try*, mamma! but are you not sure it will do? The woman said the jug would be as good as ever, if it was tied together, and boiled in milk."

"Yes; but she may be mistaken—we had better try the experiment ourselves."

"Is that called trying an experiment?"

"Yes, this is an experiment we can try."

When they got home, Frank's mother rang the bell, and asked to have a clean saucepan and some milk up stairs; and when the saucepan was brought to her, she tied the pieces of the broken flower-pot together with packthread, in the same shape that it was before it was broken—she put the flower-pot into the saucepan, and she poured over it as much milk as entirely covered it; and after she had put the saucepan on the fire, she waited till the milk boiled; then she took the saucepan off the fire, and she waited till the milk grew so cool that she could dip her fingers into it without burning herself; and she took out the flower-pot, and carefully untied the wet packthread, and unwound it; but, when she had unwound it, the parts of the flower-pot did not stick together: they separated; and Frank was disappointed.

"But, mamma," said he, "I wish you would be so good as to send to the woman, and ask her how it was that she could mend broken things by boiling them in milk; perhaps she knows something about it that we do not know yet."

"Stay," said Henry: "before you send to the woman, try another experiment. Here's a saucer which I broke just before you came in from walking—I was rubbing some Indian ink upon it, and I let it slip off the table—let us tie this together, and try whether you can mend it by boiling it in the milk."

The saucer was tied together; the milk that was in the saucepan was poured out, and some cold milk was put into it: into this milk the saucer was put, and the milk was then boiled; and the moment the saucepan

was taken off the fire, Frank was impatient to see the saucer. Before it was nearly cool, he untied the string; the parts of the saucer did not stick together; and Frank was more disappointed now than he had been before.

His mother smiled, and said, "Frank, people who wish to try experiments, you see, must be patient."

The woman whom he had heard speaking to the little girl by the river side lived very near to them; and Frank's mother sent to beg to speak to her. She came; and when she was told what had been done about the flower-pot and the saucer, she asked whether it was a long time since the flower-pot had been broken.

"Yes, about two months."

"Then, ma'am," said she, "that could not be mended this way. I can only mend things this way that have been fresh broken."

"Mamma," said Frank, "how comes it that the saucer which Henry did but just break before we came in from walking did not stick together, after all we did to it?"

"Perhaps, master," said the woman, "you did not let it stand to cool before you untied it."

"No, I did not," said Frank.

"But, master, you must have patience, and wait till it is quite cool, or it will never do."

"I will be more patient this time, mamma, if you will let me try once more."

His mother let him try once more; and Frank was going to boil the milk again, but the old woman said that the milk which had been boiled would not do, and that he must use new milk.

And Frank said, "This will waste a great deal of milk."

But the old woman said, "I never waste the milk, for I give it to the children afterward, or to the chickens, and I do not throw it away."

Frank now began to tie the broken saucer together, and the old woman said to him, "Fit it very close and even, and tie it very tight, or it will not do."

"I have tied it as tight as I can," said Frank.

"But, master, it is not near tight enough," said the woman: "I will show you how to tighten it better, if you will give me a small wooden skewer, or a bit of wood that I can cut into a skewer, about the size of your pencil."

"Here is such a bit of wood as you want," said Frank's mother.

"Now, master," said the old woman, "take another piece of packthread, and wind it three times round the saucer, and tie the ends together. Leave it quite loose, so that you may put your finger between the saucer and the packthread. Very well. Now, master, put this stick between the packthread and the saucer, and twist the packthread tight with the stick."

"The packthread looks like a screw as I twist it," said Frank.

"Yes," said his mother, "and you see that you really screw the parts of the saucer together."

"Yes," said Frank, "and this is as tight and as strong as the stick and string in my skipjack, and it is something like it: is it not, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I will run for my skipjack, and see whether it is quite the same," said Frank.

"You had better finish what you are about first," said his mother; "you can look at the skipjack afterward. Do one thing at a time, my dear."

Frank boiled the new milk, and put the well-tied saucer into it, and this time he waited till the saucer was cool, and then he untied the string; and he found that the parts of the saucer stuck fast together; and he could scarcely see the place where they were joined.

He was pleased with his success, and he said, "People must be patient who try experiments; and people must be patient who are to observe things; so I will have patience till next spring, and then I shall see the chrysalis change to a moth or a butterfly. But, mother, first I shall see the caterpillar change to a chrysalis."

Frank put his green caterpillar into his red box; and then he went again to look at the saucer which had been mended, and at the flower-pot which the old woman said could not be mended; and he asked his mother if she could tell the reason why things which had been broken a long time before could not be mended by being boiled in this manner in milk.

"I think I can guess the reason," said his mother; "but I will not tell it to you; I would rather that you should think and find it out for yourself. If I were to tell you the reason of every thing, my dear, you would

never take the trouble of thinking for yourself; and you know I shall not always be with you to *think* for you."

"MAMMA," said Frank, "there is a reason that I have thought of; but I am not sure that it is the right reason—but it may be one of the reasons."

"Well, let us hear it, without any more *reasons*," said his mother, laughing.

"I thought, mamma," said Frank, "that perhaps the old woman could never mend things—"

"Things! what sort of things; chairs and tables, or coats and waistcoats?"

"O mamma, you know very well what I mean."

"Yes, I guess what you mean; but other people will not be at the trouble of guessing at the meaning of what you say: therefore, if you wish to be understood, you must learn to explain yourself distinctly."

"I thought, mamma," said Frank, "that the reason why the old woman could never mend cups and saucers, or jugs, or plates, that had been broken a great while, was, because, perhaps, the edges of these might have been rubbed or broken off, so that they could not be fitted close together again. If you recollect, the old woman was saying to me when I was tying the broken saucer together, 'Tie it tight and fit it close, or it will not do.' Do you think that I have found out the right reason, mamma? Is it the reason which you thought of?"

"It is the reason," answered his mother, "which I thought of: but my having thought of it is no proof that it is right. The best way to find out whether this is the case is to try. Can you find out yourself, Frank, how you may prove whether this is the reason or not?"

"I would rub the edges of a plate or saucer after it was broken; and when I had rubbed off little bits of the edges, I would tie the edges together and boil them in milk; and I would at the same time break another bit off the same plate or saucer; and I would tie the broken pieces together without rubbing off any of the edges, and I would put it into the same milk, and let it be upon the fire as long, and let it be as long before I untied it as before I untied the other broken pieces: and

then we should see whether the rubbing off the edges would prevent the pieces from joining or not."

Frank's mother told him that he might try his experiment. He tried it; and he found that the broken bits of the plate, whose edges he had broken off, could not be joined by being boiled in milk; and two other broken bits of the same plate, which he joined without rubbing off their edges, stuck together, after they had been boiled in milk, very well.

Then Frank said, "Mamma, there is another thing which I should like to try; I should like to tie the broken flower-pot very tight together, and to fit the pieces closely; for the last time I tied it I did not tie it very tight; I did not know that I should have done that, till the old woman told me that I should. I think perhaps the flower-pot may be mended, because, though it has been broken a great while, the edges of it have never been rubbed, I believe; it has been lying in the press in your room; and nobody has ever meddled with it."

"Nobody has ever meddled with it, I believe," said his mother; "for I lock that press every day, and no one goes to it but myself; and I have never rubbed any thing against the edges of the broken flower-pot."

She went and brought the pieces of the broken flower-pot: and Frank tied them together very tight, after he had fitted their edges closely and evenly together. He boiled this flower-pot again in milk, waited afterward till it became cool, and then untied it, and he found that the parts stuck together; and he poured water into it, and the water did not run out. Frank was glad that he had mended the flower-pot at last.

"Do you think, mother," said he, "that it was made to stick together again by being tied so tight, or by the milk, or by both together?"

"I do not know," answered his mother; "but you may try whether tying broken pieces of earthenware together will fasten them, without boiling them in milk."

Frank tried this; and he let the pieces that were tied together remain still as long as those which he had before boiled in milk; and when he untied the string, the pieces separated; they did not stick together in the least. He afterward tied these pieces together again, and boiled them in water; and he found, when he untied them, that they did not stick together.

THERE was one part of the winter's evening which Frank liked particularly; it was the half hour after dinner, when the window-shutters were shut, and the curtains let down, and the fire stirred, so as to make a cheerful blaze, which lighted the whole room.

His father and mother did not ring the bell for candles, because they liked to sit a little while after dinner by the light of the fire.

Frank's father used often, at this time, to play with him, or to talk to him.

One evening, after his father had been playing with Frank, and had made him jump, and run, and wrestle, and laugh, till Frank was quite hot and out of breath, he knelt down upon the carpet at his father's feet, rested his arms upon his father's knees, and looking up in his face, he said, "Now, papa, while I am resting myself so happily here, will you tell me something entertaining?"

But just as Frank said the word *entertaining*, the door opened, and the servant came into the room with lighted candles.

"~~O~~ candles! I am sorry you are come!" cried Frank.

"O candles! I am glad you have come," said his father, "for now I can see to read an entertaining book, which I want to finish."

"But, papa," said Frank, "cannot you sit still a *little*, little while longer, and tell me some short thing?"

"Well, what shall I tell you?"

"There are so many things that I want to know, papa, I do not know which to ask for first—I want to know whether you have ever seen a camel—and I want to know where silkworms are found, and how they make silk—and I want to know how people weave linen in a loom, and how the wool of sheep is made into such coats as we have on. And, oh, father! I wish very much to know how the fat of animals is made into candles—you promised to tell me or to show me how that was done. And, oh, more than all the rest, I wish to know how plates, and jugs, and cups and saucers, and flower-pots, are made of clay—and whether they are made of clay such as I have in my garden. And I want very much to know where tea comes from—and—"

"Stop, stop! my dear Frank," said his father; "it would take up a great deal more of my time than I can

bestow upon you to answer all these questions—I cannot answer any of them to-night, for I have a great many other things to do. The first thing you asked me, I think, was whether I had ever seen a camel—I have; and the print I am going to show you is very like the animal that I saw; and you may read his history, and then you will know all that I know of camels; and when you have satisfied your curiosity about camels I can lend you another book, in which you may read the history of silkworms.”

“Thank you, papa,” said Frank: “I shall like to read these things very much; only I cannot read quick yet, papa; and there are words, sometimes, which I cannot make out well.”

“If you persevere,” said his father, “you will soon be able to read without any difficulty—but nothing can be done well without perseverance. You have shown me that you have a great deal of perseverance, and—”

“Have I, papa?” interrupted Frank; “when did I show that to you?”

“The morning when you tried, for an hour and a half, to put the joining map together.”

“And at last I did put it together.”

“Yes; you succeeded because you persevered.”

“Then,” said Frank, “I will persevere, and learn to read easily, that I may read all the entertaining things that are in books; and then I shall be as glad when the candle comes as you were just now, papa.”

DEDICATION

TO

MY LITTLE BROTHER,

FRANCIS BEAUFORT EDGEWORTH.

SIXTEEN years ago I dedicated a volume of Early Lessons "To my little brother William." He has grown up to be a man. I now dedicate this Continuation of Early Lessons to you, my dear little brother Francis. You are now four years old; just the age your brother was when Frank was written for him and read to him. He could not then read, and you cannot now read. But the time will come when you will be able to read; and then I hope you will receive pleasure from what I am at this instant writing: and I am sure that you will feel pleasure in reading Harry and Lucy, because, in this book, you will recollect all those little experiments which your father tried for you, and which you then understood. And you will, I think, be glad to find that you are able to comprehend the account which he has written of them.

I hope, my dear little brother, that when you grow up, you will be such a man as your brother William now is; and then you will give your father and mother as much pleasure as that brother William now gives them.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

December 8, 1813. . .

FRANK.

FRANK was very fond of playing at battledoor and shuttlecock; but he could not always play when he liked, or as long as he liked it, because he had no battledoor or shuttlecock of his own. He determined to try to make a shuttlecock for himself; but he had no cork for the bottom of it, and he had only five feathers, which had once belonged to an old worn-out shuttlecock. They were ruffled and bent. His mother was very busy, so that he did not like to interrupt her to ask for more feathers; and his father was out riding, so that Frank could not ask him for a cork. His brother Edward advised him to put off trying to make his shuttlecock till his mother was not busy, and till his father should return from riding; but Frank was so impatient that he would not take this prudent advice. He set to work immediately to make the bottom of his shuttlecock of one end of the handle of his pricker, which he sawed off, because he thought that it resembled the bottom of a shuttlecock in shape more than any other bit of wood which he possessed. When he tried to make holes in it for the feathers, he found that the wood was extremely hard; he tried and tried in vain; and, at last, snap went the end of the pricker. It broke in two; and Frank was so sorry that he began to cry; but, recollecting that his tears would not mend his pricker, he dried his eyes, and resolved to bear the loss of it like a man. He examined the stump of the pricker which he held in his hand, and he found that there was enough of the steel left to be sharpened again. He began to file it as well as he could; and, after taking some pains, he sharpened it: but he did not attempt to make any more holes in the hard wood, lest he should break the pricker again. He said to himself—"Edward gave me good advice, and I will now take it; I will wait till my father comes home, and till my mother is not busy; and then I will ask them for what I want."

The next day his father gave him a cork, and his

mother gave him some feathers; and, after several trials, he at last made a shuttlecock which flew tolerably well. He was eager to try it, and he ran to his brother Edward and showed it to him; and Edward liked the shuttlecock, but could not then play, because he was learning his Latin lesson.

"Well! I will have patience till to-morrow, if I can," said Frank.

It happened this same evening that Frank was present when his brother Edward and three of his cousins were dressing to act a pantomime. They were in a great hurry. They had lost the burnt cork with which they were to blacken their eyebrows. They looked everywhere that they could think of for it, but all in vain; and a messenger came to tell them that everybody was seated, and that they must begin to act the pantomime directly. They looked with still more eagerness for this cork, but it could not be found; and they did not know where to get another.

"I have one! I have one! I have a cork! you shall have it in a minute!" cried the good-natured little Frank. He ran up stairs directly, pulled all the feathers out of his dear shuttlecock, burnt the end of the cork in the candle, and gave it to his friends. They did not know, at this moment, that it was the cork of Frank's shuttlecock; but, when they afterward found it out, they were very much obliged to him; and when his father heard this instance of his good-nature, he was much pleased. He set Frank upon the table before him after dinner, when all his friends were present, and said to him—

"My dear little son, I am glad to find that you are of such a generous disposition. Believe me, such a disposition is of more value than all the battledoors and shuttlecocks in the world; you are welcome to as many corks and feathers as you please! you, who are so willing to help your friends in their amusements, shall find that we are all ready and eager to assist you in yours."

Close to the garden which Frank's mother had given to him there was a hut in which garden-tools and watering-pots used formerly to be kept; but it had been found to be too small for this purpose, and a larger had been built in another part of the kitchen-garden: nothing was now kept in that which was near Frank's garden but some old flower-pots and pans. Frank used to like to go into this hut to play with the flower-pots; they

were piled up higher than his head; and one day, when he was pulling out from the undermost part of the pile a large pan, the whole pile of flower-pots shook from bottom to top, and one of the uppermost flower-pots fell down. If Frank had not run away in an instant, it would have fallen on his head. As soon as he had a little recovered from his fright, he saw that the flower-pot had been broken by the fall, and he took up the broken pieces, and went into the house to his mother to tell her what had happened. He found his father and mother sitting at the table writing letters: they both looked up when he came in, and said—

"What is the matter, Frank?—you look very pale."

"Because, mamma, I have broken this flower-pot."

"Well, my dear, you do rightly to come and tell us that you broke it. It is an accident. There is no occasion to be frightened about it."

"No, mamma; it was not that which frightened me so much. But it is well that I did not break my own head, and all the flower-pots in the garden-house."

Then he told his mother how he had attempted to pull out the undermost pan, and how "the great pile shook from top to bottom."

"It is well you did not hurt yourself, indeed, Frank!" said his mother.

His father asked if there was a key to the door of the hut.

"Papa, there is an old rusty lock, but no key."

"The gardener has the key—I will go for it directly," said his father, rising from his seat; "and I will lock that door, lest the boy should do the same thing again."

"No, papa," said Frank: "I am not so silly as to do again what I know might hurt me."

"But, my dear, without doing it on purpose, you might by accident, when you are playing in that house, shake those pots, and pull them down upon yourself. Whenever there is any real danger, you know I always tell you of it. And it is much better to prevent any evil than to be sorry for it afterward. I will go this minute and look for the key, and lock the door," continued his father.

"Papa," said Frank, stopping him, "you need not go for the key, nor lock the door; for, if you desire me not to play in the old garden-house, I will not play there;

"I will not go in, I promise you; I will never even open the door."

"Very well, Frank; I can trust to your promise; therefore I want no lock and key. Your word is enough."

"But only take care you do not forget, and run in by accident, Frank," said his mother; "as you have such a habit of going there, you might forget."

"Mamma, I will not forget my promise," said Frank.

A FEW days after this time, Frank's father and mother were walking in the garden, and they came to the old garden-house, and they stopped and looked at the door, which was a little open. This door could not be blown open by the wind, because it stuck against the ground at one corner, and could not be easily moved.

"I assure you, mamma, I did not forget—I did not open it—I did not go in, indeed, papa," said Frank.

His father answered—"We did not suspect you of having opened the door, Frank."

And his father and mother looked at one another and smiled.

His father called the gardener, and desired that he would not open the door of the old garden-house; and he ordered that none of the servants should go in there.

A week passed, and another week passed, and a third week passed, and again Frank's father and mother were walking in the garden; and his mother said—

"Let us go and look at the old garden-house."

His father and mother went together, and Frank ran after them, rejoicing that he had kept his promise—he never had gone into that house, though he had been often tempted to do so, because he had left there a little boat of which he was very fond. When his father and mother had looked at the door of the garden-house, they again looked at each other and smiled, and said—

"We are glad to see, Frank, that you have kept your word, and that you have not opened this door."

"I have not opened the door, papa," answered Frank; "but how do you know that by only looking at it?"

"You may find out how we know it; and we had rather that you should find it out than that we should tell it to you," said his father.

Frank guessed, first, that they recollected exactly how far open the door had been left, and that they saw it was now open exactly to the same place. But his father answered that this was not the way; for that they could not be certain, by this means, that the door had not been opened wider, and then shut again to the same place.

"Papa, you might have seen the mark in the dust which the door would have made in opening. Was that the way, papa?"

"No; that is a tolerably good way; but the trace of the opening of the door might have been effaced, that is, rubbed out, and the ground might have been smoothed again. There is another circumstance, Frank, which, if you observe carefully, you may discover."

Frank took hold of the door, and was going to move it, but his father stopped his hand.

"You must not move the door—look at it without stirring it."

Frank looked carefully, and then exclaimed—

"I've found it out, papa! I've found it out!—I see a spider's web, with all its fine thin rings and spokes, like a wheel, just at the top of the door, and it stretches from the top of the door to this post, against which the door shuts. Now, if the door had been shut or opened wider, this spider's web would have been crushed or broken—the door could not have been shut or opened without breaking it. May I try, papa?"

"Yes, my dear."

He tried to open the door, and the spider's web broke, and that part of it which had been fastened to the door fell down, and hung against the post.

"You have found it out now, Frank, you see," said his father.

His mother was going to ask him if he knew how a spider makes his web; but she stopped, and did not then ask him this question, because she saw that he was thinking of his little boat.

"Yes, my dear Frank! you may go into the house now," said his mother, "and take your little boat."

Frank ran in, and, seizing it, hugged it in his arms.

"My dear little boat, how glad I am to have you again!" cried he: "I wish I might go to the river side this evening, and swim it; there is a fine wind, and it would sail fast."

Frank was never allowed to go to the river side to swim his boat, without his father, or mother, or eldest brother could go with him.

"Mamma, will you?" said he—"can you be so good as to go with me this evening to the river side, that I may swim my boat?"

His mother told him that she had intended to walk another way; but that she would willingly do what he asked her, as he had done what she desired. His father said the same, and they went to the river side. His father walked on the banks, looking till he saw a place where he thought it would be safe for Frank to swim his boat. He found a place where the river ran in between two narrow banks of land: such a place, Frank's father told him, in large rivers, is called a *creek*.

The water in this creek was very shallow; so shallow, that you could see the sand and many coloured pebbles at the bottom: yet it was deep enough for Frank's little boat to float upon it. Frank put his boat into the water—he launched it—and set the sail to the wind; that is, turned it so that the wind blew against it, and drove the boat on.

It sailed swiftly over the smooth water, and Frank was happy looking at it and directing it various ways, by setting or turning the sail in different directions, and then watching which way it would go.

"Mamma," said he, after his mother had remained a good while, "you are very good-natured to stop with me so long; but I am afraid you will not have time to come again to-morrow; and, if you cannot, I shall not have the pleasure of swimming my boat. Papa, the water is so very shallow here, and all the way along this creek, that if I was to fall in, I could not drown myself; and the banks are so close that I could walk to them, and get on dry land directly. I wish, papa, you would let me come here whenever I please, without anybody with me; then I should not be obliged to wait till mamma had time, or till my brother Edward had done his lesson; then I could swim my boat so happily, papa, whenever I pleased."

"But how can I be sure that you will never go to any other part of the river, Frank?"

"You know, papa, I did not open the door, or go into that garden-house, after you had desired me not, and after I had promised that I would not; and, if I promise

that I will not go to any other part of the river, you know you can believe me."

"Very true, Frank; and therefore I grant your request. I can trust to your doing what I desire you to do; and I can trust to your promise. You may come here whenever you please, and sail your boat in this creek, from the stump of this willow tree, as far in this way towards the land as you please."

Frank clapped his hands joyfully, and cried, "Thank you, papa!—Thank you! Mamma, do you hear that? Papa has given me leave to come to this place whenever I please to swim my boat; for he trusts to my promise, mamma."

"Yes, that is a just reward for you, Frank," said his mother. "The being believed another time, and the being more and more trusted, is the just reward for having done as you said that you would do, and for having kept your promise."

"Oh, thank you, mamma—thank you, papa, for trusting to my promise!" said Frank.

"You need not thank me, my dear, for believing you," said his father; "for I cannot help believing you, because you speak truth. Being believed is not only the reward, but the necessary consequence of speaking truth."

Next morning at breakfast Frank's father told him, that if all the flower-pots were carried out of the old garden-house, and if they were removed without being broken, he would give the empty hut to Frank for his own.

"For my own!" cried Frank, leaping from his chair with delight—"For my own, papa!—And do you mean that I may new roof it and thatch it?"

"If you can," said his father, smiling. "You may do what you please with it as soon as the flower-pots are removed, but not till then: they must all be carried to the house at the other end of the garden before I give you the hut. How will you get this done, Frank? for you are not tall enough to reach to the uppermost part of the pile yourself; if you begin at the bottom, you will pull them all down, and hurt yourself, and you would break them, and I should not give you the house."

"Papa, perhaps the gardener—"

"No, the gardener is busy."

Frank looked round the breakfast-table at his brother Edward, and at his three cousins, William, Charles, and Frederick—they all smiled, and immediately said that they would undertake to carry the flower-pots for him.

The moment they had eaten their breakfast, which they made haste to finish, they all ran out to the old garden-house. Edward took a wooden stool, mounted upon it, and handed down carefully the uppermost of the garden-pots to his cousins, who stood below, and they carried them to the new garden-house.

As all these boys helped one another, and worked with good-will, and in good order, the great pile was soon carried away—so soon that Frank was quite surprised to see it was gone. Not one flower-pot was broken. Frank ran to tell his father this; and his father went out and saw that the garden-pots had been safely removed; and then he gave the house to Frank, and put the key of it into his hand.

Frank turned to his brother Edward and his cousins, and said, "Edward, how good you and my cousins were to help me!"

"You deserved that we should do this for you," said Edward. "We do not forget how good-natured you were to us about the cork of your shuttlecock. When we were in distress, you helped us; so it was fair that we should help you when you wanted it."

"Yes," said his father, "those who are ready to help others generally find others ready to help them. This is the natural and just reward of good-nature."

"Reward! papa," said Frank: "that word you used several times yesterday, and again to-day; and it always puts me in mind of the time when you gave me my Bewick on Quadrupeds. You gave it to me—do you remember?—as a *reward* for having, as you wrote in the book, cured myself of a foolish habit. I recollect that was the first time I ever exactly understood the meaning of the word *reward*."

"And what do you understand, Frank, by the word *reward*?" said his father.

"O papa! I know very well; for mamma then told me, 'a reward is something we like, something we wish to have, something—' papa, I thought I could explain it better; I cannot explain it in words; but I know what it is. Will you explain it to me again, papa?"

“Do you try first if you understand what it means; and if you will stand still, and have a little patience, you will perhaps be able to find words to express your thoughts. Try, and do not look back at the dear hut; the hut is there, and will not run away; you will have time enough, all the morning and all the evening, to play in it, and to do what you please with the roof of it. So, now stand still, and show me that you can command your attention for a few minutes—What is a reward?”

Frank, after he had considered for a few moments, answered:—

“A reward is something that is given to us for having done right; no, it is not always a thing, for though the first reward that was given to me was a *thing*—a book—yet I have had rewards that were of a different sort. That was a reward to me yesterday about the boat; and when you, papa, or when mamma praises me, that is a sort of reward.”

“It is,” said his father.

“Papa, I believe,” continued Frank, “that a reward is any sort of pleasure which is given to us for doing right. Is it, papa?”

“It is, my dear. Now answer me one or two more questions, and then I will reward your patience by letting you go to your hut.”

“I am not thinking of that now, papa; I will stay and answer as many questions as you please.”

“Then what do you think,” said his father, “is the use of rewards?”

“To make me—to make all people do right, I believe.”

“True; and how do rewards make you or make other people do right?”

“Why—” Frank paused, and considered a little while.

“Papa, you know I like, and all other people like, to have rewards, because they are always pleasures; and when I know I am to have a reward, or when I hope even that I shall be rewarded for doing any right thing, I wish and try to do it; and if I have been rewarded once, I think I shall be rewarded again for doing the same sort of thing; and therefore I wish to do it. And, even if I have not had the reward myself, if I have seen another person rewarded for doing something well, I think and hope that perhaps I may have the same if I do the same, and that makes me wish to do it. When you gave John, the gardener’s boy, a little watering-pot,

because he had made a net for the cherry-trees, I remember I wished to make a net too, because I hoped that you would give me a watering-pot; and when mamma praised my brother Edward, and gave him a table, with a drawer in it, as a reward for keeping his room in order, I began to try to keep my room in better order—and you know, Edward, I have kept it in order, in better order, ever since. Papa, that is all I can think of about the use of rewards—I cannot explain it better."

"You have explained it as well as I expected that you could, Frank. Now run off to your hut, or your house, whichever you please to call it."

FRANK found that there were holes in the thatch of his house, and that, when it rained, the rain came through these holes and wetted him, and spoiled the things which he kept in his house—therefore, he wished to mend the thatch. He went to his father, and asked him if he would be so good as to give him some straw.

His father said that he would, if Frank would do something for him which he wanted to have done.

"I will do any thing I can for you, papa," said Frank. "What is it?"

"Look at these laburnums, Frank," said his father. "Do you see a number of blackish dry pods hanging from the branches?"

"Yes, papa, a great number."

"Do you know what those pods contain?"

"Yes; little black shining seeds—the seeds of the laburnum-tree."

"I want to have all those seeds, that I may sow them in the ground, and that I may have more laburnum-trees. Now, Frank, if, before the sun sets this evening, you bring me all those seeds, I will give you straw enough to mend the thatch of your house."

"Thank you, papa. I will work very hard, and gather them as fast as I can."

Frank ran for his basket, and began to pluck the pods from the lower branches of one of the laburnums. Soon he had filled his basket with the pods, and then those which he tried to cram in at the top of the basket sprang again and fell over the sides; so he began to make

a heap on the ground of the pods which he afterward pulled from the tree. When he had finished gathering all that he could reach from the lower branches of one tree, he went to the lower branches of the next, and made a heap under that tree, and so on. There were nine laburnum-trees; and when he had got to the ninth tree, and was pulling the seeds from that, he heard a rustling noise behind him; and, turning round, he saw Pompey, the little dog, dragging the laburnum-seeds about in his mouth.

"O Pompey! Pompey! let those alone!" cried Frank.

But as fast as he drove him from one heap, Pompey ran to another, and scratched and scattered about the heaps with his feet, and snatched up the pods in his mouth, and scampered with them over the garden, while Frank ran after him; till at last he caught the dog, and, in spite of Pompey's struggling, carried him out of the garden, and shut the door. When he had put Pompey out, he collected all his pods together again; and, just when he had done so, the gardener opened the garden door, and Pompey was squeezing in between the gardener's legs; but Frank called loud to beg that the gardener would keep him out: and every time anybody opened the garden door, Frank was obliged to watch, and to call to them, making the same request. This was so troublesome, and interrupted him so often, that Frank thought it would be better to carry his heaps of pods into his garden-house, and lock the door, so that Pompey could not get in to pull them about. Frank carried the heaps, dropping many pods by the way, and going backwards and forwards so often, that this took up a great deal of time. He heard the clock strike three.

"Three o'clock already!" said Frank to himself, looking at the number of pods which hung on the upper branches of the laburnums. "How much I have to do, and how little I have done! O Pompey! Pompey! you don't know the mischief you have done me," said he, as the dog squeezed his way in when the gardener again opened the door.

"Indeed, master," said the gardener, "I cannot keep him out."

"Well, Pompey, come in! you cannot do me any more harm. Now you may run snuffing about the gar-

den as much as you please, for my seeds are safe locked up."

But though the pods were safe, yet it wasted Frank's time sadly to lock and unlock the door every time he had a fresh basketful to throw into the house; and he was obliged to keep the basket hanging always upon his arm, lest Pompey should get at it. Frank lost time also in jumping up and down every five minutes from the stool on which he was obliged to stand to reach the pods from the higher branches, and moving this stool from place to place took up time. Presently he had gathered all that he could reach when standing upon the stool, even when he stood on tiptoe, and stretched as far as he could possibly reach. Then there was time lost in fixing a step-ladder, which his father lent to him upon condition that he should never get upon it till he had fixed it quite steadily, and had put in a certain prop, all which required some minutes to settle properly. The running up and down this ladder with his basket continually, as it was filled, tired Frank, and delayed him so much that he got on with his business very slowly, though he worked as hard as he could.

The morning passed, and the evening came; and after dinner Frank jumped from his chair as soon as the table-cloth was taken away, and said he must go to his work, for that he was afraid he should not be able to finish it before sunset. His brother Edward and his three cousins said that they would help him if his father had no objection. His father said that he had no objection; that he should be glad that they should help Frank, because he had worked so hard, and had been so good-humoured when the little dog had hindered him.

Frank ran to the laburnum-trees, followed by his brother and cousins, rejoicing. As he went, he said, "Now we shall get on so quick!—as quickly as we did when you all helped me to move the flower-pots."

"Yes," said Edward, "and for the same reason."

"Yes; because there are so many of us," said Frank.

"And for another reason," said Edward.

"What other reason?"

"Look, and you will see," said his father.

Then Edward settled that each person should do so, that they might each do what they could do best, and that they might help one another, and do what they wanted as quickly as they could. Edward was to stand upon

the ladder, because he was the tallest, and he could reach most easily to the uppermost branches of the tree: he was not obliged to run up and down the ladder to carry the seeds, because Frank was appointed to collect and carry the pods off as fast as Edward gathered and threw them to the ground. Frederick and William sat on the grass at the door of the hut, where the great heap had been collected; and it was Charles's business to supply them with pods, from which they shelled the seeds. As soon as Edward had finished pulling all the pods from the trees, he joined Frederick and William, and helped to *shell the seeds*, that is, to pick them out of the pods; and as soon as Frank had brought from underneath the trees all the pods that had been thrown there, he was set to open the pods ready for the pickers; and Charles, who had by this time brought out all that were in the hut, was now employed constantly in collecting and throwing into a heap the empty husks—because it was found that time had been lost in searching the empty husks, which had been often mistaken, at first sight, for full pods.

"Ay," said Frank, "now I see the other reason that you meant, Edward. I see why we go on so quickly and well; because each person does one thing, and the thing he can do best—so no time is lost."

No time was lost. And they finished their work, had the laburnum-seeds shelled and collected in a brown paper bag, and all the rubbish and husks cleared away, just as the sun was setting.

"Here are mamma and papa coming to see if we have done!" cried Frank; "and we have done. Come, papa; come as quickly as you please; here are the seeds, all ready! But do you know, papa," continued Frank, as he put the bag of seeds into his father's hands, "it was as much as ever we could do, for I lost so much time this morning. It was all we could do to make up for it this evening. And though there were so many of us, and though we all went on as fast as we could, I am sure we should never have finished it in time if we had not managed as we have done."

His father asked him in what manner they had managed. Frank explained, and showed how they had divided the work among them, so as to save time. His father told him that manufacturers and workmen, who are obliged to do a great deal of work in a short time,

always, if they are wise, help one another, and save time in the same manner that he and his brother and cousins had done. "And this," added he, turning to Edward, "this is what is called *the division of labour*."

"In making this pin," continued he, taking a pin from Frank's mother—"in making a pin, eighteen different workmen are employed. In a manufactory for making pins, each workman does that part which he can do best. One man draws out the wire of which the pins are made; another straightens it; a third cuts it; a fourth grinds it at the top, ready to receive the heads. To make the heads requires the different work of two or three men. Another man's business is to put on the heads; another's, to sharpen the points; and sticking the pins in the papers is a business by itself. Now one workman, if he were to try to make a pin without any assistance from others, could not, probably, make a single pin; certainly he would not be able to make twenty in a day. But with even nine men to assist him, dividing the labour among them as I have described to you, they could all together make forty-eight thousand pins in a day; so that each of the ten men might be reckoned to make four thousand eight hundred pins."

"Ten men make forty-eight thousand pins in a day!" cried Frank; "and one man four thousand eight hundred pins!—O papa! is this true?"*

"Yes, I believe it is true," said his father. "When we go in, your brother Edward shall read to us an account of this, if he likes it, from the book in which I

* "I have seen a small manufactory of this kind" (*viz.*, of pin-making), "where ten men only were employed, and where some of them, consequently, performed two or three distinct operations. But, though they were very poor, and therefore but indifferently accommodated with the necessary machinery, they could, when they exerted themselves, make, among them, about twelve pounds of pins in a day. There are, in a pound, upwards of four thousand pins of a middle size. Those ten persons, therefore, could make upwards of forty-eight thousand pins in a day. Each person, therefore, making a tenth part of forty-eight thousand pins, might be considered as making four thousand eight hundred pins in a day. But, if they had all wrought separately and independently, and without any of them having been educated to this peculiar business, they certainly could not each of them have made twenty, perhaps not one pin a day; that is certainly not the two hundred and fortieth part of what they are at present capable of performing, in consequence of a proper division and combination of their different operations."—*Smith's Wealth of Nations*, vol. i., page 6, quarto edition.

read it.—But, Frank, look what comes here!” added his father, pointing to a labourer, who now came into the garden with a great bundle of straw—“Where would you like to have it put?”

Frank chose to have it in his garden-house; and his father ordered that it should be put there. Then Frank thanked his brother and cousins for helping him so kindly; and he said that he thought he should never forget the advantage of *the division of labour*.

SOME time ago, Frank had told his father that he would *persevere* in trying to learn to read, that he might be able to employ and to entertain himself. He did as he said that he would do. He *persevered* till he had learned to read quite easily. Then he read, in books which his mother lent him, accounts of the camel; of which, ever since he had seen the print of it, he had wished to know the history. He read also entertaining accounts of the elephant, and of many other animals. In the books which were lent to him, he read only what he could understand; when he came to any thing that he did not understand, he asked his father or mother to explain it to him. If they had not time to attend to him, or to answer his questions, he went on to some other part of the book which he could understand; or he left off reading, and went to do something else. Whenever he felt tired of reading, or whenever he wanted to hear or see something that was going on in the room with him, and found that he could not attend to what he was reading, he always shut the book, and put it away—he never kept a book before him when he was tired or sleepy, or when he was thinking of something else.

So Frank became very fond of reading. He could now employ himself happily on rainy days, when he could not run out of doors, or when he had no one to talk or to play with in the house. At night, when the candles came, and when all the rest of the family began to read, Frank also could read; and he said—

“Papa, now I am as happy as you are when the candles come!—Thank you, mamma, for teaching me to read.”

His mother gave him a book called "*The Book of Trades*." When she gave it to him, she said to him—

"Frank, there are many parts of this book which you cannot yet understand: but you will, I think, be entertained by looking over the prints of the men and women at work at their different trades, and you will understand some of the descriptions of what they are doing."

Frank thanked his mother, and he looked over all the prints in the four volumes of this book. He looked at each print carefully, and examined every thing in it before he turned over the leaf to look for another. He was pleased with the print of the chandler making candles; and of the shoemaker making shoes; and of the turner turning at his lathe; and of the ropemaker making ropes; and of the weaver working at his loom. After he had looked at these prints, he read some of the explanations and descriptions, in hopes that he should be better able to understand the prints. He began with the chandler, who, as his mother told him, is a person who makes candles: and Frank was curious to know how candles are made. But there were several words in this account of candle-making, of which he did not know the meaning; and there was one whole sentence, about *bales of cotton performing quarantine*, which puzzled him sadly. His mother explained to him several of the words which he did not understand; but she told him that she could not then explain to him what was meant by *performing quarantine*; and that he could understand how candles were made without having this sentence explained to him.

"Mamma," said Frank, "I do now know pretty well how they are made, but I think I should understand it all a great deal better if I were to see it done—mamma, I wish I could see somebody making candles."

A few days afterward Frank's mother called him to her, and told him that the cook was going to make some candles. "Should you like to see them made, Frank?"

"Yes, very much indeed!" said Frank: "thank you, mamma, for calling me."

Then his mother took him to the room where the cook was preparing to make mould candles. The first thing he saw was a large saucepan, which the cook had taken off the fire to cool. Frank asked what was in the saucepan. He was told that it was full of melted mutton suet. Some suet, which had not been melted,

was shown to him; he said that it looked like cold fat; and he was told that this suet was the fat of mutton.

The next thing which Frank saw was a wooden frame, or stand, about the height of a common table. In this stand were a number of round holes, through each of which hung a tube, or hollow pipe of pewter, the size of a candle. These hollow pipes were taper; that is, narrower at one end than at the other, and growing narrower and narrower by degrees. The largest ends were uppermost as the pipes hung in the frame; so that they looked like the shapes of candles, with the part that is usually lighted hanging downwards; at the narrow end, these pewter tubes were made in the shape of the top of a tallow candle before it is lighted.

"Mamma! I know what this is!" cried Frank; "and I know what it is for. It is the same sort of thing which I saw in the print of the tallow-chandler, in the Book of Trades. These pipes are the moulds in which the candles are to be made; the melted stuff, the melted suet, is to be poured into this open mouth, and it runs all the way down, down. Then it is left to cool, and then it is pulled out, and the candle is made—this broadest end is the bottom of the candle, which is to go into the candlestick, and this narrow end the top—it is hanging upside down now. You see I understand it all, mamma!"

"Stay, Frank, do not be in such a hurry; do not be too quick. You do not understand it all yet. You have not observed or discovered some things in these moulds which are necessary to be known; and you have forgotten the most material part of a candle."

"What can that be, mamma? Tell me, pray."

"I would rather that you should think, and find it out for yourself, Frank."

FRANK considered a little, and then answered—

"Mamma, I have thought of every thing, and I can think of nothing else. Here are the moulds, and the melted grease which is to be poured into the mould to make the candle. What can be wanting?"

"How would you light the candle?" said his mother.

"By the wick, to be sure!—O, the wick!—I forgot the wick!—Where is the wick?—What is the wick made of?"

"It is made of cotton—look here, master," said the cook, showing him a ball of coarse cotton.

"And how do you get this cotton into the middle of the candle?"

"That I will show you, sir," said the cook.

She then took one of the candle-moulds out of the wooden frame in which it hung; and Frank looked at the narrow end which had hung downwards, and he saw at the bottom a little hole; and he said—

"Here is a little hole; this must be stopped, or else all the melted tallow will run through it. Shall I stop it up with this bit of paper, mamma? I will roll it up and make a stopper, shall I?"

"No, thank you, master," said the cook; "you shall see how I will stop it up."

Then she doubled the cotton which she held in her hand; and she cut off as much as would reach from one end of the candle-mould to the other, and a little more. Then she put the cotton, just where she had doubled it, in at the broadest end of the mould, and she let it fall all down the pipe to the small hole at the narrow end; and by means of a wire she drew the cotton through the hole, leaving a loop of cotton as long as that which is commonly seen at the wick of a tallow candle which has not been lighted. Then she stuck a peg of wood into the little hole; this peg, together with the cotton which had been put through the hole, stopped it up completely, so that none of the melted tallow could run through it. She next tied the other ends of the cotton together, and put a small bit of wood, like a skewer, through the loop, which she had made by tying the cotton together. This skewer lay across the broad end of the mould, and fitted into two notches in the outer rim of the mould, at opposite sides. The cotton was now tight in the mould from top to bottom. Frank looked into the mould and saw that it was so.

"Cook, why are you so careful to make the cotton tight, and to put it just in the middle of the mould?" said Frank.

"That the wick of my candle may be in the middle," said the cook. "In good candles the wick must always be in the middle."

When the cook had put cotton in the same manner into all the moulds, she was ready to pour the melted tallow in them. Frank was afraid that the tallow had

grown cold, because the saucepan in which it was had been taken off the fire some time. But the cook said it was quite warm enough; that it would not make good candles if it was very hot. As Frank now went close to the large saucepan, he saw that there was a smaller saucepan within it. The smaller saucepan held the melted tallow; and between the large and the smaller saucepan, the space was filled with water: both at the sides and at the bottom, between the small and large saucepan, there was water. Frank asked the reason of this.

The cook answered, "Master, it is to hinder *my* tallow from burning, or being made too hot; which would spoil it, as I told you."

"But how does the water hinder the tallow from being made too hot; for the water is hot itself, is not it?"

"It is, master; but still it keeps the tallow from being too hot—I can't say how; but I know it is so, and I always do it so."

"But I ask the reason—I want to know the reason, mamma," said Frank.

"I will endeavour to explain the reason to you some other time, my dear," said his mother, "but, first, let us look at what the cook is doing, that you may not miss seeing how candles are made."

Frank looked, and he saw the cook replace all the pewter moulds in the wooden frame, with the narrow ends downwards, and the broadest ends uppermost; and into the open mouth of the broadest end, which was uppermost, she poured, carefully and slowly, the melted tallow from the spout of the saucepan into each of the candle-moulds. She poured it not over the cotton at the top, but on each side of it, so as to leave the cotton, and the skewer that was put through it, standing above the grease when the mould was filled nearly to the top. When this was done, the cook said that they must leave the tallow to cool: and that it would be some time before it could be cool.

Frank went away with his mother, and he asked her if she could now answer the question about the hot water. But just then his father called her, and she had not time to answer Frank.

She was busy all the rest of the morning, and Frank went to his garden and worked in it; when he was tired of working, he trundled his hoop upon the walk, and

kept it up till he was tired of running after it. 'It began to rain, and then he went into the house and learned by heart some of the multiplication table, which his mother had desired him to learn.

Some company dined this day with his father and mother; and his mother could not talk to him again till after the company had gone away, in the evening. Frank was glad when the company was gone, and when his mother had again time to attend to him.

THE next day Frank asked his mother to take him to look at the candles; he said that he hoped the cook had not taken them out of the moulds, for he wished to see that done. The cook had not taken them out; for his mother had desired that she should not do this till Frank should be present. The first thing the cook did was to pull out the pegs which she had stuck between the cotton of the wick into the little holes at the smallest end of the moulds; then she took hold of the cotton loop through which the bit of stick had been put at the larger end of the mould, and she drew it up gently; and with the cotton came the tallow out of the mould, in the shape of a candle; and as it came out, Frank exclaimed,

"It is a real candle, indeed!—Shall we light it, mamma?"

"Not yet, my dear. It is not hard enough. It must be hung up for two or three days before it will be fit to be used."

The cook drew all the candles out of the moulds, and she hung them up to harden.

"Well, now, mamma, I have observed carefully all that has been done; and I have not been too quick, have I? I have learned something *accurately*, as you say. Now I know how to make candles!"

"You have seen how candles are made; that is, you have seen how mould candles are made. These are called *mould candles*, because they are made in a mould; but there are other ways of making candles."

"Yes, I remember the man in the Book of Trades says that there are dipped candles as well as mould candles."

"Yes, master," said the cook; "the dipped candles are made by dipping the wick into the tallow, then letting

it dry, and then dipping it again in the tallow; and every time more and more sticks to the candle; and it is left to dry between every dipping; till at last it is the size the candle should be. Then, besides dipping candles and mould candles, there are rushlights, master; such as the poor people use here in their cottages, you know."

"I do not know," said Frank. "Tell me, what are rushlights? Are they made of rushes?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh! tell me how they are made!"

"If I can, I will take you this evening to the cottage of that good-natured old woman who showed you her spinning-wheel," said his mother; "and I will ask her to show you how rushlights are made."

"Thank you, mamma. Are there any other sorts of candles?"

"There is another sort, which you have seen, and that is not made of tallow."

"I recollect—wax candles, mamma."

"They may be made nearly in the same manner that dipped tallow candles are made—only that melted wax is poured over the wick instead of the wick being dipped into the wax. The wax candle is rolled upon a smooth table, to make it smooth and round. There are other ways of making wax candles; but I will not tell you any more at present, lest you should not be able to remember all that you have seen and heard."

"But, mamma, tell me one thing more," said Frank, and he followed his mother up stairs. "Wax, I know, is made by bees, and wax candles are made of wax; but there is another kind of wax candles, or of candle that looks like wax. It has a long, hard name, which I cannot remember."

"Do you mean spermaceti?"

"Yes—spermaceti. What is that?"

"Spermaceti is a fatty substance prepared from the brain of a species of whale. You have seen the print of a whale, and have read an account of a whale?"

"Yes; the great fish—the largest of fishes—I remember. I never should have guessed that candles were made of any part of a fish. Mamma, what a number of things we must know before we can know well how any one thing is made or done."

"Very true, my dear little boy; and I am glad to see that you wish to acquire or get knowledge."

His mother could not talk to him any more this morning, but in the evening she called him and said, "Now, Frank, you may walk with your father and me to Mrs. Wheeler's cottage."

"To the good-natured old woman's! O! I am glad of that, mamma!" said Frank.

He ran for his hat, and he was ready in an instant; for he was happy to go with his father and mother. It was a fine evening, and the walk was pleasant, through pretty paths, in green fields; and there were stiles, which Frank liked to get over. He showed his father how quickly he could get over them.

"Look, papa, how well I can jump! how I can *vault* over this stile? You know, you said, that men ought to be active. Now, papa, am not I active?"

Frank ran on without waiting for an answer; and he ran till he came to a rivulet, or little river, or brook, which crossed the path. There he stopped, and stood still, for there ~~was~~ only a narrow plank or board across the stream; and the hand-rail, by which Frank used to hold when he walked over, had been broken since he had last been at this place. The rail had fallen into the water, and there was nothing by which Frank could hold. His father and mother came up to him.

"Frank," said his father, "what is the matter? You look very melancholy."

"Yes, papa, because I am afraid we must turn back. ~~We cannot~~ go on."

"Why not, my dear?"

"Look at this broken bridge, papa—"

"Broken hand-rail of a bridge, you mean, Frank. The bridge is not broken. This plank is as broad and as strong as it was before; and you know you have walked over it safely. You see it will bear my weight; and I am much heavier than you are," said his father, standing on the plank.

"Yes, papa; so I see—"

"And you see," said his father, walking over the bridge, "you see that I can walk over it, though there is no hand-rail."

"Yes, papa, so I see," said Frank; but he stood still, without attempting to follow his father.

"Come on, my boy," said his father; "unless you mean to stand there all night."

"No, papa—yes, papa—mamma, will you go first?"

His mother went over the bridge; still Frank felt afraid to follow; but when his father said, "Men ought to be brave—boys should conquer their fears," Frank tried to conquer his fear; and he put his foot upon the bridge, and his father held out his hand to him, and he walked on, slowly at first, and quicker afterward, till he got quite across. Then he said,

"Papa, I will go back again, and do it better."

He went back again, and walked quite stoutly over the plank, his father holding his hand. And then he said,

"Papa, I will do it without holding your hand."

So he did. And he went backwards and forwards two or three times, till he had quite conquered his fear. Then he felt glad, and pleased with himself, especially when his mother smiled upon him, and said,

"That is right, Frank, my dear. This puts me in mind of a little boy who conquered his fear as you have done."

"Who was that, mamma?"

"A little boy who was younger than you are."

"Was it a real boy, mamma?—And is it a true story?"

"It is a true story of a real boy—he was about five years old."

"Much younger than I am!" cried Frank. "Well, mamma."

"When this little boy was taken to the seashore, to be bathed for the first time in the sea, he was afraid when he saw the wave of the sea coming, and when he felt it going over him."

"So should I have been, I dare say, mamma."

"But he was ashamed of having been afraid, and he was determined to conquer his fear; and he turned to the sea and said, 'Wave, do that again!—Wave, come over me again!'—And the next time he showed no fear."

"What was the name of the boy, mamma? and who were his father and mother?"

"I cannot tell you their names, my dear; but I can tell you that the boy is son to the greatest general, the greatest hero in England."

"The greatest hero—O, then I know who he is, mamma."

When they came to Mrs. Wheeler's cottage, Frank's father went into a field near the house, with the old woman's son, to look at a fine crop of oats; and Frank's mother took him into the house, where they found Mrs. Wheeler getting ready her grandson's supper. She stopped doing what she was about when she saw Frank and his mother. She looked glad to see them, and said—"You are welcome, madam—you're welcome, master; be pleased to sit down." Then she set a chair for *madam*, and a little stool for *master*, and she swept the hearth quite clean; and she called to a little girl of about six years old, who was in the room, and bid her run to the garden, and gather some strawberries, and bring them in for Frank. Frank thanked this good-natured old woman; but he said—

"I did not come to beg strawberries; and though I love strawberries very much, I do not wish to have any of yours, because I believe you have but very few for yourself. What I want you to do for me is, to show me how you make rush candles."

"That I will, with pleasure, master," said Mrs. Wheeler.

"But, Mrs. Wheeler, first finish what you were about when we came in," said Frank's mother—"I believe you were getting ready your supper."

"It is George's, my grandson's supper, madam."

"Then it is not fair that your George should lose his supper because my Frank wants to see rushlights made," said Frank's mother, smiling.

"That is true," said Frank. "And I dare say that her George, mamma, will be very hungry when he comes in; for I saw him working hard in the fields—and I am always very hungry when I have been working hard. Pray, Mrs. Wheeler, finish getting ready George's supper—I can wait as long as you please; and I wish I could do something for you, as you are going to do something for me. Let me carry those sticks to the fire—I can do that—and you may go on with your cooking."

"God bless you! master," said the old woman; "but this is too great a load for your little arms."

"Let me try," said Frank.

"Yes, let him try," said his mother: "he loves to be useful."

"And I am useful, too!" cried Frank, carrying the great bundle of sticks to the fire.

His mother began to show him how to put them on the fire—

"But," said she, "some of these are wet, and they will not burn readily."

"Ay," said the old woman, "I am afraid that is a wet bundle—I took it from the wrong place: yonder, in that corner, are all the dry fagots."

Frank had never heard the word *fagots* before, and he did not hear it quite plainly now; but he saw what the old woman meant, because she pointed to the place where the fagots lay. So he ran directly for another bundle of sticks, and he carried it towards the fire; and, throwing it down beside his mother, said—

"There, mamma, there's another *maggot*, and a dry *maggot*, for you!"

"Fagot, not *maggot*," said his mother.

"*Maggot*!" cried the old woman, laughing with her arms akimbo; "Lord bless him! don't he know the difference betwixt a *maggot* and a *fagot*?"

"What is the difference?" said Frank.

"Why, master!—a *maggot*!—Lord help us!"—the old woman began, as well as she could speak, while she was laughing.

"Mamma," said Frank, turning to his mother, "Mamma, I would rather you would tell me; because you will tell me without laughing at me."

The old woman, who saw that Frank did not like to be laughed at, but who could not stop herself, turned her back that he might not see her; but he saw her sides shaking all the time his mother was explaining to him the difference between *maggot* and *fagot*.

"A *maggot* is a small worm; and a *fagot* is a bundle of sticks."

"Yes, mamma," said Frank.

"Well, Frank, now I have told you, can you tell me what is a *maggot*, and what is a *fagot*?"

"A *maggot*, mamma, is—mamma I did not hear—I could not attend to what you said, because—"

The old woman walked out of the room, and stood laughing in the passage.

"Mamma," whispered Frank, "I shall not call Mrs. Wheeler my good-natured old woman any more, because she is laughing at me."

"Then, Frank, I am afraid I cannot call you my good-humoured little boy any more. What harm does her

laughing at you, Frank!—Let us see, has it broken any of your bones?"

"No," said Frank, smiling; "but I don't like to be laughed at much—especially for not knowing any thing."

"Then, to avoid being laughed at again for the same thing, had not you better learn that which you did not know?"

"I had. Now, mamma," said Frank, turning his back to the door, so that he could no longer see Mrs. Wheeler—"now, if you will be so good to tell me again, I will attend, if I possibly can; but I was so much ashamed, mamma—"

"My dear," said his mother, "there is nothing shameful in not knowing the meaning of words which you never heard before. When you have not done any thing wrong or foolish, never mind being laughed at—a man should never mind being laughed at for a trifling mistake."

"Mamma, I will never mind—tell me now, and I will show you I never mind."

His mother repeated to him the explanation of the two words; and as soon as he knew this, he ran to the door, and called out very loud—

"A maggot is a small worm, and a fagot is a bundle of sticks!—You need not laugh any more, Mrs. Wheeler!"

"O master, I ask your pardon—I will not laugh any more—I was very rude—I ask your pardon—but I'm foolish, and could not help it—I hope you are not angry, master. I hope," said Mrs. Wheeler, coming back into the kitchen, and courtesying, "you are not angry, madam!"

"Mamma is not angry at all," said Frank; "and I was only a little angry; and it is over now—come in, come in," said he, pulling her by the hand, "and look how well the fire is burning that I and mamma—that mamma and I made."

"Bless your little soul! that forgives and forgets in a minute," said the old woman—"I wonder Hannah is not in with the strawberries."

"I don't want the strawberries yet," said Frank; "you have not put the pot on the fire to boil the supper for George—won't you put it on now?"

Mrs. WHEELER put the pot on, and while the supper was boiling for George she showed Frank how to make rushlights. First, she took down from a hook on which they hung a bundle of rushes. Frank had seen rushes growing in a field near his father's house; and he had gathered some of them, and had peeled them; and he knew that in the inside of the rush there is a white soft substance called pith. But when he had attempted to peel rushes, he had always been a great while about it; and he had seldom been able to peel more than about the length of his finger of the rush without breaking the white pith. Mrs. Wheeler, in an instant, stripped the rush of its thick green outside, all except one narrow stripe or rib of green, which she left to support the soft pith; and she peeled, without breaking it, the whole length of the pith contained in the rush, which was almost as long as Frank's arm.

"Can you guess, Frank, what part of a candle this rush is to be?" said his mother.

Frank thought for a little while, and then answered that he supposed the rush would be made into the wick of the candle, and that it would serve instead of the cotton which he had seen used by the cook in making mould candles.

"Yes, master, you have guessed right," said Mrs. Wheeler.

Then she brought from a corner near the fire a gresset, or small pan, in which there was melted grease. Frank gave the rush to her to dip into it: but she said that it would not make a good rush candle, because it had not been left to dry for some days. She took another peeled rush from a bundle which hung up in a press by the fireside. This, which had hung there, as she said, for two or three days, was drier and less white than that which had been freshly peeled. She drew the rush through the melted grease, and she said—

"It will be cool, and fit to burn, in about five minutes."

In about five minutes it was cool, and the old woman lighted it, and it burnt; but there was so much daylight in the room, as the setting sun was shining full upon the window, that the light of the small rush candle could scarcely be seen. Therefore Mrs. Wheeler took it into another room, at the opposite side of the house, where the sun did not shine at this time. There, when

she had shut the shutters, the flame of the rushlight was plainly seen. Frank observed that this rush candle did not give nearly so much light as a thick tallow candle did. Mrs. Wheeler said that she could not afford to buy tallow candles often, and that these rushlights were enough for her. Frank perceived that after he had been a little while in this room, he could see the things in it better than he did when the shutters were first closed, and when his eyes had been dazzled by the sunshine. He was surprised to find that he could make out the words at the bottom of a print, to which the old woman held the light.

"Mamma, I could scarcely see it before, and now I can see it quite plainly, and I will read it to you."

He read aloud—

"For want of a nail the shoe was lost ;
For want of a shoe the horse was lost."

Just as Frank got to "*the horse was lost*," the rushlight was burnt out.

"O!—Is the candle gone so soon?" cried Frank. "Mamma," continued Frank, turning to his mother, while Mrs. Wheeler opened the shutters—"mamma, you know such a candle as that would last at home the whole night—several hours a rush candle lasts at home, mamma."

"Do you think that the candles' being *at home* makes any difference as to their burning?" said Frank's mother, smiling.

"No, ~~no~~, mamma," said Frank, laughing: "I know that the rush candles which we have at home would burn as long a time here as they do at our house. But I mean that ours burn longer, because there is more grease or tallow about them. Mamma, if there was no tallow about this rush, would it burn at all? or would it burn away a great deal sooner than it does now?"

"Try, and you will see, my dear," said his mother.

Mrs. Wheeler gave Frank a peeled rush, and he lighted it at the fire, and it burnt; but the flame was not bright, and it soon went out. Frank dipped it into the grease, and it burnt better. Mrs. Wheeler went to see if George's supper was ready: and Frank continued talking to his mother—

"Mamma, I believe it is the melted grease that burns, and makes the bright flame of the candle: but I do not

know how. Mamma, what becomes of the grease, or the tallow, when the candle burns?"

"Do not you see the smoke that rises from the top of the flame?" said his mother.

"Yes, mamma, I see the smoke; but what has that to do with what I asked you?"

"Do not you know what that smoke is!—Do not you remember your father's showing you, one evening after tea, the difference between smoke and steam?"

"I remember, mamma, steam comes from water when it is made hot; I remember papa showed me the steam, the vapour, rising from the hot water in the tea-urn; and I recollect papa held a cold plate over it, and showed me that the cold turned the vapour back again into water; I saw the drops of water *condensed*—I remember the word. And I recollect he afterward held a plate over the candle, and said that what rose from the candle was smoke, not steam—I do not remember about the smoke—I recollect only that the plate was blackened which was held over the candle, and that the plate was not wet; but I do not know exactly how it was."

"Did you never hear any thing more about smoke?" said his mother.

"O yes! I recollect papa told me that smoke, when cold, became soot, and fell down to the ground, or stuck to any cold thing that was near it."

"Just so the smoke of the candle is the vapour of melted tallow, which boils by the heat of the candle; and when this vapour is *condensed* by cold it becomes soot, such as you see sticking to the ceilings where many candles are used: soot is frequently collected on purpose, upon plates held over lamps, and is then called lampblack."

"Mamma, once I saw in the little, little barrel, at the time the painter was going to paint the black board at the bottom of your room, some light black powder. Was that lampblack?"

"Yes, my dear, that was lampblack; and it is used for paint, and for making blacking for shoes and boots."

"Very well, mamma, I understand that; but I want to go back to the candle—the melted tallow, the vapour of boiling tallow, makes the candle burn, and keeps the candle burning. Mamma, I do not know how and why the candle burns—and what is the flame?"

"Frank, till you have more knowledge, I will not at-

tempt to explain that to you," said his mother. "But, whenever you can understand it, you shall read all that is known about the burning of a candle. You will find it in that book which your brother Edward was reading yesterday—'Conversations on Chymistry.'"

"Ay, that book which he likes so much! But, mamma, I do not like it. Edward said to me, 'Don't interrupt me, Frank—I am busy—I am very happy reading this.' Mamma, I got up behind the chair, and began trying to read over his shoulder; but I did not like the book much."

"No, because you did not understand it at all."

"And I am afraid I shall never understand it," said Frank.

"Do you not understand parts of books now, Frank, which you did not understand when you began to learn to read?"

"Yes, parts of 'Evenings at Home,' and parts of 'Sandford and Merton,' which I did not understand and did not like last year; and now I like them very much."

"Then you may hope that the time will come, if you try to improve yourself, when you will understand and like, 'Conversations on Chymistry,' as your brother now does. Even what you have seen and learned this evening will help you a little."

Just then Frank looked out of the window, and he saw the little girl who had been sent for the strawberries coming along the path which led to the house. She brought a basket of fine strawberries. The old woman set a little deal table in the porch, where the honeysuckles, which hung over the roof of the porch, smelt very sweet. The sun was setting, and it was cheerful and pleasant.

"Look, master Frank! I have strawberries for you and for myself too!" said Mrs. Wheeler. "My George takes care of my garden, and I have plenty of fruit and flowers—these honeysuckles, that smell so sweet, are all his planting."

Frank's father returned from the oat-field where he had been; and Frank and his father and mother sat in the porch covered with honeysuckles, and eat strawberries and cream.

After Frank had eaten as many strawberries as he

liked, he and his father and mother thanked the good-natured old woman, and his mother put into the little girl's hand some money. The girl courtesied, and smiled, and looked happy.

Then Frank followed his father and mother out of the cottage, and his father said that they would walk home by a new way, through the oat-field, and afterward through a neat farmyard, and round by a pretty lane, which would take them to the bridge. Frank did not hear what his father said; and his father, turning his head back, saw Frank walking slowly behind him, and looking as if he was thinking intently of something.

"What are you thinking of, Frank?" said his father

"I am thinking, papa, about money."

"What about money, Frank?"

"I am thinking how happy that little girl looked when mamma gave her some money, and how glad people always look when money is given to them. The reason, I know, is, because they can buy things with money—bread and meat, or clothes, or balls and tops, and playthings, or houses, chaises, or any thing they wish for. But, papa, I wonder that the people who have bread and meat, or clothes, and tops, and balls, and all sorts of pretty or useful things, are so foolish as to give them for little bits of gold, or silver, or copper, which are of no use."

"No use! My dear, recollect that you have just said that they are of use to buy any thing people want or wish for. Suppose you had two tops, and that you wanted to have a ball instead of one of your tops, you might sell one of your tops, and with the money that would be paid to you for your top, you might buy a ball."

"But, papa, why could not I change one of my tops for a ball, without buying or selling, or having any thing to do with money?"

"Your top is worth more than a ball; however, you might, if you liked it, exchange your top for a ball; but it is not so easy to make exchanges of heavy and large things as of light and small things—you cannot carry large or heavy things, for instance, coals, or cows, about with you, to exchange; and yet one man may have more coals and another more cows than he wants; and, if they wish to exchange these, then it is convenient to give money, which can be readily carried in the pocket."

Frank did not quite understand what his father meant ; his father said that it was too difficult for him to comprehend, and that he should only puzzle him if he talked to him any more about it yet.

"Papa," said Frank, looking a little mortified, "I am sorry that there are so many things that I cannot understand *yet*—what shall I do?"

"Attend to those things which you can understand, my dear boy ; and then you will learn more and more every day and every hour. Here are men reaping oats—look at the sickle with which they are cutting down the oats—did you ever see a sickle before?"

"Yes."

Frank remembered having seen sickles last autumn, when his mother took him to see some men reaping corn ; and he said he recollected that the bundles of corn which the men bound together, and set upright on their stalks, were called sheaves, and that the top of each separate stalk of corn is called the ear.

His father bid him run and gather an ear of barley, which was growing in the next field on the left hand, and also an ear of wheat, which was growing in a field on the right hand ; and when Frank had gathered these, his father showed him the difference between oats, barley, and wheat. Frank knew that wheat is made into bread, and that barley and oats are sometimes made into bread, and that oats are eaten by horses. But there is another use of barley, which he did not know.

"Did you ever taste beer, Frank?"

"Yes, papa."

"Do you know of what beer is made?"

"I think my brother Edward told me that it was made of malt and hops ; and he once, when the brewer was brewing, showed me some hops : he said that hops give the bitter taste to beer. But, papa, I do not know what malt is."

"Malt is corn that has been made to begin to grow again, and that is not suffered to grow a long time. Corn, you know, is a name for many kinds of grain ; as wheat, barley, bear, oats, and rye."

"How do they make it *grow* a little?" said Frank.

"By wetting the grain and heaping it up, which makes it hot ; then it swells, and the grain becomes soft ; and, if it is opened, it is found to contain a kind of flour. I

think I once gave you some malt to taste. Do you remember the taste of it, Frank ?”

“ Yes, papa, it has a sort of sweet taste.”

“ Well ; when the malt has swelled and is ready to burst, they stop its growth by taking it out of the heap and spreading it upon the ground, and at last by putting it into a place that dries the corn, and prevents it from growing any more.”

“ Papa, you showed me such a place at Mr. Crawford’s, the maltster’s, and he called it a kiln. And what do they do next to the malt ?”

“ They then brew it, and make beer of it.”

“ I know that. But how do they brew it, papa ?”

“ I cannot explain that to you now, my dear ; but the next time the brewer comes I will take you into the brewhouse, and you may then see part of what is done to make beer of malt.”

WHILE Frank’s father had been talking about malt and beer, they had walked through two or three fields, and they came to a neat farmhouse. The man to whom the house belonged came out and said—

“ How do you do, landlord ! Madam, you are welcome. Will you walk into my yard, sir, and look at my new barn, which I am just now thatching !”

“ Pray, papa, take me with you,” said Frank ; “ for I want very much to know how to thatch the old garden-house better.”

His father took him to the yard. When they came there, Frank saw lying on the ground, on one side of the yard, a great heap of straw, and on the other side he saw a bundle of hay, of which horses were eating. As he was passing between the heap of straw and the bundle of hay, Frank heard his mother tell his father that she once knew a young lady, who had lived till she was fourteen years old in the country, and yet who did not, at that age, know the difference between straw and hay.

Frank laughed, and said, “ What a very ignorant young lady that must be, mamma ! Mamma, I know the difference between straw and hay perfectly : this on my right hand is straw, and this on my left hand is hay. Cows and horses eat hay, but they do not eat straw ; beds are sometimes made of straw ; and hats, and a

great many things, are made of straw; and houses are thatched with straw, and not with hay. You see, mamma, I know a great deal more than that young lady, though she was fourteen. How very old!"

"But all this time you have not told me, Frank, what hay is, and what straw is."

"Hay is grass dried; and straw is the stalks of wheat. You know, mamma, last autumn, I saw the men thrashing. I saw the corn that was thrashed out of the ears; and what was left, after the corn was beat out, you told me was called chaff; and the stalks, mamma, you told me were to be called straw."

"Well remembered, Frank," said his father. "Perhaps, if the poor ignorant young lady of fourteen had at your age had as kind a mother as you have, and had been told and shown all these things, she might have remembered them as you do. But, Frank, the stalks of wheat are not the only stalks that are called straw. The stalks of wheat are called wheat straw; but there are other kinds of straw. The stalks of oats, and of barley, and of rye, are all called straw."

"Which kind of straw is the best for thatching houses, papa?"

"Wheat straw, I believe," said his father.

By this time they had come to the barn which the man was thatching. Frank looked up attentively a little while, and then said—

"The man is so far above me, papa, that I cannot well see how he fastens on the straw. May I go up this ladder, papa?"

Frank pointed to a ladder which stood beside that on which the thatcher was at work. Frank's father made him no answer till he had examined if the ladder was firmly fixed, and then he told Frank that he might go up.

"I will follow you, Frank," added he, "to take care of you when you get to the top."

"No, papa, thank you, you need not: for I am not at all afraid, because I know so well how to go up and down a ladder."

Frank ran to the ladder, and a maidservant, who was milking a cow in the yard, cried out—

"Master! master! dear young master! What are you about? Don't go up the ladder, or you'll break your pretty little legs."

Frank laughed, and began to go up the ladder directly. He had been accustomed to go up and down a step-ladder which his father had in his library. Formerly, when he was a very little boy, he had not been allowed to go up that ladder: and he never had gone up it till his father gave him leave. And now he was proud of being permitted to mount a ladder. So he went up; and when he was half way up, he turned back his head to look at the maid, who had hid her face with her hands. Frank laughed more and more at her fright.

"Take care, Frank: mind what you are about; hold fast by the sides of the ladder. You are in much more danger now than you were in crossing the plank over the brook; for, if you miss a rung (a step) of the ladder, you will fall and hurt yourself very much. There is no courage in being careless."

Frank knew that his father told him the truth about *danger*, as well as about every thing else, and he always attended to what his father advised: therefore he left off laughing, and he took care to hold fast, and not to miss any rung of the ladder. He found that this ladder was much higher than that which he had been used to go up; his father was behind him: he reached the top-most rung safely, and his father put one of his arms round Frank, and held him, for his head grew a little giddy; he had not been used to look down from such a height. In a few minutes, when his attention was fixed on what the thatcher was doing, he forgot the disagreeable feeling; and he was entertained by seeing the manner in which the house was thatched.

"Papa, I see that he puts on the straw quite differently from what I did when I was trying to thatch the house in my garden."

"Why, how did you put on the straw?"

"I put it in bundles upon sticks that made the roof."

"What do you mean by bundles?"

"I took as much as I could grasp or hold in my hand, and I put it on the wooden roof, not quite like steps, but one above another."

"And you found that the rain came in between every bundle, did not you?"

"I did indeed—and I was very sorry; after all my pains, after I had thatched my house, the water came in the first time there was a hard shower of rain."

"Yes, because you put the bundles of straw the

wrong way. You see the thatcher does not lay handfuls of straw in steps, one above the other, as you did ; but he begins at the eaves of the roof near the wall, just at one end of the house, and he lays several bundles one beside the other."

"I understand you," said Frank. "I put them one above the other, like the steps of the ladder; he puts them beside each other, like the sides of the ladder."

"He fastens them down with bent twigs, which he calls *scollops*," said Frank's father. "Or else, look, here is another way—he fastens the straw down with a rope made of straw, with which he actually sews the thatch down to the roof with his long iron rod, which you see he uses like a needle."

"But, papa, you said that he begins at the eaves of the house—what is the eaves?"

"The eaves are that part of a roof that is nearest the wall. They are the lowest part of the roof, and the thatch hangs over the wall, to carry off the rain without its touching the wall. Here is a *scollop*. You see it is sharpened at both ends, that it may stick in the roof. Observe the thatcher. He is going to put on the second row of thatch above the first."

"Yes; I see that the lower part of the bundle that he is now putting on, is put over the upper part of the bundles below it."

"Why does he do so?"

"I do not know."

"Think a little, Frank."

"I do think, papa—but I cannot find it out."

"The rain would fall between the bottom of the row which he is now putting on and the first row, if the bottom of the second did not lap over the top of the first: and the rain would run in at the holes made by the scollops if they were not covered by the second row of thatch."

WHEN Frank had seen and heard all that his father showed and told him about thatching, he went down the ladder as carefully as he had gone up it. As he passed through the farmyard with his father and mother, he stopped to look at some pretty hens and chickens that were picking up oats. While Frank was looking at them, a large turkeycock came strutting up to him,

making a great noise, spreading its black wings, stretching out its blue and red throat, and looking ready to fly at him. Frank started back, and had a great wish to run away; but his father, putting a stick into his hand, said—

“Frank, stand steady, my boy; drive him away with this stick. That’s right; drive him away.”

The turkeycock began to run away, turning back from time to time, and making a terrible noise; but Frank pursued him, threatening him with the stick; and as fast as Frank came up to him, the turkeycock gobbled and ran away.

“Well done, Frank; you have fairly driven him away,” said his father, shaking hands with him. “You see you can conquer him, and that he has not hurt you; now, the next time a turkeycock attacks you, if you have a stick in your hand, you need not to be afraid.”

“My dear Frank,” said his mother, “I am glad to see you are become so much stouter than you were. When you were a very little boy, and not near so strong as you are now, I remember we had a turkeycock in the yard which one day frightened you; and your father ordered that it should be sent away, that it might not frighten you again, for you were not then able to defend yourself.”

“But I am now older, and am able to defend myself,” cried Frank; “and willing, too, mamma.”

Frank marched on in triumph before his mother, and passed by the door of the chicken-yard, looking proudly at the turkeycock, which dared not come out. Frank amused himself, during a great part of the way home, in imitating the strut and noise of that animal; and he frequently turned to his mother, asking her if *this* was not very like; and *this* still more like: and begging her to shut her eyes and listen, and tell whether she could know his *gobble* from that of the real turkeycock.

Frank was tired at last of doing this, and his mother was tired of listening to him.

“Now, mamma, I have done being a turkeycock.”

“Very well, my dear, I am glad of it. Let this woman, who seems to be in a hurry, pass by you, Frank,” said his mother.

Frank looked behind him, and he saw a woman with a milkpail on her head, and another under her arm.

He made way for her, and when she had passed he said—

“Mamma, that is the very same woman who was milking the cow in the farmyard, and who said to me, ‘Master! master! don’t go up the ladder, or you will fall and break your pretty little legs.’ Mamma, was not she foolish to be so much frightened? I wonder how anybody can be afraid to go up a ladder. What a coward she must be, poor woman!”

As Frank was saying this, they came to the narrow bridge; and, to Frank’s surprise, he saw this woman run, without any appearance of fear, across the plank.

“With one pail on her head, and the other pail under her arm, too!” cried Frank, stopping short and looking at her with astonishment.

“Mamma, can that be the same woman? Then she cannot be a coward! Not a coward about going over narrow bridges, but she is a coward about going up a ladder, mamma.”

“She is accustomed to go over this bridge, and she finds that she can do so without being hurt; and you, Frank, have been accustomed to go up a ladder without being hurt.”

“Yes, the ladder in papa’s study I go up and down very often every day. The first time I went up it I was a little afraid; and I remember clinging fast, and going very slowly. I see, mamma, that people learn not to be afraid of what they are accustomed to; and I believe people can teach themselves not to be afraid.”

As Frank finished speaking, he walked boldly over that bridge on which, but a short time before, he had scarcely dared to put his foot—that bridge which he had thought it impossible to cross.

FRANK’S father was very careful always to keep his promises. He remembered that he had promised Frank that whenever the brewer came, he would let Frank see how beer was brewed. The brewer was now going to brew, and Frank’s father called Frank, and took him into the brewhouse.

“What a very large vessel that is, papa!” said Frank, pointing to a vessel which he saw in the brewhouse.

“It is large compared with that which you have seen

the cook use for boiling meat; but it is small compared with the brewing-pan, or boiler, used in a public brewery, where a great quantity of beer is brewed for numbers of people. We brew only the quantity that we want to drink ourselves."

"What is in the boiler, papa?"

"Water. Look at this large wooden vessel; this is called a vat. Into this the malt is put, and the water that is boiled in the boiler is poured into the vat, and mixed with the malt; and after some other management, it becomes a liquid called *wort*. This is all you can see to-day."

The next day his father called Frank again, and took him into the brewhouse, and showed him the *wort*, and bid him taste it: he tasted it, and found it sweet; but it had not the taste of beer, though it had something of the colour of muddy beer. His father told him that hops must be mixed with the wort before it could taste like beer. He showed Frank the hops, and Frank tasted them, and found that they had a bitter taste.

"And is this all that is done to make beer, papa?"

"Not all—the wort, after the hops have been boiled in it, must be set to *work*, or *ferment*; and after it has fermented for some time, it becomes beer."

"What is to ferment?" said Frank.

"I cannot explain it to you," answered his father.

"But you shall see this wort when it is fermenting."

Then Frank's father desired the brewer would send and let him know as soon as the beer should begin to ferment. The brewer did so some time afterward, and Frank went to look at it. It was not now in the brewhouse.

"You see, Frank," said his father, "that the liquor in these vessels is not like what you saw in the brewhouse. It is, however, the same liquor; but it is now in a state of fermentation."

"It looks, indeed, quite different," said Frank; "that liquor was of a dull brown colour, and quite smooth on the surface; this is all frothy, and a muddy yellow and white colour. It is full of bubbles; some rising from below the surface, and others bursting."

"That froth is called yeast, or barm, and it is by means of this yeast or barm that bread is made spongy and light. Bread made without barm is heavy, like unbaked paste."

"Papa, how is the beer made to work, or ferment, as it is called?"

"Some yest, that was got from other beer that was fermenting, was put into this beer; and that *set it a working*, as it is called."

"How does it set it a working, papa?"

"I do not know," answered his father.

"How did they get yest for the first beer that was made to ferment?"

"I do not know," answered his father.

"Why, papa, I thought you knew every thing."

"Indeed, my dear, I know very little: and I never pretend to know more than I do. The older people grow, and the wiser they become, the more they feel that they are ignorant of a number of things. Then they become the more desirous to learn; and the more they learn, the more pleasure they feel in acquiring fresh knowledge."

AFTER he had seen and heard all that his father could show or tell him about the fermentation of beer, Frank went to read to his mother, as he usually did at this hour every morning.

"You have just been seeing how beer is made, Frank," said she; "now, should you like to know how cider is made?"

"Very much, mamma."

"Here is a book in which you can find an account of it."

She put into his hand the first volume of Sandford and Merton, open at the place which gives an account of Harry and Tommy's visit to the farmhouse, where they saw a room full of apples, and where the farmer's wife described the manner in which she made cider of apple-juice.

Frank read all this to his mother, and it entertained him so much that, when he had finished it, he asked his mother to let him read some more of that book.

His mother said that she was afraid he was not yet able to understand all of it; and that she advised him to *keep the pleasure* of reading it till he should be able quite to understand it.

"O mamma! here is a story of two dogs, Jowler and

Keeper—mamma! just let me look at that, and a story of the *good-natured boy* and the *ill-natured boy*—I am sure I can understand that, mamma; and the story of the gentleman and the basket-maker, and Androcles and the lion: I will begin at the beginning, mamma, if you please; and, if I find that I do not understand it, I will put it up again in your bookcase, and *keep the pleasure*, as you say, till I am able quite to understand it."

Upon this condition Frank's mother gave him leave to read Sandford and Merton. He sat down immediately on the carpet, and he read eagerly for some time, till he came to a long dialogue, and then he yawned—his mother sent him out to work in his garden. She would not allow him to read much at a time, because she wished to prevent him from being tired of reading. He had the pleasure of reading a little of Sandford and Merton every day. He found that he understood a great deal of it; and his mother told him he might pass some parts: "You will read that book over again, I am sure, some time hence; and then you will be able to understand it all, and then you may read the parts which you now miss."

Frank was particularly delighted with the account of the house which Harry and Tommy built. And as soon as Frank got over the difficulty of the hard name *Spitzbergen*, he liked the account of "the extraordinary adventures of the four Russian sailors, who were cast away on the desert island of East Spitzbergen."

"Mamma, I like this, because it is true," said Frank—"mamma, I like books that tell me true things, and that teach me something."

ONE morning, when Frank was going to put on his shoes, he found that there was a hole in the side of one of them; so he put on another pair; and he ran with the shoe that had the hole in it to his mother, and asked her to have it mended for him. She said that she would send it to the shoemaker's.

"Mamma," continued Frank, "I should like to go to the shoemaker's; I should like to see how he mends my shoe, and how he makes new shoes. I understand something about it, from having seen that print of the shoemaker in the Book of Trades, and from having

read the description ; but I think I should understand it much better if I were to see a real shoemaker at work."

"I think you would, my dear; and when I have leisure I will take you to see a shoemaker at work."

"Thank you, good mamma!—And I should like to see every thing done that is shown in the prints of that book," continued Frank. He ran for the book, and, turning over the leaves, "I should like, mamma, to see the trunkmaker, the wheelwright, the turner, the ropemaker, the papermaker, the bookbinder, the brasier, the buttonmaker, the saddler, the glassblower, and—oh, mamma!—the printer, and—"

"Stop, stop, my dear Frank!—I cannot show you all these ; but, if you are not troublesome, I will show you any which you can understand, whenever I have an opportunity, and when I have time. You know that I have a great many things to do, and cannot always attend to you, my little Frank."

"I know that, mamma—but you have time, have not you, to take me to the shoemaker's to-day?"

"Not to-day, my dear."

"But, mamma, will you tell me how paper is made?"

"Not now, my dear."

"Well, mamma, I will tell you how I intend to manage about my arbour."

"Not at present, my dear. Do not talk to me any more now—I am going to write a letter."

Frank went away, and employed himself, that he might not be troublesome, and that he might make himself happy.

The next day his mother took him to the shoemaker's : he saw him at work—he saw the awl with which the shoemaker makes holes in the sole of the shoe and in the leather, through which holes he puts the waxed thread with which he sews them together—he saw that, instead of using needles, the shoemaker used hogs' bristles, which he fastened to the waxed thread with which he worked : so that the bristles served him as needles. He put the two ends of the thread in at opposite sides of the holes, and then drew the thread tight, by pulling each end at one and the same time ; and in doing this he pushed out his elbows, and made an odd jerking motion, which diverted Frank very much.

"Now I know the reason," said Frank, "why, in the

song which papa sings about the cobbler, it says that he wanted elbowroom—

“ ‘ There was a cobbler who lived in the coomb,
And all that he wanted was elbowroom.’ ”

Frank saw in the shoemaker's shop large pieces of leather of different colours, black, white, red, blue, green, and purple. He asked leave to look at these; and one of the men in the shop, who was not busy, took out of a drawer some skins, as he called them, and spread them on the counter before Frank, who touched, and smelt, and looked at them for some minutes, and then said—

“ I know that leather is the skin of animals—of horses, and dogs, and calves, and of some kind of goats, and of—I forget the name—seals.”

“ Why, master ! ” said the shoemaker, looking up from his work, “ many a little master of your age for whom I make shoes does not know so much—you are a very clever little gentleman.”

Frank coloured, and was ashamed; for he recollected the *flattering lady*, and he thought the shoemaker was flattering and laughing at him. He turned away, and said to the man who had showed him the skins—

“ Tell me, will *you*, how the skins of horses, and dogs, and goats, are made to look like this *leather* which I see before me? I know pretty well how the hair of the horses, and dogs, and calves, is got off, because I read an account of that in my Book of Trades. I know the currier, with a long knife with two handles, scrapes it off—but I don't know, and I wish you would tell me, how you turn the skin into leather, and how you give it such beautiful colours.”

“ Master, I cannot tell you *that*—it is not our trade; that is the business of the tanner and the leather-dresser. I buy the leather from them just as you see it. Please to sit down, master, that I may measure you for a pair of shoes.”

Frank, finding that the shoemaker's man could not tell him any thing about tanning or dying, contented himself with observing the manner in which this man took measure of his foot. Frank looked at the stick or ruler which the shoemaker used. It was made to fold up and open, something like a carpenter's common ruler; but there was hinged at one end of it a bit of brass, about two inches long; and this was hinged so

that it could be made to stand up or shut down, as you please. This piece of brass the shoemaker turned up and put behind Frank's heel when he began to measure his foot, and he laid the ruler under the sole of Frank's foot. There was another piece of brass hinged in the same manner, which could be slid backwards and forwards upon the ruler: the shoemaker pushed this up to the end of Frank's foot, and then looked at the divisions which were marked upon the ruler; and he saw the distance between the brass at the heel and the brass at the toe; and he knew what size Frank's shoe ought to be as to length. The breadth he measured by *spanning* the foot; that is, by putting his fingers round it in different places.

When the shoemaker had finished taking measure, he shut up his measuring-stick. Frank asked leave to look at it once more, because he had not observed exactly how it was fastened when shut. The shoemaker put it again into his hands; and he saw how one part of the brass notched into the other, so as to fasten both the parts of the ruler together when shut.

The shoemaker then showed Frank some other things which he wished to see in his shop. He showed him a bootjack for drawing boots off; and a wooden leg, which is put into boots to stretch them; and he showed him the *lasts* or moulds on which shoes are made.

Wherever Frank went, people were generally ready to answer his questions, and to show him what he wanted to see, because he took care not to be troublesome, and he did not ask foolish questions. He sometimes found, however, that people could not spare time to show him things; and he often found that he could not understand their manner of explaining.

SOME days after Frank had been at the shoemaker's, as he was walking out in the evening with his father and mother, he heard a dog barking at a distance.

"How far off, mamma, do you think that dog is?" said Frank.

"About a quarter of a mile, I should guess. I fancy it is White the tanner's dog."

"The tanner! Mamma, I wish he had not that barking dog."

"That barking dog is very useful to the tanner, and he will not do you any harm. That dog is always chained up in the daytime; he is let loose only at night, when he guards his master's property, and prevents any one from stealing the leather which the tanner leaves in his tanpits."

"Then, mamma, if the dog is chained up and cannot do me any harm, I wish you would be so good as to take me to see the tanner and the tanpits—you know the shoemaker told me that the tanner tans leather. Mamma, will you go? Papa, will you go to the tanner's?"

"Yes, Frank, we will go with you," said his father—"I am glad to see that you are so desirous to acquire knowledge."

They walked across two or three fields towards the tanner's house; and when they came near it, the barking of the dog was heard very loud. But at the same time that Frank heard his loud barking, he also heard the rattling of the dog's chain; and he knew, therefore, that he was chained up, and could not do him any mischief. His father told Frank to take care, as he passed by this fierce dog, not to go within his reach—not to go within the length of his chain. Frank took care, and walked at a prudent distance. The tanner came out and silenced his dog, and then Frank could hear and attend to what was said.

But, though he attended, he did not understand all that the tanner said; for the man spoke in a tone different from what Frank had been accustomed to hear.

"Here *bees* my tanpits, master, if that *bees* what you're *axing* for. And all that *is*, as I knows about it, you see, master, is this; that I *puts* the skins into one of these here pits, first-and-foremost, to cleanse it of the *air*, like; and then I stretches it upon a *horse*, you see, and I scrapes off the hair."

"And does the horse stand still," said Frank, "while you are doing that?"

"O bless you! master, it's a wooden horse I be thinking of."

"O!—I understand!—But what is in this pit?"

"First-and-foremost, I puts it into this pit," said the tanner.

"First, he puts it into this pit," said Frank's father, observing that Frank did not know what the man meant

by first-and-foremost, which he pronounced very quickly and like one word.

"Master, there is what we call lime-water; and then I puts it into stronger lime-water, to soak again; and then I takes it out, and hangs it to dry, and then again soaks it; and so on till it is fit for the *tanpit* here," said the tanner, pointing to a pit.

"And what is in this pit?" said Frank.

"The bark, master—nothing in life, master, but the bark and water."

"The bark," said Frank; "what do you mean by the bark?"

"I means the bark that is ground and thrown into this here pit with water."

Frank looked to his father for explanation; and his father told him that the bark of which the tanner spoke was the bark of oak trees.

"This bark," continued his father, "contains something called *tannin*, which, after a length of time, gets into the pores or openings in the leather, and makes it hard. And after that, when the leather is dry, it does not let water easily pass through it; and then it is useful for making shoes, and boots, and harness, and for covering trunks, and various other purposes."

"But what is that something called *tannin*, papa?" said Frank.

"I do not know," said his father. "But I know that it has a particular taste, which is called *astringent*; and that it makes leather hard, and fit to keep out water. Dip your finger into that pit where you see the bark and water, and taste the liquor, and then you will know what is meant by an astringent taste."

Frank dipped his finger into the tanpit, and tasted the bark and water; and he understood what was meant by an astringent taste.

"Is this *all* that you can tell me, papa?"

"All that I can tell you at present, my dear. When you are able to understand it, you can read more on this subject in *Conversations on Chymistry*.*"

"But I do not see here any of the red or green-coloured, smooth, shining leathers which I saw at the shoemaker's."

"No, they are made at a common tanner's. They

* Volume ii., page 186, the third edition.

are coloured, and made smooth and shining, as you saw them, at the leather-dresser's."

Frank's next wish was to go to a leather-dresser's; and to learn how the leather was made of these beautiful colours. The tanner said that he always sent his leather, as soon as it was tanned, to a leather-dresser, who lived in a town at twenty miles' distance from him, and from the place where Frank's father and mother lived.

They could not take him to the leather-dresser's conveniently. In a book, a sort of dictionary, which his father lent him, Frank afterward looked for an account of the manner in which leather is died. He found that he could not understand it, so he turned his attention to something else which he could understand.

The next day he passed by a nailer's forge, and he asked his father to take him in, and to let him see how nails were made. In the course of a few weeks afterward, he saw several other things which entertained him.

Last year, when he had seen the sheepshearing, and had been told that the wool cut from the back of the sheep could be made into cloth for a coat, such as that which he wore, he had been curious to know how this could be done. His mother showed him how the wool is spun into woollen yarn; and this year, when he was able to understand it, his father showed him a loom, and explained to him the parts of the machine, and showed him how woollen yarn is woven into cloth by means of a loom.

This summer Frank saw several other things about which he had been curious. His father showed him how books are printed in a printing-press. And, some time afterward, he took Frank to a glasshouse, and let him see men making several things—bottles, decanters, tumblers—he saw them pull the glass when it is hot and soft into various shapes; and blow air into it, and blow it out into any forms they pleased. This entertained him exceedingly.

But whenever Frank saw any thing that entertained him much, he always wished that he had his brother Edward, or his cousin William, or his cousin Frederick,

or Charles, to tell it to. They were gone home, and his brother was gone to school; and Frank wished that he had some companion of nearly his own age to talk and play with.

FRANK had a little cousin Mary; and about this time little Mary, who was between five and six years old, was brought to his mother's house. Mary was dressed all in black when Frank first saw her; and she looked very melancholy. Frank went to his father, who was standing in another part of the room; and he whispered to his father, and asked why Mary was dressed in black, and why she looked so melancholy. His father answered—

“Because her mother is dead.”

“Poor girl!” said Frank. “If my mother was dead, how sorry I should be! Poor little Mary! what will she do without a mother!”

“Mary is to live with us,” said his father; “your mother and I will take care of her, and teach her as well as we can; and you will be kind to her, will you not, Frank?”

“That I will, papa,” said Frank.

He ran directly for those of his playthings which he thought would please her the most, and he spread them before her. She looked at them, and smiled a little; but she soon put them down again, and did not seem to be amused by them. Frank took her to his garden, and gathered for her those of his flowers which he liked the best; but she did not seem to like them nearly as much as he did, or as much as he had expected that she would. She said—

“Thank you; but mamma had nicer flowers than these at home. I wish I was with mamma—I wish mamma would come back again to me.”

Frank knew that her mamma could not come back again to her; but he did not say so then to Mary. He took her to look at the house which he was building; and he showed her the sticks which his papa had given him for the roof, and he explained to her how he intended to roof it, and how he intended afterward to thatch it; he said that they two could work at it together, and he asked her if she should like it.

She said she believed that she should like it "by-and-by, but not then."

He asked her what she meant by "*by-and-by*."

She said, "To-morrow, or some other day, but not to-day."

To-morrow came; and little Mary, after she had slept all night, and after she had eaten some breakfast, and after she had become better acquainted with all the people in the house, who were strangers to her, began to look more cheerful; and, by degrees, she talked a little more; and presently she began to run about, and to play with Frank. He played with her at whatever she liked best; he was her horse, for that was what she asked him to be; and he put a bridle of packthread round his body, and let her drive him; and he lent her his best whip, with which he let her whip him on as much as she pleased.

After Mary had been at Frank's home for a few days, she began to call it her home; and she called his mother "mamma," and she seemed happy again. But Frank could not at all times play with her; he had several other things to do; and, when he did play with her, he did not choose always to play at the play which she liked best. Sometimes, at night, she wanted him to make a cat's cradle or a paper boat for her, when Frank wished to read an entertaining book; and sometimes he wanted to work in his garden, or to go on roofing his house, when she wished him to be her horse, or to roll her in the wheelbarrow. Upon these occasions Mary was sometimes a little cross, and Frank was sometimes a little impatient.

Frank had now finished roofing his house, and he was beginning to thatch it in the manner he saw the thatcher; he wanted Mary to help him: he told her she must wait upon him, as he had seen the labourer wait upon the thatcher who thatched the barn. He said she should be his *straw-man*; and he showed her how to carry the straw; and he charged her always to be ready when he cried out—

"More straw!—more, man!—more!"

For a little while Mary served him well, and had the straw ready when he called "More straw!" But she was soon tired, and Frank called—

"More straw!—more, man!—more!" several times before she was ready. Frank grew angry, and he said

she was slow, and awkward, and lazy; and she said she was hot and tired, and that she would not be his *straw-man* any longer. Frank tried to convince her that she was wrong; and, to prove it to her, repeated what his father had told him about the division of labour.

"You see," said he, "I am forced to come down the ladder every time I want straw; I lose my time, and I cannot get on near so quickly as if you carried it to me. When I go on doing one thing, and you doing another, to be ready for me, you cannot think how well and quickly we get on—that is dividing the labour—the division of labour—you understand?"

Mary did not understand. She said, "I do not know any thing about that; but I don't like to be your straw-man any longer, and I will not."

Frank pushed her away, telling her she might go wherever she pleased. She stood still and began to cry. Then Frank was sorry he had been so angry with her; and she dried up her tears when he told her so, and she said she would be his *straw-man* again if he would not call "More straw!—more, man!" so very fast; and if he would not call her stupid or lazy.

To this Frank agreed; and they went on again for some time, he thatching and she carrying straw, and placing little bundles ready for him: and they were very happy, he working quickly, and she helping him nicely.

"How much happier is it not to quarrel!" said little Mary. "But now I am really quite tired—will you let me rest?"

"Yes, and welcome!" said Frank, "though I am not in the least tired."

He came down the ladder, and he went and looked for some wood strawberries, and brought them to her, and they ate them together very happily.

"I cut, and you choose—that is fair, is not it, Mary?" said Frank.

Whenever any pie or pudding, fruit, cake, or any thing which they both liked to eat was given to them, Frank was usually desired to divide it, and this he did with most accurate justice. When he had divided it as well as he could, he always desired Mary to choose whichever piece she liked for herself: so that, if there was any advantage, she might have it. This was being just; but, besides being just, Frank was generous. Every

thing that was given to him to share with his little cousin he always gave her a part, and often a larger or a better part than that which he kept for himself. Nobody knew this but Mary and himself; for he did not want to be praised for it; the pleasure he felt in doing it, and the pleasure he saw that he gave her, was quite enough.

But though Frank was so good-natured to his little cousin, yet he had faults. He was passionate; and sometimes, when he was in a passion, he did what he was afterward very sorry for. Till little Mary came to his mother's, he had not been used to live with any one who was younger and weaker than himself.

When he found that he was the strongest, he sometimes, in playing with little Mary, took advantage of his strength, to make her do what he commanded her; and when he was impatient to get any thing from her, he now and then snatched or forced it rudely from her hands. One day she had a new ball, which she held between both her hands, and she would not let Frank look at it; she was half in play, and, at first, Frank was playing with her also; but when she persisted in refusing to let him see it, he grew angry, and he squeezed her hands, and twisted her wrist with violence, to make her open her hands. She being in great pain, roared out so loudly that Frank's father, who was in the room over that in which they were, came down to inquire what was the matter. Mary stopped crying the moment he appeared: Frank looked ashamed, but he went forward to his father directly, and said—

"It was I who hurt her, papa—I squeezed her hands to make her give me this ball."

"You have hurt her, indeed!" said his father, looking at little Mary's wrist, which was very red, and was beginning to swell. "O Frank!" continued his father, "I thought you would use your strength to help, and not to hurt those who are weaker than yourself."

"So I do always papa, except when she puts me in a passion."

"But the ball was my own ball," said Mary; "and you had no right to take it from me."

"I did not want to take it from you, Mary; I only wanted to look at it; and you began first to be cross—you were very cross."

"No, Frank, you were the *cross*est."

"You are both cross now, I think," said Frank's

father; "and since you cannot agree when you are together, you must be separated."

Then he sent them into different rooms, and they were not allowed to play together during the remainder of that day.

The next morning at breakfast, Frank's father asked them whether they had been as happy yesterday as they usually had been; and they both answered no. Then he asked,

"Do you like better to be together or to be separate?"

"We like a great deal better to be together," said Frank and Mary.

"Then, my dear children, take care and do not quarrel," said Frank's father; "for, whenever you quarrel, without asking any questions about who was cross, or crosser, or crosser, or who *began first*, I shall end your dispute at once by separating you. You, Frank, understand the nature and use of punishment; you know—"

"Yes, papa, I know," interrupted Frank, "that it is—it is pain. Papa, will you explain it; for, though I know it, I cannot say it in good words."

"Try to explain it in any words."

"When you punish me, papa, you give me pain, or you take something from me which I like to have, or you hinder me from having something that I like, or from doing something that I like to do—"

"Well, go on; when and for what reason do I give you pain, or prevent you from having pleasure?"

"When I have done something wrong, and because I have done something wrong."

"And do I give you this pain of punishment because I like to give you pain, or for what purpose?"

"Not because you like to give me pain, I am sure, papa; but to cure me of my faults—to hinder me from doing wrong again."

"And how will punishment cure you of your faults, or prevent you from doing wrong again?"

"You know, papa, I should be afraid to have the same punishment again if I were to do the same wrong thing; and the pain and the shame of the punishment make me ~~remember~~ remember. I remember them a great while: and the punishment comes into my head, that is, I think of it again, whenever I think of the wrong thing for which I was punished; and if I was tempted to do that same

thing again, just at the very time I should recollect the punishment, and I should not do it. I believe—”

“Then, according to your description of it, just punishment is pain given to a person who has done what is wrong, to prevent that person from doing wrong again.”

“Yes, papa; that is what I wanted to say.”

“And is there no other use in punishments, do you think, Frank?”

“O yes, papa!—to prevent other people from doing wrong: because they see the person who has done wrong is punished; and if they are sure that they shall have the same punishment if they do the same thing, they take care not to do it. I heard John, the gardener’s son, saying yesterday to his brother, that the boy who robbed his garden last week was taken and had been whipped; and that this would be a fine example for all the children in the village, and would hinder them from doing the same thing again.”

“Then just punishment is pain given to those who do wrong, to prevent them from doing that wrong again; and to prevent others from doing wrong.”

“Yes, papa,” said Frank; “but, papa, why do you tell me all this? Why do you ask me these things?”

“Because, my dear, now that you are becoming a reasonable creature, and that you can understand me, I wish as much as possible to explain to you the reasons for all I do in educating you. Brutes, who have no sense, are governed by blows; but human creatures, who can think and reason, can be governed, and can govern themselves, by considering what is right, and what makes them happy. I do not treat you as a brute, but as a reasonable creature; and on every occasion I endeavour to explain to you what is right and wrong, and what is just and unjust.”

“Thank you, papa,” said Frank. “I wish to be treated like a reasonable creature. Papa, may I say one thing?”

“As many things as you please, my dear.”

“But, papa, this one thing is about you; and perhaps you will not like it. Papa, I do not think it is just to separate Mary and me whenever we quarrel, without examining or inquiring which is in the wrong.”

“When people quarrel, they generally are both in the wrong.”

“But not always, papa; and one is often more in the

wrong than the other; and it is not just that the one who is least in the wrong should be punished as much as the person who did most wrong."

Here Frank paused, and the tears came into his eyes; and, after a little struggle within himself, he added—

"Now it is all over, papa, I must tell you that I was most to blame. I was the most in the wrong in that quarrel which little Mary and I had yesterday. It was I hurt her, by squeezing her hand violently, and she only cried out; and yet she was punished as much as I was."

"My dear, honest, just, generous boy!" said his father, putting his hand upon Frank's head, "act always, feel always, as you now do; and when you have been wrong, always have candour and courage enough to acknowledge it."

Little Mary, who had gone away to her playthings while they had been talking of what she did not understand, left her playthings and came back, and stood beside Frank, looking up in his face, and listening eagerly, when he said that he had been most to blame in their quarrel. And when his father praised him, Mary smiled, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure. After his father had done speaking, she said—

"Frank is very good to tell that he was the most wrong; but I was a little wrong—I cried more than I should have done, and a great deal louder, because I was angry."

"There is a good girl!" said Frank's father, stroking her head. "Now that is all over, let us think of the future. You say, Frank, that you do not think it just that you should be separated when you quarrel, because that separation is the same punishment for both, when perhaps only one is to blame, or one much more to blame than the other. Do I understand you? Do I state clearly what you mean?"

"Yes, papa—pretty well—not quite. I think the separating us is just enough, because, as you say, when we quarrel, we generally are both to blame, more or less; and besides, when we are angry, we cannot have any pleasure in being together. So I give up that. But I think that before you separate us, you or mamma should always inquire and find out which of us is most to blame, and exactly how much; and then the person who has been most wrong will have the most shame; and that will make the punishment just as it should be."

"Well argued, my boy! This would be strictly just as far as you two are concerned; but you must consider also what is just for your mother and for me."

"What do you mean, papa? I do not want to punish mamma or you—you do not quarrel," said Frank, laughing. "I do not wish to separate you, or to punish mamma or you, papa. I do not understand you."

"Listen to me, and perhaps I shall make you understand me. You say you do not want to punish me or your mother; and yet you would punish us both whenever you quarrelled, if we were obliged to give up our time, and to leave whatever we were doing that was agreeable to us, in order to settle which of you two were most to blame in a dispute, perhaps, about a straw, or something of as little value. Now suppose you two were to quarrel every hour—"

"O sir!" interrupted little Mary, "quarrel every hour!—Oh!—Oh!—that is quite impossible."

"But my father only says *suppose*—we can suppose any thing, you know," said Frank. "Well, *suppose*, papa—"

"And suppose, Frank, that every hour it would require a quarter of an hour of your mother's time or mine to listen to both, and settle which was to blame—"

"A quarter of an hour!—that is a great deal too much time to allow."

"We have been talking now, Frank, above a quarter of an hour, I think."

"Indeed!—I never should have guessed that!"

"Should not you? When people are much interested about any thing, they talk on a great while without considering how time passes."

"That is true. Well, allow a quarter of an hour each quarrel, and one every hour," said Frank.

"And count twelve hours as a day—then twelve quarters of an hour, Mary, how many whole hours will that make?"

Mary answered, after thinking a little while, "I don't know."

Frank answered—"Three hours."

"So three whole hours, Frank, your mother or I must, according to your plan, give up every day to settle your quarrels."

"That would be too much, really!" said Frank. "But this is only arguing upon your *suppose*, papa."

"Well, state that you quarrel only once a day; tell me why your mother or I should be punished by taking up our time disagreeably in settling your little disputes, provided any other manner of settling them would succeed as well. Be just to us, Frank, as well as to yourself and to Mary."

"I will, papa—I will be just to you; I acknowledge we should not take up your time disagreeably in settling our disputes, *if* they could be settled as well any other way; but all depends upon that *if*—you will acknowledge *that*, father?"

"I do acknowledge it, Frank. This question can be decided, then, only by experience—by trying whether the fact is so or not. Let us try my way, if you please, for one month; and afterward, if mine does not succeed, I will try yours."

PREFACE TO PARENTS.

"Now look on him, whose very voice, in tone,
Just echoes thine; whose features are thine own;
And stroke his polished cheek of purest red,
And lay thine hand upon his flaxen head,
And say, 'My boy, th' unwelcome hour is come,
When thou, transplanted from thy genial home,
Must find a colder soil and bleaker air,
And trust for safety to a stranger's care.'
—Thou wouldst not, deaf to nature's tenderest plea,
Turn him adrift upon a rolling sea;
Nor say, *Go hither!* conscious that there lay
A brood of asps or quicksands in his way.
Then, only governed by the selfsame rule
Of natural pity, send him not to school."

How these lines must strike any affectionate parent who is going to send a boy to school! Yet, when the first effect of the flash and stroke of eloquence passes away, as the mind subsides to calm, we question whether the danger be real or imaginary. The common reflection, that most of the great men of England have been educated at public schools, recurs to the father and mother, or is suggested to them by some friend of the family, who has himself been brought up in one of our great seminaries. They listen, and are persuaded, if not convinced; for those who are most readily alarmed by eloquence are most easily relieved by assertion: ashamed of having been moved too far in the moment of alarm, they go directly to the contrary extreme of rash security. They laugh at the poetic peril of asps and quicksands, neglect to examine into the nature of the real danger, and dismiss at once all fear of the simile, and all care for the truth.

It is to be desired that, on a subject of so much importance to their children and themselves, parents might feel something more than the evanescent effect of eloquence, and might be excited to a serious examination of the facts. But even those who do not content themselves with a mere dramatic start, or sentimental exclamation, and who are seriously aware of the danger, imagine that the evils, if not necessary, are unavoidable.

by first-and-foremost, which he pronounced very quickly and like one word.

"Master, there is what we call lime-water; and then I puts it into stronger lime-water, to soak again; and then I takes it out, and hangs it to dry, and then again soaks it; and so on till it is fit for the *tanpit* here," said the tanner, pointing to a pit.

"And what is in this pit?" said Frank.

"The bark, master—nothing in life, master, but the bark and water."

"The bark," said Frank; "what do ~~you~~ mean by the bark?"

"I means the bark that is ground and ~~thrown~~ into this here pit with water."

Frank looked to his father for explanation; and his father told him that the bark of which the tanner spoke was the bark of oak trees.

"This bark," continued his father, "contains something called *tannin*, which, after a length of time, gets into the pores or openings in the leather, and makes it hard. And after that, when the leather is dry, it does not let water easily pass through it; and then it is useful for making shoes, and boots, and harness, and for covering trunks, and various other purposes."

"But what is that something called *tannin*, papa?" said Frank.

"I do not know," said his father. "But I know that it has a particular taste, which is called *astringent*; and that it makes leather hard, and fit to keep out water. Dip your finger into that pit where you see the bark and water, and taste the liquor, and then you will know what is meant by an astringent taste."

Frank dipped his finger into the tanpit, and tasted the bark and water; and he understood what was meant by an astringent taste.

"Is this *all* that you can tell me, papa?"

"All that I can tell you at present, my dear. When you are able to understand it, you can read more on this subject in *Conversations on Chymistry*."*

"But I do not see here any of the red or green-coloured, smooth, shining leathers which I saw at the shoemaker's."

"No, they are made at a common tanner's. They

* Volume ii., page 186, the third edition.

are coloured, and made smooth and shining, as you saw them, at the leather-dresser's."

Frank's next wish was to go to a leather-dresser's; and to learn how the leather was made of these beautiful colours. The tanner said that he always sent his leather, as soon as it was tanned, to a leather-dresser, who lived in a town at twenty miles' distance from him, and from the place where Frank's father and mother lived.

They could not take him to the leather-dresser's conveniently. In a book, a sort of dictionary, which his father lent him, Frank afterward looked for an account of the manner in which leather is died. He found that he could not understand it, so he turned his attention to something else which he could understand.

The next day he passed by a nailer's forge, and he asked his father to take him in, and to let him see how nails were made. In the course of a few weeks afterward, he saw several other things which entertained him.

Last year, when he had seen the sheepshearing, and had been told that the wool cut from the back of the sheep could be made into cloth for a coat; such as that which he wore, he had been curious to know how this could be done. His mother showed him how the wool is spun into woollen yarn; and this year, when he was able to understand it, his father showed him a loom, and explained to him the parts of the machine, and showed him how woollen yarn is woven into cloth by means of a loom.

This summer Frank saw several other things about which he had been curious. His father showed him how books are printed in a printing-press. And, some time afterward, he took Frank to a glasshouse, and let him see men making several things—bottles, decanters, tumblers—he saw them pull the glass when it is hot and soft into various shapes; and blow air into it, and blow it out into any forms they pleased. This entertained him exceedingly.

But whenever Frank saw any thing that entertained him much, he always wished that he had his brother Edward, or his cousin William, or his cousin Frederick,

or Charles, to tell it to. They were gone home, and his brother was gone to school; and Frank wished that he had some companion of nearly his own age to talk and play with.

FRANK had a little cousin Mary; and about this time little Mary, who was between five and six years old, was brought to his mother's house. Mary was dressed all in black when Frank first saw her; and she looked very melancholy. Frank went to his father, who was standing in another part of the room; and he whispered to his father, and asked why Mary was dressed in black, and why she looked so melancholy. His father answered—

"Because her mother is dead."

"Poor girl!" said Frank. "If my mother was dead, how sorry I should be! Poor little Mary! what will she do without a mother!"

"Mary is to live with us," said his father; "your mother and I will take care of her, and teach her as well as we can; and you will be kind to her, will you not, Frank?"

"That I will, papa," said Frank.

He ran directly for those of his playthings which he thought would please her the most, and he spread them before her. She looked at them, and smiled a little: but she soon put them down again, and did not seem to be amused by them. Frank took her to his garden, and gathered for her those of his flowers which he liked the best; but she did not seem to like them nearly as much as he did, or as much as he had expected that she would. She said—

"Thank you; but mamma had nicer flowers than these at home. I wish I was with mamma—I wish mamma would come back again to me."

Frank knew that her mamma could not come back again to her; but he did not say so then to Mary. He took her to look at the house which he was building; and he showed her the sticks which his papa had given him for the roof, and he explained to her how he intended to roof it, and how he intended afterward to thatch it; he said that they two could work at it together, and he asked her if she should like it.

She said she believed that she should like it "by-and-by, but not then."

He asked her what she meant by "*by-and-by*."

She said, "To-morrow, or some other day, but not to-day."

To-morrow came; and little Mary, after she had slept all night, and after she had eaten some breakfast, and after she had become better acquainted with all the people in the house, who were strangers to her, began to look more cheerful; and, by degrees, she talked a little more; and presently she began to run about, and to play with Frank. He played with her at whatever she liked best; he was her horse, for that was what she asked him to be; and he put a bridle of packthread round his body, and let her drive him; and he lent her his best whip, with which he let her whip him on as much as she pleased.

After Mary had been at Frank's home for a few days, she began to call it her home; and she called his mother "mamma," and she seemed happy again. But Frank could not at all times play with her; he had several other things to do; and, when he did play with her, he did not choose always to play at the play which she liked best. Sometimes, at night, she wanted him to make a cat's cradle or a paper boat for her, when Frank wished to read an entertaining book; and sometimes he wanted to work in his garden, or to go on roofing his house, when she wished him to be her horse, or to roll her in the wheelbarrow. Upon these occasions Mary was sometimes a little cross, and Frank was sometimes a little impatient.

Frank had now finished roofing his house, and he was beginning to thatch it in the manner he saw the thatcher; he wanted Mary to help him: he told her she must wait upon him, as he had seen the labourer wait upon the thatcher who thatched the barn. He said she should be his *straw-man*; and he showed her how to carry the straw; and he charged her always to be ready when he cried out—

"More straw!—more, man!—more!"

For a little while Mary served him well, and had the straw ready when he called "More straw!" But she was soon tired, and Frank called—

"More straw!—more, man!—more!" several times before she was ready. Frank grew angry, and he said

she was slow, and awkward, and lazy; and she said she was hot and tired, and that she would not be his *straw-man* any longer. Frank tried to convince her that she was wrong; and, to prove it to her, repeated what his father had told him about the division of labour.

"You see," said he, "I am forced to come down the ladder every time I want straw; I lose my time, and I cannot get on near so quickly as if you carried it to me. When I go on doing one thing, and you doing another, to be ready for me, you cannot think how well and quickly we get on—that is dividing the labour—the division of labour—you understand?"

Mary did not understand. She said, "I do not know any thing about that; but I don't like to be your straw-man any longer, and I will not."

Frank pushed her away, telling her she might go wherever she pleased. She stood still and began to cry. Then Frank was sorry he had been so angry with her; and she dried up her tears when he told her so, and she said she would be his *straw-man* again if he would not call "More straw!—more, man!" so very fast; and if he would not call her stupid or lazy.

To this Frank agreed; and they went on again for some time, he thatching and she carrying straw, and placing little bundles ready for him: and they were very happy, he working quickly, and she helping him nicely.

"How much happier is it not to quarrel!" said little Mary. "But now I am really quite tired—will you let me rest?"

"Yes, and welcome!" said Frank, "though I am not in the least tired."

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"My dear, honest, just, generous boy!" said his father, putting his hand upon Frank's head, "act always, feel always, as you now do; and when you have been wrong, always have candour and courage enough to acknowledge it."

Little Mary, who had gone away to her playthings while they had been talking of what she did not understand, left her playthings and came back, and stood beside Frank, looking up in his face, and listening eagerly, when he said that he had been most to blame in their quarrel. And when his father praised him, Mary smiled, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure. After his father had done speaking, she said—

"Frank is very good to tell that he was the most wrong; but I was a little wrong—I cried more than I should have done, and a great deal louder, because I was angry."

"There is a good girl!" said Frank's father, stroking her head. "Now that is all over, let us think of the future. You say, Frank, that you do not think it just that you should be separated when you quarrel, because that separation is the same punishment for both, when perhaps only one is to blame, or one much more to blame than the other. Do I understand you? Do I state clearly what you mean?"

"Yes, papa—pretty well—not quite. I think the separating us is just enough, because, as you say, when we quarrel, we generally are both to blame, more or less; and besides, when we are angry, we cannot have any pleasure in being together. So I give up that. But I think that before you separate us, you or mamma should always inquire and find out which of us is most to blame, and exactly how much; and then the person who has been most wrong will have the most shame; and that will make the punishment just as it should be."

"Well argued, my boy! This would be strictly just as far as you two are concerned; but you must consider also what is just for your mother and for me."

"What do you mean, papa? I do not want to punish mamma or you—you do not quarrel," said Frank, laughing. "I do not wish to separate you, or to punish mamma or you, papa. I do not understand you."

"Listen to me, and perhaps I shall make you understand me. You say you do not want to punish me or your mother; and yet you would punish us both whenever you quarrelled, if we were obliged to give up our time, and to leave whatever we were doing that was agreeable to us, in order to settle which of you two were most to blame in a dispute, perhaps, about a straw, or something of as little value. Now suppose you two were to quarrel every hour—"

"O sir!" interrupted little Mary, "quarrel every hour!—Oh!—Oh!—that is quite impossible."

"But my father only says *suppose*—we can suppose any thing, you know," said Frank. "Well, *suppose*, papa—"

"And suppose, Frank, that every hour it would require a quarter of an hour of your mother's time or mine to listen to both, and settle which was to blame—"

"A quarter of an hour!—that is a great deal too much time to allow."

"We have been talking now, Frank, above a quarter of an hour, I think."

"Indeed!—I never should have guessed that!"

"Should not you? When people are much interested about any thing, they talk on a great while without considering how time passes."

"That is true. Well, allow a quarter of an hour each quarrel, and one every hour," said Frank.

"And count twelve hours as a day—then twelve quarters of an hour, Mary, how many whole hours will that make?"

Mary answered, after thinking a little while, "I don't know."

Frank answered—"Three hours."

"So three whole hours, Frank, your mother or I must, according to your plan, give up every day to settle your quarrels."

"That would be too much, really!" said Frank. "But this is only arguing upon your *suppose*, papa."

"Well, state that you quarrel only once a day; tell me why your mother or I should be punished by taking up our time disagreeably in settling your little disputes, provided any other manner of settling them would succeed as well. Be just to us, Frank, as well as to yourself and to Mary."

"I will, papa—I will be just to you; I acknowledge we should not take up your time disagreeably in settling our disputes, *if* they could be settled as well any other way; but all depends upon that *if*—you will acknowledge *that*, father!"

"I do acknowledge it, Frank. This question can be decided, then, only by experience—by trying whether the fact is so or not. Let us try my way, if you please, for one month; and afterward, if mine does not succeed, I will try yours."

PREFACE TO PARENTS.

"Now look on him, whose very voice, in tone,
Just echoes thine; whose features are thine own;
And stroke his polished cheek of purest red,
And lay thine hand upon his flaxen head,
And say, 'My boy, th' unwelcome hour is come,
When thou, transplanted from thy genial home,
Must find a colder soil and bleaker air,
And trust for safety to a stranger's care.'
—Thou wouldst not, deaf to nature's tenderest plea,
Turn him adrift upon a rolling sea;
Nor say, *Go hither!* conscious that there lay
A brood of asps or quicksands in his way.
Then, only governed by the selfsame rule
Of natural pity, send him not to school."

How these lines must strike any affectionate parent who is going to send a boy to school! Yet, when the first effect of the flash and stroke of eloquence passes away, as the mind subsides to calm, we question whether the danger be real or imaginary. The common reflection, that most of the great men of England have been educated at public schools, recurs to the father and mother, or is suggested to them by some friend of the family, who has himself been brought up in one of our great seminaries. They listen, and are persuaded, if not convinced; for those who are most readily alarmed by eloquence are most easily relieved by assertion: ashamed of having been moved too far in the moment of alarm, they go directly to the contrary extreme of rash security. They laugh at the poetic peril of asps and quicksands, neglect to examine into the nature of the real danger, and dismiss at once all fear of the simile, and all care for the truth.

It is to be desired that, on a subject of so much importance to their children and themselves, parents might feel something more than the evanescent effect of eloquence, and might be excited to a serious examination of the facts. But even those who do not content themselves with a mere dramatic start, or sentimental exclamation, and who are seriously aware of the danger, imagine that the evils, if not necessary, are unavoidable.

It must be sufficiently obvious, even to the most zealous friends of private education, that from various circumstances of inexpediency and impossibility, vast numbers of children cannot be bred up at home; they must go to school, and to some of the seminaries which exist.

When it comes to the usual age for sending the boy from home, this sense of necessity presses upon the father and mother: they think that all they can do is to choose for their son the school of which they hear the best character; they know all have their faults; they are sorry for it, but they cannot help it; whatever these faults may be, the individual parent cannot rectify them at the moment his boy is to go to school; and because they cannot do every thing, they are content to do nothing. They submit with indolent resignation to the plea of necessity, consoling themselves with the sophisms of commonplace philosophy.

They tell you, or they tell themselves, that if the power of new modelling our institutions were put into the hands of any of those who wish for their reform, they might not be able to satisfy themselves or others in the execution of new plans: that in the hurry and zeal of innovation, they might run from evils that we know to those we know not of. These considerations, obvious as they are, may afford some comfort under the impossibility of sudden change, and may reconcile us to the slow operations of time and truth, acting as they do irresistibly together. Though it cannot be hoped that by any combination of opinion and effort a perfect school, such as anxious parents would desire, can, in our days, or perhaps ever, be realized, yet continual advances towards excellence may be made.

But, in the meantime, there is something which every parent can do, something more safe than sudden innovation; more manly, more becoming, more useful, than indulgence in idle declamation or indolent despair. Every father, every mother, can, by preparatory care, direct the home education of their boys before they send them to school.

Every parent can, by this preparatory care, easily do that which it is not in the power of any schoolmaster to effect, however able or zealous.

For, picture to yourself a perfect schoolmaster.—Unless he be endowed with the gifts of ubiquity and omniscience, unless he neither sleep nor nod, he cannot

always see, or always know, what is going on among the hundreds assembled under his tuition; he can make only general regulations, and enforce obedience to these; but he has no time for individual inspection; he cannot attend to the habits of each boy's understanding or temper, nor adapt his moral instruction to the cure of his defects. Yet this is expected, and more: he is expected to correct, in a few months, perhaps, all the faults, all the bad habits, which boys may have acquired during the eight or ten previous years of their life.

Parents sometimes seem to consider a schoolmaster as a magician, who can accomplish every wish, however extravagant; who can confer every moral gift, and every intellectual talent.

Sending a boy to school is by such parents considered as a remedy for every evil. Is their boy indolent? Oh, send him to school, and he will become active. Is he headstrong? No matter, his temper will be cured at school. Is he bashful? He will become confident enough at a public school. Is he selfish? He will become generous. Is he cowardly? He will become brave. Above all, he will learn to be *manly*; every boy becomes manly at school. But he has no habits of application, order, or truth. No matter, he will learn them all when he goes to school; it is his master's business to teach him these. He does not know, perhaps, how to write, or to read, or to spell, or to speak his mother tongue correctly. But it is his schoolmaster's business to teach him: why should he be teased with these things at home? His parents may indulge him and spoil him as much as they please; it is the business of that devoted being, of that martyr, a schoolmaster, to do and to suffer all that parents themselves cannot do or suffer. Without pleading in his favour (for who would undertake so unpopular a cause?), it may be prudent, on the part of parents, to consider whether, if their sons afterward should disappoint their expectations, should turn out blockheads or spendthrifts, should throw away their fortunes at the gaming table, or their lives in disgraceful connexions or ill-assorted marriages, should make their hearts ache for many a long year, and bring their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, it would be a sufficient consolation, or quieting to their conscience, to throw the blame upon the negligence of the schoolmaster, and the vices of our public institutions.

It is the object of the present little book not only to contribute to the amusement and advantage of children, but to point out by what means every father, and still more, every mother, may, by care in the previous education of their children at home, guard in a great measure against the danger which they fear at school; and by what means they may give to their boys the greatest chance of securing every advantage to be hoped from public education.

The following pages contain the history of Frank from seven years old, where we left him, till between ten and eleven. From the time his father determined to send him to a public school, this preparatory education appears to commence.

It is by no means presumed that the course here followed is the best, or the only course possible. A thousand different roads may be taken that will lead to the same end. Provided that the great object be kept steadily in view, every one may please himself in the choice of a path.

The great object is to give your son good principles, and to teach him to abide by his resolutions. It is a mistake to suppose that resolution can be exercised only upon great occasions, or in matters of consequence. The habit of self-control can be formed by daily gradual exercise in early childhood; and it is by attention to this that a fond and judicious mother may prepare her child with resolution to resist all the new temptations which may occur when he shall leave her guardian care. This is to be done, not by teasing him with admonition upon every slight occasion, but by inspiring in his own mind the wish to control himself.

Usually, the first ambition of a schoolboy is to be thought manly. *Manly!* How many boys and men have been destroyed by the false ideas annexed to this word! Folly, frolic, extravagance, passion, violence, brutality, every excess, every vice, seek shelter from infamy, and too often find it, under this imposing word. Thousands of fine boys, the finest, of the highest spirit, of the best talent, the most generous disposition, have been ruined by their false conceptions of this single word. The first danger a boy has to encounter at a public school, is from this word manly. He hears that it is manly to do whatever is done by boys older and taller, not wiser, than himself. He is, in the first place,

laughed at for having been bred up at home ; ridiculed for all that he has been taught to think right at home ; taught that it is manly to throw off home restraint, and to resist home influence. Even while his affection for his friends remains undiminished, he is taught to be ashamed to show it ; and he is led to set at naught the opinion and advice of fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, because his schoolfellows call this being manly and independent. This first step in error leads necessarily to others more dangerous : first, he is afraid of being thought a child ; next, of being thought a milksop. First, the influence of parents, next, the control of masters, must be set at defiance ; then every sort of restraint, moral and religious, must be conquered : he must drink, he must game, he must get in debt, he must lie to conceal his debt from his parents, he must practise every species of falsehood and meanness, to do as others do, who call themselves *manly, independent, spirited*.

Parents, if you would prevent your sons from setting at naught your influence, if you would save your sons from destruction, moral and worldly, give them, before you send them to a public school, just ideas of what is, or ought to be, meant by a manly character. But can this be done so early ? Yes, it can. Mothers, when first you see the infant ambition to be manly break forth in your boys, smile upon it, encourage it, but mark that you guide it well. Your boy first shows himself eager to excel his companions in bodily strength and agility. He is proud to be able to walk, to run, to wrestle, to ride, better than boys a little older, or perhaps a little taller than himself, and you praise him for being manly ; and this is all well, provided it be not done in the mere spirit of imitation ; but if once you let that spirit rule, without reference to what is good in itself, you will repent it as surely as you and your children live. Teach your son the truth, that manly exercises are useful in themselves, as part of a manly character, but not the whole. Teach him that to be manly, strength of mind is still more essential than strength of body. Teach him that it is only the weak who require the support of numbers to prove to them that they are in the right. Teach your son that manly strength of character is shown in abiding by his conviction and his resolution ;

in defying ridicule, and in resisting all that is wrong in every shape.

High-sounding words, too high, it may perhaps be thought, for children to feel or understand. No; try them, and you will find that these sentiments are not above their comprehension. When once the infant thought has been touched with this noble feeling, this generous ambition, the main point of education is secure. Rest your hope, and his own hopes of himself, firmly on this desire and effort to improve. Do not wear out his sensibility of conscience by teaching that slight deviations are irreparable; for by this you will either make your boy despair of himself, or teach him to be a hypocrite.

Few can, or will, or ought, perhaps, to give up so much of their time and attention as Frank's father and mother did to their son. The details of what was done by them are given, not as models of imitation, but as modes of illustrating general principles: as hints, which the understanding and affection of parents will easily apply in varying circumstances. It is impossible to mark the differences without knowing each peculiar case. All that can be done is to give the example of a child who probably resembles in the principal points a large proportion of boys of his age.

It will be observed by those who were formerly acquainted with Frank, and who are kind enough to retain any recollection of his early history, that he is become, we will not say more conceited, that is a harsh word, but more fond of praise than when we parted from him last. In this tendency to vanity he will be found, probably, to resemble most vivacious boys of his age, who have been educated as he unfortunately was, without any but female companions at home.

Some other faults have likewise broken out in him, which are likely to be the result of *anxious* private education. There are two classes of parents to be considered; those who are too careless, and those who are too anxious. To the careless we have said enough, we hope, to arouse them to attention: but the fault of the present day is too much anxiety concerning details. Parents and private tutors are not only too eager to adopt every new receipt for teaching much in a short time, but are also too easily alarmed by every deficiency which they perceive in their pupils, and draw too readily

evil auguries from every trifle. They are so anxious to make their pupils go on, and go right, and go straight, every instant, that they deprive them of the power of acting, thinking, feeling for themselves. Thus they turn them either into helpless puppets, who must cease to move, or fall, when the guiding-strings are no longer pulled; or, if they be not reduced to this automaton state, they become restiff, wilful creatures, who, the instant they are at liberty, set off in a contrary direction to that in which they have been forced.

Frank's father and mother are not wholly free from this over anxiety, inseparable, perhaps, from tender parental affection; but it appears that they are conscious of its danger, and endeavour, as far as human nature will permit, to counteract its effects.

Their errors may, perhaps, be more useful to parents than all their sense or their exertions. In the chief points they can scarcely lead astray those who may most actively follow their example; nor is that example calculated to throw the most timid into despair. Without limiting to a particular course of lessons, they excite their boy to acquire that knowledge which it is most necessary for him to attain before he goes to school; and as to the rest, they are content with inspiring him with that general love of literature, which they know will make him continue to read and improve himself when he is left to his own guidance. Without too rigid morality, they uniformly press the great principles of right and wrong, and endeavour to educate a conscience that shall neither be too tender nor too callous. They try by all means to give Frank self-control and self-command; knowing that if he obtain these he will have the best chance of being able to resist temptation, in whatever circumstances he may be placed; and they leave much to a large chapter, which has been forgotten in most modern systems of education—the chapter of accidents.

All this can surely be done by every parent who really wishes it, and without any pedantry of system, or apparatus of discipline and masters: as the most classically eloquent of modern moralists has observed, in a comprehensive essay on the question of "What is Education?"

"It is not necessary to devote to the education of one child the talents and the time of a number of grown

men, to surround him with an artificial world, and to counteract by maxims the natural tendencies of the situation he is placed in in society. Every one has time to educate his child; the poor man educates him while working in his cottage, the man of business while employed in his counting-house."

"Do we see a father who is diligent in his profession, domestic in his habits, whose house is the resort of well-informed, intelligent people; a mother whose time is usefully filled, whose attention to her duties secures esteem, and whose amiable manners attract affection? Do not be solicitous, respectable couple, about the moral education of your offspring. Do not be uneasy because you cannot surround them with the apparatus of books and systems, or fancy you must retire from the world to devote yourself to their improvement. In *your* world they are brought up much better than they could be under any plan of factitious education which you could provide for them: they will imbibe affection from your caresses, taste from your conversation, urbanity from the commerce of your society, and mutual love from your example."

F R A N K .

"Look, my dear Mary, look what my father has given us," cried Frank, as he came into the room, carrying a basket, which was full and heavy.

"What is in it?" said Mary, eagerly taking off the top of the basket. "Only little bricks!" said she, disappointed.

"Do not you like little bricks?" said Frank.

"I do; but from your great joy I expected something else—something new. You know we have had little bricks ever since the month after I first came here, and that is now above a year ago."

"But these are much better than what we had before; look, these are of wood, and they will not break; the corners will not chip off as our plaster of Paris bricks did; and these will not whiten or dirty our clothes, or the carpet, or the furniture; besides, we can build a great deal better with these than with our old bricks, because these are heavier."

"What heavy bricks!" said Mary, taking one in each hand; "of what wood are they made?"

Frank told her, as his father had told him, that they are made of a wood called lignum vitæ; he showed her that they were all exactly of the same size; and he told her that his father had made some of them himself, to show the carpenter how to finish them carefully: they were all made in the proportion of real bricks, so that the houses constructed with them might be built in the same manner as real buildings of real bricks.

"And now, Mary, what shall we do first? I have thought of a great many things. I should like to build one of the London bridges, of which we have a print; or Westminster Abbey, or York or Lichfield Cathedral, or a Roman triumphal arch, or the ruins of Kenilworth Castle."

"Kenilworth Castle pray let us begin with," said Mary, who had seen the print of Kenilworth, at which everybody in the house had lately been looking.

"Mamma," said Frank, "will you be so good as to lend

us the print and the plan of Kenilworth which you have in the great portfolio? We will take a great deal of care of them; and we can build our castle in the bow-window, where we shall be quite out of the way, and how happy we shall be this rainy morning, though we cannot go out!"

His mother lent the print and the plan to Frank, desiring him at the same time to take care not to spoil them. She said that he might consult them as they lay upon the table, but that he must not have them upon the floor.

As soon as they looked at the plan Mary said it was too difficult, and advised him to begin with something that would be easier to imitate than these ruins. But he set to work on the plan of Kenilworth. He built up and he pulled down, and he measured and made mistakes, and he set Mary to lay out one part while he was busy at another: but Mary did not succeed in her part, and she said she did not think Frank's tower looked like the tower in the print. Frank proved, as well as rule, and compasses, and figures could prove it, that all that he had done was quite right, and he showed Mary where hers was wrong; however, as she found it too difficult, and as she was tired of not succeeding, he good-naturedly swept away his tower, and said he would do any thing else which Mary might like better. Mary was pleased by his good-nature, and he helped her to build her favourite transparent round tower, which is easily constructed, merely by leaving the thickness of one brick between each that is laid on. This tower was raised to a height above that of any edifice which these little architects had ever before erected; and when it was accomplished, Frank's mother turned to look at it, and admired it as much as could be reasonably expected. Mary next assisted Frank in building his triumphal Roman arch, which he endeavoured to form by making one brick project beyond another till they met over the open space, so that the inside of the curve or arch resembled a flight of steps upside down; but, before it could be finished, bricks were wanting, and no resource remained but to pull down Mary's tower. To this, with good-humour, she consented, and supplied him with bricks from its ruins so fast, that he said that she was now an excellent *straw-man*.

"My dear Frank," said Mary, "how happy we always

are now; we play together without the disputes we used to have. Do you remember that melancholy month, when we were separated every time we quarrelled? Oh that was a miserable time!"

"It was indeed," said Frank; "but it was well for us, because it cured us at last of disputing; and now, when you feel a little impatient, you stop yourself in time, Mary, my dear."

"Yes," said Mary; "and Frank, my dear, whenever you are going to be angry, you stop yourself too. Now you give up a little and I give up a little."

"Hush! my dear," said Frank, "for I am just going to join together the two sides of my arch, you see."

"Very well indeed," said Mary, who had remained quite still and silent until the last brick was placed. "And now, Frank, you will acknowledge that I have done more for you than you did for me this morning: because, when you bid me hush, I hushed; but when I was in my great difficulties, trying to make out that plan of Kenilworth Castle, you went on talking so fast to me that I could not mind what I was about, and that was the cause of all—no, I don't say *all*, but of a great many of the mistakes that I made."

"But why did not you ask me not to speak," said Frank? "How could I imagine that you did not like to hear me talk when you did not tell me so?"

"I was afraid you would be angry if I said hush," replied Mary.

"But that was foolish of you; I am sure I am never angry *now*, am I?" said Frank.

"Not often," replied Mary; "but I cannot say that you are *never* angry, my dear Frank."

"When was I angry last? I do not remember," said Frank.

"I do," said Mary; "but I do not like to put you in mind of it."

"I recollect, Mary, the last time when you were angry, and *that* was yesterday," said Frank.

"Oh no, I was not angry, I was only a little, a very little impatient," said Mary.

"Well, but if I allow that for you, Mary," said Frank, "you must allow the same for me. You must not say that I was angry."

"Perhaps I should not say *angry* quite, but very near being angry," replied Mary.

"That is quite a different affair," said Frank; "no matter how near I am; if I command myself I have the greater merit."

"Maybe so," said Mary; "but I do not know what good, or merit, as you call it, there is in being very nearly angry. Now let us ask mamma."

"Mamma, which do you think is most apt to be angry?" cried they both together, going before the table at which she was writing; their eyes sparkling and their cheeks crimson.

"My dear children," said Frank's mother, "I have heard the word *angry* too often within these last five minutes. Compare yourselves with what you have been, and observe as much as you please whether you improve or not; that will be better than disputing about which is the most or the least apt to be impatient—a point which neither of you can decide, because you cannot see into each other's minds; but you may both observe what passes in your own."

"Yes, and I can govern my own too," said Frank, proudly.

"And so can I," said Mary. "Well, what shall we do next, Frank?"

Frank proposed building, with what remained of the bricks of Mary's tower, a flight of winding stairs, like one of which they had a print. At this they worked very happily; but before they had finished it a carriage drove to the door.

"Who is it?" said Frank and Mary, looking out of the window.

It was a lady whom they had never before seen, who had but lately come to live in the neighbourhood. Upon the barouche-seat of the carriage, by the side of the coachman, there sat a little boy, who looked rather taller and older than Frank. This boy did not get down, though it rained. He sat still, kicking his heels against the foot-board, and playing with the coachman's whip, while the coachman held an umbrella over his head.

After the lady had been a little while in the room, Frank, watching for a time when neither she nor his mother was talking, went to his mother and whispered,

"There is a little boy sitting on the barouche-seat of that carriage: it is raining very hard, mamma, shall I go and ask him to come in?"

The lady heard what Frank whispered, and she thanked him; but said her son was so shy that she often could not prevail upon him to come into a room where he expected to see strangers.

"And besides," said she, "Tom is so fond of being with the coachman and the horses, and of having a whip in his hand, *making believe* to drive, that I assure you he would rather sit there in the rain from morning till night than do any thing else in the world; and as these are his holydays, I let him have his own way, and do just what he pleases. You know boys, ma'am, are kept strictly enough at school with their lessons and their masters."

Soon afterward the boy touched the horses with the coachman's whip, which made one of them start and rear; upon which the lady, alarmed, ran to the window, beckoned to her son, and desired him to get down and come in immediately. Very unwillingly he obeyed. He then came into the room, looking ashamed or sulky, and setting his back against one side of the chimney-piece, he scarcely answered any thing that was said to him.

However, when something to eat was brought into the room, he recovered a little. Frank's mother desired him to help the stranger to whatever he liked; and Frank did so without giving him the trouble to say more than "yes" or "no." After they had finished eating, the boy let Frank lead him away to the bow-window where Mary and he had been playing; and Frank, pointing to his little bricks, asked if he had any such as those?

"Not I," answered Tom; "at school we have other fish to fry."

"Fish to fry!" thought Mary; "what can that mean?"

"But in the holydays," said Frank, "should not you like such bricks?"

"Not I," said Tom; "they're baby bricks, fit for girl's play."

Frank, colouring a little, said his father thought they were very useful, and he began to explain the uses that could be made of them. But the boy, knotting a whip which he held in his hand, said he knew nothing of such things, and he did not like them.

"Perhaps you like prints," said Mary; "here are some very pretty prints in this portfolio; will you look at them?"

"No," Tom said; he thought prints were great *bores*.

"*Great bores!*" repeated Mary.

"Yes, especially in the holydays," said Tom, "horrid bores."

"What can he mean by horrid bores?" said Mary to Frank.

"Hush! my dear," said Frank.

"Not know what a *bore* means; why what *quizzes* you would be thought at school!"

Mary, ashamed to ask what was meant by *quizzes*, or to confess that she did not know, was silent for some moments, but then said, "I shall never go to school, I believe, but Frank will; some time or other."

"Do you like going to school?" said Frank to the boy.

"No," said Tom; "who does?"

"Why don't you like it?" said Frank.

"I don't know," said Tom, turning half away; "because I don't."

Another silence: but Mary, who was curious to hear more, asked Tom how old he was when he first went to school?

"About nine years old," said Tom.

"And how old are you now?"

"I shall be eleven next October," said Tom.

"And Frank will be ten next July," said Mary; "and I suppose he will go to school then."

"Then let him take care he gets the Latin grammar well first, or he'll get finely flogged."

Mary and Frank looked at each other. Frank looked very serious, and Mary rather dismal.

"How glad you must be when you come home at the holydays!" said Frank.

"Only I have no horse yet," said Tom.

"Have you books at your home?" said Frank.

"No," replied Tom, looking very grave in his turn.

"Then," said Mary, "we can lend you some of *ours*."

She and Frank ran to their little bookcase, beckoning him to follow; but as he did not stir, they brought several of what they thought their most entertaining books, and spread them on the table before him, asking him if he had read this, or that, and expressing some surprise when he answered "No" to every book they showed him, or of which they read the title. After every "No," Mary repeated—"Not read *that*! Frank

has read that." And Frank always added, "We will lend it to you if you wish for it." To which Tom made no answer till a pile of these offered volumes was built up opposite to him, and Mary prepared to wrap them up for him in brown paper. He then looked frightened, and pushing them from him, muttered, "Thank you for nothing, said the gallipot."

Mary, with the brown paper half unrolled, and Frank, with the packthread in his hand, stood surprised and puzzled. Mary at last repeated the words, "*said the gallipot.*"

"There's no talking to you—you don't understand a word one says," said Tom; "but that's not surprising for a girl; and boys that have never been at school know no better."

"Do you mean that you do not like to have these books?" said Frank.

"No, I have enough of books at school," replied Tom.

"Then we will put ours by again," said Mary; and she did so.

"What do you read at school?" asked Frank.

"Latin," said Tom.

"What, Latin books?" said Frank.

"I am in Virgil," said Tom.

Frank looked up at him with a respectful air. "And what else?" said he, timidly.

"Virgil's enough," replied Tom; "I read but one book at a time."

"But what English books do you read?"

"English!—our class don't read English. We read nothing but Latin."

"Do you read nothing but Latin?" said Frank and Mary, looking at him with a mixture of astonishment and admiration; "nothing but Latin!"

"And enough, and too much too," said Tom, "as you'll know," added he, nodding at Frank, "next year, when you go to school."

Frank and Mary continued silent, pondering upon this for some minutes. Frank began to think again very seriously about school and the Latin grammar, and about reading nothing but Latin. Mary was tired of the silence of her two companions, and began to listen to what the lady and Frank's mamma were saying. They were talking of some new book or story called "The Vampire."

"After all, ma'am," said the lady, "what shocking stories they do tell of those vampire bats sucking the blood of people when they are asleep! But," added she, looking at Mary and observing that she was listening, "little pitchers have long ears; one should not mention such things before children. But that little lady of yours need not be frightened about the vampire, as so many silly children have been by this tale; because I am clear, you know, ma'am, there's not any truth in these stories."

"Yes, so I think," said Mary, looking and speaking so composedly that the lady could not help smiling at her "quiet decision," as she called it, and added, "One would imagine she knew a great deal about vampire bats. What do you know about them, my dear?"

"I only know—I know *only* what Frank told me;—what you read to me, Frank, in this book," said Mary, taking up one of the little volumes which lay upon the table. "Here it is—I know the place—I have it. Frank, will you read it?" said she, putting the book into his hand and pointing to the passage. Frank looked as if he waited to know whether the lady wished to hear or not.

"Oh yes, pray do read it, Master Frank," said the lady; "I am sure I shall like to hear it of all things."

Frank began with the description of this bat, and then read as follows:—

"In the autumn of 1810, I had for a short time a living vampire bat, of a large size, from the East Indies; and, contrary to what has been asserted, found it a most inoffensive, harmless, entertaining creature; it refused animal food, but fed plentifully on succulent' (or nourishing) 'fruits, preferring figs and pears; it licked the hand that presented them, seeming delighted with the caresses of the person who fed it, playing with them in the manner of a young kitten; it was fond of white wine, of which it took half a glass at a time, lapping it like a cat. This had an evident effect on its spirits; it then became extremely frolicsome and diverting, but never once attempted to bite. It slept suspended, with its head downwards, wrapping its satin-like wings round its body in the form of a mantle. I several times permitted it to enclose the end of my finger in its mouth, for the purpose of observing if it would attempt to draw blood; but not the slightest indication' (or sign) 'of such

intention appeared; and I have strong reason to doubt the stories related so greatly to its disadvantage.”

“Thank you, sir,” said the lady, when Frank finished reading. “A charming anecdote, and charmingly read.”

Mary looked delighted as the lady said these words, but Frank looked down, and seemed ashamed; perhaps he had some recollection of the flattering lady, who, when he was a very little boy, had first praised him for his reading, and laughed at him afterward.

“I am sure,” continued the lady, “I wish my Tom, there, could read half a quarter as well; and he is, I dare say, a year older than Master Frank. Tom stumbles at every word of four syllables, even in the common newspaper. Really, ma’am, English reading, and writing, and spelling, altogether, are shamefully neglected at his school here in the country: I must speak about it.”

“If you speak ever so much, mother,” cried Tom, suddenly bursting out with a loud voice, “the masters cannot do it now, because of getting me on with Latin. English and *them things* should be taught at home, they say, before one goes to school, for there’s no time after, when one’s getting from form to form, and fitting for Westminster or Eton! and then we must get on to Oxford or Cambridge,” added he, nodding his head and slashing his whip.

Frank and Mary held their breath from astonishment at this speech, and at the manner in which it was spoken. Tom’s mother seemed a little ashamed of the manner, and perhaps to turn off attention from her son, she addressed herself to Mary. “Pray, my dear little lady,” said she, “what is that entertaining book in which you found that charming vampire bat?”

Mary said she believed it was an account of the curiosities in a museum. The little book had a long title, but Frank could write it.

Frank wrote it, and took care to spell every word rightly, and some were rather difficult.

“The Catalogue of Bullock’s Museum,” said the lady, reading the title. “Tom, you have seen Bullock’s Museum.”

“Yes,” said Tom, “and might have got the catalogue at the door if I’d wanted it.”

“Oh, Frank!” cried Mary, “he has seen Bullock’s Museum. Do you think he has seen the bird of Para-

the, and the beautiful little hummingbird, which feeds its young with honey from its own tongue."

"And the great snake, the boa," said Frank, "did you see the boa?"

To these and many other questions, which Frank and Mary asked, as it must be owned, very rapidly, Tom made no answer. He was quite dumb, not even vouchsafing his usual monosyllables, yes or no. Frank and Mary began to describe the animals for which they inquired, but he turned away abruptly.

"I don't remember any thing about it, but that we paid a shilling at the door," said he; and he added, muttering, as he went off to the window, "I went to Bullock's for my diversion, and not to get them by heart. I wonder when they'll bring the carriage to the door."

"Oh Tom! that is very silly—this is quite rude," said his mother; "but schoolboys do grow such shy, strange creatures sometimes; the masters at those schools should pay more attention to their manners."

The lady endeavoured to make amends for her son's rudeness by her admiration of Frank and Mary. Frank at first had been ashamed of her praises of his reading; but when he heard her regret so bitterly that her son could not read *half a quarter so well*, he pitied her, and believed in her sincerity; and when she now rose, and came to admire his triumphal arch, he could not help being pleased with her, and with himself, and he could not refrain from showing her a little more of his knowledge. He asked if she knew which was the key-stone, and which were the buttments of the arch.

"How glad I should be," said she, "to know all these things, and to be able to teach them to my poor Tom!"

"Ma'am," cried little Mary, "Frank could tell them all to him, as he told them to me, and a great deal more. Frank knows—"

"My dear Mary," said Frank, "don't tell all I know."

"Oh, pray let her, pray do," said the lady.

"Mary," said her mother, "put by these prints."

"Yes, mamma; but first, in this print, ma'am," persisted Mary, returning to the lady, who seemed to desire so much to be taught, "here are a great number of things you would like to see, and that Frank knows: here are all these pillars—all the orders of architecture."

Frank could resist no longer, and quite forgetting his

modesty and his fear of flattery, and without observing his mother's grave look, he went on with "Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, Composite." Encouraged by Mary's sympathy, and by the lady's exclamations of delight, he showed off his whole stock of learning between the time when the bell had been rung for the carriage and when it arrived at the door.

"Here's Jack, mother: here's our carriage, ma'am," cried Tom; and, as he passed, whether on purpose or by accident cannot be known, he threw down, with one stroke of his whip, Frank's triumphal arch.

The moment they were out of the room, scarcely was the door shut, when Mary and Frank, both at once, began to express their opinions in no gentle terms of Master Tom.

"What a very disagreeable creature; what a shockingly stupid, ignorant boy," said Frank.

"What a very ill-humoured, horribly ill-mannered boy," said Mary.

"Gently, gently," said his mother, "lest I should think you ~~horribly~~ ill-natured."

"But, mamma, ~~how~~ you like a boy," said Mary, "who is neither sensible, nor well-bred, nor good-natured, nor good-tempered?"

"No, my dear; did I say that I liked him?"

"Then I do not understand you, mamma. You are just of the same opinion as we are, and yet—"

"And yet I do not express it so violently."

"I acknowledge I was wrong to say he was *horribly* ill-natured. But I cannot help thinking he is shockingly stupid. My dear mamma, only think of his not remembering the hummingbird, or the vampire bat, or any one thing he saw at the museum," said Mary.

"And think of his not having read any one of all the books we have read," said Frank, "and not wishing for any of them when we offered to lend them."

"Yes, mamma, only consider that he is a year older than Frank."

"Almost," said Frank.

"And half a head taller," said Mary; "yet Frank knows so much more than he does, and reads so much better: even his mother said so, indeed, mamma."

"I do not doubt it, Mary."

"But you do not seem glad of it, mamma; I do not quite understand why."

"My dear, I am glad that Frank knows how to read, and to read well for a boy of his age; but I need not be glad to find that another boy reads ill."

"No," said Frank, "that would be ill-natured; besides, his poor mother is so sorry for it."

"There was some truth, was there not, mamma," continued Mary, "in what the boy said, though he said it very disagreeably, that his mother ought to have taught him to read well, and write, and spell, before this time."

"I am much obliged to you, my dear mother," said Frank, "for having taught me all these things; particularly if what that boy said be true, that there is no time at school for learning such things afterward. Is this true, mamma?"

"It may be true in this instance; but we must not judge of all schools by one, nor of any school by what one boy says of it."

"Whenever Frank goes to school, mamma, his school-fellows and everybody will see that he has been taught something—a great deal too," said Mary.

"Something, but not a great deal," said his mother. "What appears to you a great deal, compared with an unfortunate boy who has not been taught any thing, will appear very little, compared with others who have learned a great deal."

"That is true, I suppose," said Mary.

"That is true, certainly," said Frank.

"But, mamma, do not you think," resumed he, "that Tom's mother will directly set about and try to teach him all those things which I taught her—I mean all the things she said I knew so much better than her son, and that she would give the world if he knew as well as I do!—Why do you smile, mamma?"

A sudden thought, a sudden light seemed to come across Frank's mind at this moment; his countenance changed, his look of self-satisfaction vanished; and in a tone of mortification and vexation he exclaimed, "Perhaps that woman was laughing at me all the while! O mother, O Mary, what a fool I have been!"

Frank hid his face in his hands.

"My dear, dear Frank," said Mary, going to comfort him, "I am very sorry I asked you to tell her all you knew. But, mamma, it is that foolish mother's fault if she laughs at Frank. Why should he blame himself?"

Was not he very good to tell her what would be of so much use to her stupid Tom? Was not Frank good-natured, mamma?"

"No, no," said Frank, "I did not do it from good-nature to the boy, I forgot him; I wanted to show his mother how much I knew. Now I am sure that woman is laughing at me, and that boy too is, I dare say, laughing at me at this instant; that is the worst of it."

"No," said his mother, "I do not think *that* is the worst of it. It is of little consequence to you what that lady or that boy thinks of you, since she is, as you say, but a foolish woman, and the boy but a stupid boy; and you may perhaps never see them again in your life."

"I hope that I never may," said Frank. "Mamma, I am provoked with myself. I thought after what happened, mamma, about the flattering lady, long ago, I was cured for life of loving flattery."

"My dear boy," said his mother, "that was too much to expect from one lesson. You will find this love of flattery returning upon you as long as you have any vanity."

"And how long shall I have any vanity, do you think, ma'am?"

"As long as you are a human creature, I am afraid, my dear, you will have some vanity; but watch over it, and you will conquer it, so far as to prevent it from making a fool of you."

"I will try to conquer it," said Frank. "But, mamma," continued he, after a pause, during which he seemed to be thinking very deeply, "if I really see that I am better, or know more, than other people—I mean than other boys of my age—how can I help being pleased with myself? And is this to be called vanity?"

"That depends upon whether you are or are not too much pleased with yourself, and whether you do or do not overvalue yourself. Even that boy, Mary, whom you think *shockingly* stupid, may be superior to Frank in some things."

"Perhaps so," said Mary, doubtfully.

"Certainly, in Latin," said Frank; "for he said he was reading Virgil, and you know that I have not yet learned the Latin grammar. I will try to improve myself in Latin before I go to school; because, if even this boy knows so much more than I do, I suppose I shall find almost every boy at school knows more of Latin than I do."

"That is very likely my dear," said his mother.

"Well then," said Frank, "there is no danger of my being vain, mamma, when I go to school, and see other boys cleverer than myself."

"True, my dear ; that is one great advantage of going to a public school ; you will live with a number of boys of your own age ; you will be compared with them, and you will then find what you really do know and what you do not know. We are never so vain of that which we are certain we know well as that of which we are doubtful."

"I have observed that of myself, mamma," said Frank. "Even this morning I did not feel vain of my reading, because I ~~was~~ quite sure I could read, and I did not want to *show that off*."

"When you go to school," said Mary, "take care to talk always of the things you know quite well, and of those things only, that you may not be laughed at."

"And, if you will take my advice, Frank," said his mother, "even of the things you know, talk only to those who want to hear of them, and then your companions will like you."

"I should be very sorry to be disliked by my school-fellows," said Frank.

"Disliked! Oh, it is impossible that they should dislike Frank, he is so good-natured," said Mary. "Mamma, I hope he will not go to school this great while. When will he go, mamma?"

"In about a year and a half," said his mother.

"Then we need not think about it now," said Mary ; "a year and a half is such an immense time!"

"In that year and a half I shall have plenty of time," said Frank, "to *learn* the Latin grammar, that I may not be finely flogged, as the boy said, when I go to school ; and in a year and a half I shall have time enough to cure myself of my vanity, mamma, and of all my faults."

"Mamma, except vanity, what are Frank's faults?" said Mary. "I did not know he had any."

"Oh, my dear, I must have some ; but, except vanity, what faults have I, mamma ! Will you tell them to me all?"

"Cure that one first, my dear," said his mother ; "and then I will try and find another for you."

"If you can, ma'am," said Mary ; "in the meantime

I will put by his triumphal arch; and let us go out, now it has done raining, and let us have a good race."

"Ay," said Frank, "for do you remember that boy asked whether I could run, mamma. He said that he never knew a boy bred up at home that could run. Now, I dare to say that I can run as well as he can, and"—*better* he would have said, but checking himself, he added, "I will not say what I was going to say, lest some people should call it vanity, but it is very true notwithstanding."

IN pursuance of his good resolution to learn the Latin grammar before he went to school, Frank said he would get up at six o'clock the next morning to learn his lesson. Unluckily, he overslept himself, and dreamed that he was getting up and dressing, till he was wakened by his cuckoo clock striking nine. It was now, as he thought, too late to do much, but he dressed himself as fast as he could, and he learned the first declension, and said it that day to his father without missing one word. The next day and many succeeding days he learned an example of one of the declensions, which he said with equal success; and his father having explained to him the three degrees of comparison, he went through with them superlatively well.

"But oh! Mary," said Frank "what comes next? All these verbs! And," said he, sighing, "when I come to this what shall I do? I will read it to you, Mary, and understand it if you can.

"The subjunctive mood differs not in form from the potential, but is always rendered into English as if it were the indicative; it is subjoined to another verb going before it in the sentence, and has therefore some conjunction or definite word joined to it; as, *eram miser cum amarem*, I was a wretch when I loved."

"No," said Frank, interrupting himself, "he should say, 'I was a wretch when I learned the Latin grammar.'"

"I do not understand this grammar at all," said Mary.

"It is very hard to understand, indeed," said Frank.

"I did not know that Latin grammar was so difficult," said Mary. "Very different from English grammar, at least as papa taught it to us."

"That was easy work, indeed," said Frank: "after

my father had once explained to us what is meant by a verb, and a noun, and a pronoun, and a noun substantive, and a noun adjective, I remember that I understood them all, and found out the verb, noun, and adjective in the first sentence he spoke."

"Yes," said Mary, "I remember the first sentence was, '*Frank, shut the green door.*'"

"Ay, fine easy work," said Frank; "but listen to this."

"Of verbs ending in *o*, some are actives transitive, when the action of it passes on the noun following."

Mary groaned.

"All you can do is to learn it by rote without understanding it," said she.

"But it is so difficult to learn by heart what one does not understand," said Frank, "especially as I have never been used to it."

"It seems to me very difficult even to read this grammar," said Mary, looking at its pale, ill-printed pages.

"Yes, my dear, it really is; with all these italics too, and all these strange words, *thereto, behooveth, deponent, transitive*, words that are never met with anywhere but in the Latin grammar. I assure you, Mary, I find it difficult, even I, who read so easily in general."

Frank's lesson was not well learned this day; the next it was worse, and the next worse again. The grammar, as he said, grew more and more difficult; or, as his father said, he took less and less pains, and his father was not pleased with him. Then Frank told his mother that he began to dislike the Latin grammar exceedingly, and that he did not know why he should go on learning it.

"Do you forget, my dear Frank," said Mary, "what that boy said—'You will be flogged when you go to school if you do not know the Latin grammar?'"

"Is that true, mamma?" said Frank; "but here is papa, just come in from riding; I will ask him, because he has been at school himself, and he knows."

His father assured him that at the school to which he went, flogging had been the constant punishment for those who did not know their Latin lessons; and he believed, he said, that this continued to be the case at most schools in England.

"In most schools, papa, but not in all; then I hope you will be so kind as to send me to a school where I shall not be flogged."

"But even if you are not ~~logged~~, you will be punished in some other way, if you do not learn the Latin grammar."

"Papa," said Frank, "in general I understand the use of the things you desire me to learn, but I do not know the use of this Latin grammar."

"Nor can I explain it to you till you have learned more of the language," answered his father. "But I assure you that it is necessary to know it, that you may understand Latin."

"And why must I understand Latin, papa?"

"You do not know enough yet, my dear Frank," answered his father, "to understand all the reasons; but some of them I can explain to you—many entertaining and instructive books are written in that language."

"But, papa," interrupted Frank, "are not there translations of those books?"

"Of some there are, but there is much greater pleasure in reading them in the original language in which they were written."

"But suppose I should live without that pleasure, papa," said Frank; "many men do, do not they? and almost all women. I think I could go on without it, though I am a man."

"Perhaps, though you are a man, as you say, Frank, that you could, if you were not a gentleman; but it is thought a necessary part of a gentleman's education that he should understand Latin."

Frank sighed.

"And Greek too, in these countries," continued his father.

Frank sighed again. "Cannot that be altered, papa?"

"Certainly not by you, or by your sighs, Frank," said his father. "In our country a man cannot be of any of what are called the liberal professions; he cannot be a lawyer, or a physician, or a clergyman; and now, indeed, he cannot well be an officer either in the army or navy, without understanding Latin. The thing is so, my boy; make the best of your time now, and when you grow up to be a man you will feel the advantage of what you now learn."

"But it will be a great while before I shall be a man," said Frank. "I need not learn the Latin grammar yet."

"You will very soon be a schoolboy, and then you will feel the advantage of having learned it."

"Remember! Remember!" said Mary, in a tone of warning.

"Yes, I remember; but it is very disagreeable, Mary, to learn any thing only to avoid a flogging."

"And very disagreeable the other way," said Mary, "very disagreeable, I should think, to have a flogging."

"Papa," said Frank, "there is one other question I should like to ask if it would not be wrong."

"It cannot be wrong for you, Frank, to ask me any question; if I do not think proper to answer it I shall tell you so; only make haste, because I cannot stand here talking or listening to you, my dear, all day."

"Only one minute more, papa. Why cannot you be so very good, papa, as to teach me Latin yourself; if you would, I should work hard at the Latin grammar, and I should take more pains than I would to avoid a flogging. You need not smile and shake your head, papa; only try me, you will see that I shall keep my promise."

"I do not doubt that you would endeavour to keep it, Frank," said his father, "but I must send you to school. I cannot tell you all my reasons, but one of them you shall know; I am obliged, next year, to leave England, on some public business."

"How very unlucky for me that public business is!" said Frank.

"Perhaps not unlucky for you, Frank. Even if I were not engaged in this business, I think I should send you to school. You have no brother at home, no companion of your own age."

Mary looked up earnestly. "Oh, papa, I am only a very little younger."

"But you are a girl, my dear," said he, "and a very obliging, gentle little girl; he would grow effeminate if he lived only with gentle girls and women. He must be roughed about among boys, or he will never be a man, and able to live among men. He is too much an object of our constant attention at home, and he would learn to think himself of too much consequence."

Frank said he would not think himself of too much consequence. He assured his father he would cure himself of vanity, if he would but be so kind as not to send him to school, or at least to send him only during the

time he was obliged to be absent from England. Frank could not conceive, he said, what harm it could do him to be an object of his father's and mother's constant attention. He observed that he had heard everybody say (even that foolish mother) how fortunate it was for him that he had parents who had taught him so much, and who had given so much attention to him.

His father replied that it was impossible that Frank could judge upon this point what was best for himself; therefore, after having given him his reasons, as far as Frank could understand them, he said he must submit to the decision of his parents. Frank was sorry for it, but he resolved to make the best of it; and Frank thanked his father for having stayed to talk to him, and to explain his reasons.

"Now that I am convinced that it is necessary that I should learn Latin, I shall set about it in earnest; and I am sure that I shall do it," said Frank.

His father, who was going out of the room as Frank said this, looked back, and observed, that even when boys are convinced that a thing is necessary to be done, they have not always resolution to do it when it is disagreeable. Frank thought that he was an exception to this general rule.

Upon the strength of his desire to show that he had sufficient resolution, Frank got through the pronouns and their declensions; also, with the assistance of his mother's repeatedly hearing him, he accomplished learning an example of the first conjugation of verbs active in *o*. In the second conjugation he found some tenses so easy, that he thought he could say them without taking pains to learn them. The consequence of his not taking pains was, that when he went to his father to say this lesson, the book was returned to him three times. His resolution weakened by degrees. Though convinced that he must at some time learn the Latin grammar, he did not see why he should learn it before he went to school. In short, the idea of the flogging at some months distance, or the shame that he might then be made to feel, was not sufficient to make him resist the present pleasure of running out to play with Mary, or building his house, or reading some entertaining story. Every morning he was in a hurry to get away from his Latin grammar, yet his haste seemed to make him slow. He did not fix his attention upon what he was doing;

that he was much longer about it than was necessary.

What he could have learned perfectly well by heart in ten minutes, he seldom knew tolerably at the end of an hour. Even though his poor mother, during that hour, complied at least ten times with his request, of—

"Will you let me say it now, mamma," or, "this once more, mother;" or, "I am sure I know it now, mamma; this time, I am quite certain I have it, ma'am."

No human patience, not even the patience of a mother, could bear this every day. She made a rule, that in future she would not hear him repeat his lesson to her more than three times any one morning. Then he went to Mary to beg of her to hear him. She held the book in her hand as often as he pleased, but she was not exact enough to be of much use. She did not attend to the ending of the verbs while he said them; and, indeed, he gabbled them sometimes so fast, that a more experienced ear than Mary's might have been puzzled. He became very careless. Mary one day said to him—

"My dear Frank, I know you will come to disgrace if you do not take care."

Mary was right; Frank's day of disgrace came at last.

It was May-day; it was a fine morning. Frank ran out early to his garden with Mary, to gather branches and flowers to ornament a bower, in which they intended to ask their father and mother to drink tea in the evening.

"But, Frank, be sure that you have your Latin lesson."

"Yes, yes," said Frank, "I learned it last night, and I shall have time to look it over before I say it to papa this morning."

"When will you look it over?" said Mary.

"When we go in," said Frank; "it is not seven o'clock yet."

But time passed quickly while they were gathering flowers and dressing their arbour. It was nine o'clock, and the breakfast-bell rang before they went in. Frank had not a moment's time to look over his verb.

It was *esse*, to be, indicative mood, present tense. Frank said over to himself, as he went along the passage to his father's room, *Sing. sum es est: plur. sumus estis*; but for *sunt* he was obliged to look in the book.

He felt sure that he had not his lesson perfectly well, and he was unwilling to open the door of his father's room. He was glad when he found that his father was gone down stairs. A gentleman had come to breakfast with him. "How lucky," thought Frank. No, it was most unfortunate in the end for him; because this sense of escape made him more careless.

After breakfast, his father went out to ride with the friend who had breakfasted with him; and his last words to Frank, as he left the breakfast-room, were, "Frank, I shall have time to hear you say your Latin verb when we return—when I am dressing before dinner. Take care that you learn it perfectly."

"Yes, papa," he replied, and he intended to go and learn it directly; he *only just* stayed to look at his father and the gentleman mounting their horses, and to see them go through the gate. Then he went to his mother's room, where Mary was soon settled at her work; and he stood with his Latin grammar in his hand. But, though his eyes were upon the book, and though his lips pronounced

Preterimperfect: eram, eras, erat; eramus, eratis, erant, his thoughts were upon a little horse, with a long tail, which he hoped his father would buy for him. Then recollecting himself, he went on to—

Preterperfect: fui, fuisti, fuit; fuimus, fuistis, fuerunt vel fuisse.

But, between this and the preterpluperfect, came a vision of a saddle and bridle. The idea of various pleasant rides he might take with his father disturbed him many times in his progress through the potential mood.

Mary had completely finished all her morning lessons before he came to the participle future in *rus*.

His mother was going out to plant some flowers in her garden. Before she went, she offered to hear Frank say his lesson. He tried to say it, but he made half a dozen mistakes; he was sure he should have it, however, before she returned.

Mary would not go out without him, and took up a book to amuse herself till he should be ready.

He went on, dividing his attention between his grammar, which lay upon a chair, and Mary, who sat at a table at some distance.

"*Imperative mood, present tense: sis, es, esto.* I cannot

conceive what is the matter with me this morning, that I cannot get this by heart. Mary, what's that beautiful book you have there?"

"Cowper's Poems," said Mary. "I am looking at the prints."

"*Plural, simus, sitis, este, estote.* What is this?" said he, looking over her. "'Verses, supposed to have been written by Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary abode in the island.' How very extraordinary! Do you know, my dear Mary, I was just thinking that I would play at Robinson Crusoe when I went out."

"Well, make haste, then, and come out," said Mary.

"*Simus, sitis, este, estote, sint, sunt.* But let me look at Robinson Crusoe's verses," said Frank; and he read them.

"I'm the monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre, all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute."

"My dear Frank, do get your lesson," interrupted Mary.

"Well, I am getting it," said Frank, running back to his book.

"*Potential mood: sim, sis, sit; simus, sitis, sint.*" Then again to the verses:—

"I am out of humanity's reach;
I must finish my journey alone;
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
I start at the sound of my own."

"*Preterimperfect: essem, esses, esset; essemus, essetis, essent.* What is that, Mary, about the death of a bullfinch, killed by a rat?"

"And Bully's cage, supported, stood,
On props of smoothest shaven wood,
Large built, and latticed well."

As Mary was curious to know what happened to Bully, she let him read on. And full a quarter of an hour was spent upon the dream that disturbed poor Bully's rest. Nor was it till he came to something about the bacchanalians, which they neither of them understood, that she begged him again to go to his lesson.

"*Preterpluperfect,*" said he, running back to the chair, and glancing his eye upon the book; "*fuissem, fuisses, fuisset; fuissemus, fuissetis, fuissent.*"

He did not look long enough to see that he should have said *fussent*.

"Now I have it really quite perfect," concluded he, "and I will say it the moment my mother comes in. What is this about a parrot?"

He turned over the book from one thing to another, reading bits here and there. "Oh, Mary! look at these lines *On the receipt of my mother's picture*."

"But what is this in prose?" said Mary, peeping between the leaves in another place, while Frank read on about "My Mother's Picture."

"What is this, Frank, about three hares; Puss, Tiney, and Bess?"

Frank turned to it, and began to read it with great delight. He had just come to the introduction of a hare to a spaniel that had never seen a spaniel, and of a spaniel to a hare that had never seen a hare, when his mother returned. She had come in on purpose to hear him say his lesson. But his head was so full of the hares, the parrot, the bullfinch, and "My Mother's Picture," that he could not get beyond the imperative mood. Ashamed, he took back the book, which his mother returned to him.

"What can you have been doing, Frank, all this time?" said she.

He told her what they had been reading; and indeed had a great mind to read the lines about "My Mother" over again to her. He assured her that if she would *only just* let him read them it would put them out of his head, and then he should be able to mind better his verb. She refused, however, to listen to his reading, and advised him to go away from these books and from Mary, and to learn his verb in his own room, where there was nothing to distract his attention.

"No, mamma, I think I had better learn it in the room with you, because you know it is right to be able to do things in the room with other people."

"If you can, Frank," said his mother. She desired Mary to go out. Mary went out; and his mother sat down to write a letter, telling Frank that when she had finished it she would hear his lesson again. He looked it over, and in a few minutes his book came across the paper on which she was writing.

"Be so good, mamma, as to hear me now."

"Frank, you cannot have learned it well in this time."

Look it over again; remember, this is the third and last time of my hearing it for you."

"Yes, ma'am, but I am sure I have it perfectly."

No such thing: he could not recollect the future tense. He grew very red; he was much provoked with himself and with his grammar. He looked out of the window to see what Mary was doing. She was lingering near the house, waiting for him. Soon he knocked at the window, and beckoned to her, and begged her to come in and hear him say his verb once more. The future tense was right this time; but he could not get through the imperative mood without many mistakes.

"Well, well, Mary," cried he, "that does not signify; I have it perfect all but that, and I shall remember it, I am sure, when I have been out and refreshed my memory."

"You had better look it over once more," argued Mary.

His mother gave him the same advice.

"And I will stay and hear you again," said Mary.

No; Frank now declared he was sure that saying it over and over so often to his mother and Mary only puzzled him, and that he could not learn it any better till after he had been out. As Mary was also eager to go to finish their bower, she did not urge her good advice farther, and out they went.

"Now, my dear," said Frank, "I will tell you my grand scheme, which has been running in my head all the morning. We must remove your bower to my Robinson Crusoe's island."

Mary in vain objected that it would take a great deal of time to remove the bower, and that she thought it was better where it was, in her garden, than in a desert island. Frank's heart was fixed upon this scheme. He assured her that it would soon be accomplished if she would help him, and work hard. She helped him, and they worked hard; and in two hours time the branches of hawthorn were dragged to Robinson Crusoe's island. The new bower was completed. Frank then returned to the house, intending to look over his verb again. But a new project occurred; he must have Robinson Crusoe's parrot in Robinson Crusoe's bower.

With some difficulty, and after a quarter of an hour spent in entreaty, he prevailed on the housekeeper to lend him her parrot, and to let him carry Poll, in its

cage, out to his desert island. And when, after many times changing its place, Poll was fixed in the best situation in the bower, Frank wanted to teach her to cry Robinson Crusoe, while Poll would say nothing but "*Good boy, Frank*;" a phrase which Frank had formerly taught her, with the help of many lumps of sugar. Many more were now spent in trying to make her change "*Good boy, Frank*," into "*Robinson Crusoe*"—in vain.

"Poll will say it to-morrow, perhaps," said Mary.

But Frank persisted that she must say it to-day, because it would surprise papa and mamma, and delight them so much when they came to drink tea here, in Robinson Crusoe's island.

"There! there!" exclaimed Mary; "did you hear that?"

"What?" said Frank.

"The dressing-bell."

"Impossible, my dear; it was only a bell in your ears."

Mary ran home to inquire whether she was right or wrong, and presently returned with the assurance that she was quite right. It was the dressing-bell; and she earnestly begged Frank would come in now and look over his lesson.

"This instant; only let me stay till Poll has said her lesson. She is just going to say it, I know by the look of her head, all on one side."

Poll sat mute; Frank presented his last bit of sugar, and commanded her to say Robinson Crusoe; she answered with her tiresome "*Good boy, Frank*." He suddenly withdrew the sugar, and she, pursuing it with her beak, sharply bit his finger. Provoked with the parrot, and not well pleased with himself, he slowly followed Mary homeward. He was longer than usual dressing, because the finger which Poll had bitten was disabled, so that he could hardly button his clothes; and, when he came to look over his verb, the pain distracted his attention—at least, so Mary supposed, for he could not say it when she heard him.

"You always make the same mistake," said she. "You say *essunt* instead of *essent*."

"Well, let me go on; you put me out, Mary. Don't tell me next time—don't tell me."

She did not tell him, and he could not go on. He

desired to be told; and—Oh, how hard it is to satisfy a person who is not satisfied with himself!—he then declared he was just going to say it, if she had not told him; and the next time she corrected a mistake that he made in the participles, he was sure she was wrong, and told her so rather roughly.

“Nay, Frank, when I have the book before my eyes: do you think I cannot read?” said Mary.

He snatched the book from her hand, and saw that he was wrong. He could not go on: in a passion, he threw himself on the ground, and rolled on the carpet, declaring he could not and would not learn this horribly difficult verb.

But at this instant the sound of horses’ feet was heard. Frank started up, forgot his passion and the parrot’s bite, seized the grammar, which he had thrown far from him, and would have given up parrot, and arbour, and island, and all, for five minutes more time.

“Perhaps,” thought he, “my father may not hear me before dinner;” but his father’s voice called, “Frank!” He went into his father’s room, and Mary waited in the passage; she was afraid for him.

He stayed much longer than usual.

At last, when he came out, Mary saw by his face that something was very much the matter.

“Oh,” said she, “I knew the day of disgrace would come.”

He passed by her quickly, and, sitting down upon the stairs, burst out crying—

“Day of disgrace, indeed! Oh, Mary! Mary! my father is very—very—very much—”

Displeased was the word he could not say, but Mary understood it too well.

“What did he say, Frank, my dear?”

“He said that I am spoiled—that I am grown idle and good for nothing: and it is very true:—and he will not teach me any more. I am to go to school directly, on Monday. Oh, Mary, to leave home in disgrace!”

Frank sobbed as if his heart would break; and Mary stood quite silent. The dinner-bell rang, and it was necessary to go to dinner, and there was to be that stranger gentleman. Frank suddenly rubbed away his tears, and Mary, standing on the step above him, smoothed down his hair on his forehead. Frank took his place at table, and, as he happened to sit with his

back to the light, his red eyebrows were not much seen, and the stranger did not immediately perceive that he was in wo or disgrace.

"Young gentleman," said he, "you shortened our ride this morning; and, I can tell you, there are very few fathers who would shorten their morning's ride for the sake of hearing their son's Latin lesson."

Frank, in much confusion, ate his bread as fast as he could, without attempting to speak.

"It is very well for boys," continued the gentleman, who was helping the soup, and who had not yet attended to Frank's countenance, "very happy, indeed, for boys who can be got through the Latin grammar without my assistance. Perhaps you do not know that my name is *Birch*."

Still there was silence. Frank could not speak, but Mary answered for him, "No, sir."

"And, perhaps," continued he, "you are such happy children, that you do not even know why the name of *Birch* should make you tremble."

The gentleman paused, for now, for the first time, he observed Frank's countenance, and he saw that he was struggling hard to prevent himself from crying. He was a good-natured man, and immediately he changed the subject of his conversation; and, no longer advert-ing to Frank, talked to his father and mother.

Colonel Birch, for that was the gentleman's name, was an old friend of his father's: he had just returned from the army on the Continent; and he told many entertaining stories of the siege of Badajos, and of the battle of Waterloo; but nothing could entertain Frank. He watched his father's countenance, and scarcely heard or understood any thing that was said, till Colonel Birch related an anecdote of a dog he had with him, which had saved his master's life when he had been left, wounded and helpless, lying among the dead, after a battle.

Frank remembered just such another story, and he began to tell it.

"Oh, papa, you know the dog—" But his father did not listen to him; and Frank, recollecting that he was in disgrace, stopped short, and, to hide his confusion, leaned down upon the colonel's dog. The good creature stood quite still, though Frank's arm round his

neck was rather inconvenient to him, and though he felt Frank's tears falling upon his head.

Frank, as soon as he could recover himself again sufficiently to let his face appear above the tablecloth, began to feed the dog with all that remained on his plate. This, with good management, was an employment that lasted till dinner ended; and the very moment after grace was said, Frank slid down from his chair and made his escape out of the room, Mary following him quickly.

She sat quite silent beside him for a little while; but then, starting up, she ran for his Latin grammar, and brought it to him, as he sat with his hands covering his face, and with his elbows leaning on his knees.

"Frank! my dear Frank, sitting this way will do us no good," said Mary. "Look up; had not you better learn it now?"

"No, my dear Mary, even that will do us no good now. Papa will never hear it again—he said so."

"Did he say so? You must have made a mistake."

"No, Mary, it is too true."

"Tell me the very words he said."

"He said, 'Frank, I will never hear you say that verb again. Frank, I warned you, and now—it is all over!' Here Frank's voice failed.

"Well, do not tell me any more. I am sorry I asked you," said Mary. "What shall we do? What can we do?"

"Nothing can be done now," replied Frank, resuming his former posture.

"Oh! miserable May-day!" said Mary. "So happy, too, as we expected to be this evening. And our arbour, Frank! There," continued she, looking out of the window, "there I see papa and mamma, and the good-natured man, and the dog, and all, going out to walk; and the birds singing so happily, and the flowers so sweet and gay; everybody and every thing happy but ourselves!"

"And I keep you here, poor Mary! Oh! go out—run after them, and leave me," said Frank.

But Mary would not leave him in his day of disgrace.

At sunset they went out to their island, and to their bower, to bring home poor Poll, who, as Frank recollected, must be hungry, and should not be left there to suffer for a fault of his. Poll was sitting silent and

moping, but the moment she saw Frank, she screamed out something like "*Robinson ! Robinson Crusoe !*"

" Ah ! all in vain now ! "

The cage was lifted down from its happy place, and the garlands in the bower were left to fade unseen. Poll was carried home and restored to the housekeeper.

" So soon ! how is this, my dear Master Frank ! " the good old housekeeper began—" What ; running away from me without a word ! What is the reason of this ! "

Mary, turning back, shook her head sorrowfully, and put her finger on her lips. The good housekeeper was too discreet to inquire farther ; but, without speaking, she made with her tongue against the roof of her mouth certain well-known sounds of sorrow, surprise, and commiseration. Then following Frank and Mary, she called after them to tell them that tea was ready, and that their mother had asked where they were.

It was dusk when they went into the drawing-room, and Frank's father and mother and Colonel Birch were so eagerly engaged in conversation, that their entrance at the green door was unnoticed. They sat down at their own little table, at the farthest end of the room, and began to eat their bread and milk, making no noise with jug, cup, or plate. And in this their unusual silence at their end of the room, Frank and Mary heard all that was said at the other end. The conversation, as it was about themselves, was interesting, though they did not understand it all.

Colonel Birch was speaking when they first came in, but what he said was never known clearly. It was lost during the getting upon their chairs, and pouring out the milk. Their mother's voice they heard distinctly, though she sat with her back towards them, and spoke in a very gentle tone.

" I am convinced," said she, " that going to a public school will be of use to him ; but I wish only that he should be better prepared before he leaves home."

" My dear madam," replied Colonel Birch, " take my word for it, he will never learn the Latin grammar till he goes to school, and if he do not learn it early he will never know it well. I am, or at least I have been, half my life a sad example of this truth. From mistaken kindness of my poor mother, God bless and forgive her, I was allowed to be idle at home when I ought to have been working at school : the end of it was, that I never

learned Latin at home, was disgraced at college, lost many opportunities of getting forward in life, went into the army, because it was the only profession I could go into; thought I could do without Latin and Greek; found I was mistaken; was obliged to learn late what I would not learn early—in short, I cannot tell you how much I have suffered, nor what difficulty and toil it has been to me, since I became a man, to make up for what I might have been made to learn with ease in the first ten or twelve years of my life. Oh how often I have wished that my Latin grammar had been well flogged into me!"

"But why flogged into you?" said Frank's mother.

"Because, my dear madam, nothing else you see will do. I was willing to make an exception in favour of home-teaching in the hands of my friend here; but when he, even he, a father *comme il y en a peu*, with a son *comme il n'y en a point*, confesses that he cannot get through the conjugation of the verb *to be* without the aid of Birch, I say, the sooner you send the boy to school the better."

Frank and Mary were very sorry they could not make out the meaning of the French words in what Colonel Birch had just said, but they went on listening to what their father answered.

"As to the Latin verb, that is but a trifle in itself, and it appears to me of little consequence whether Frank learn the Latin grammar this year or next; but it is of the greatest consequence to my boy that he should early learn habits of attention and application. If he have not resolution enough to apply to what is disagreeable as well as to what is entertaining to him, he will never be a great or good man."

"True," said Colonel Birch; "and many clever boys are spoiled for want of their parents knowing this truth. A man must work hard to be any thing in this world. If a boy is fondled and praised at home, and cried up for every pretty thing he says and does, he will never be able to go through the rough of life afterward among his fellows, either at school or in the world. However, your boy, certainly, is not spoiled yet; he does not seem to me at all conceited."

"I am afraid that Frank," said his mother, "has lately become a little vain."

"Not a little vain, not a little," said his father.

"Mary," said Frank, in a low voice across their supper-table, "papa does not know that I am here. Do you think I ought to go out of the room?"

"No, my dear, why should you? Papa would say the same if he knew you were here."

During this interruption, part of the conversation at the tea-table was lost; but when Frank's conscience again permitted him to attend, he heard his father say—

"It was very well, while Frank was a little child, to indulge him in reading only entertaining things, to give him a taste for literature. This point is gained; Frank has more knowledge than boys usually have at his age, and is, I confess, a very promising, clever boy."

"Father," cried Frank, coming forward, "I believe you do not know that I am here!"

"An honest boy is here," said his father, putting his hand upon Frank's head; "and we will not spoil him."

"No, it would be a sin such a boy should be spoiled," said Colonel Birch, stroking Frank's head.

Frank slipped from under his hand, and ran out of the room. Mary would have followed him, but he shut the green door too quickly, and bolted it on the other side.

In a quarter of an hour he reappeared, with his Latin grammar in one hand, and a lighted bougie in the other; and marching up to Colonel Birch with a firm step and head erect—

"Colonel Birch," said he, "will you be so good as to hear me say this lesson; and will you be so kind as to come with me into another room, because my father said that he would never hear me say this verb again."

Colonel Birch complied with his request, and, returning presently, reported that Frank had gone through the verb without missing one word. Mary clapped her hands: and Frank's father was pleased at seeing that he had conquered this the first difficulty he had ever had.

"I think, papa," resumed Frank, who now felt that he might again join in the conversation, "I think, papa, that a great deal of what you said about me is quite true, especially what you said about my idleness; and I dare say it will be best that I should go to school; but, papa, do not send me away from home in disgrace. Let me try a little longer at home, as mamma said, till I am better prepared. You shall see that now I can do what is ever so disagreeable to me; and I will get through the

Latin grammar, now I am convinced it is so necessary."

"I thought, Frank, that you were convinced before. How shall I be secure," said his father, "that you have more resolution now than you had the last time I made the trial?"

"I was thinking of that, papa," said Frank, "and I will tell you ~~now~~ I will make sure of myself. Mary, here is the key of our bookcase; I have put all our entertaining books in it; and I will never read any of them, I will never open that bookcase, till I have said my lesson for the day, and learned the next day's lesson too, till mamma says I have it perfectly; and if I should afterward miss saying it well to you, papa, I will not read any entertaining book that day: not even Robinson Crusoe, which I long to finish; and I will never go out to play with Mary till I have my lesson; and I will never speak to her while I am learning it. Now, papa, you shall see I know how to punish myself, and how to manage myself, if you will but let me try."

His father consented.

"You shall make trial of yourself, Frank, for one week longer," said he, "and, if you keep your resolution, and say your lesson rightly every day that week, I will allow you another week's trial, and so on till the time comes which I had originally fixed for sending you to school."

Frank joyfully thanked his father. And we have the pleasure to assure all those who are interested about him, that during this week, and the next, and the next, and the next, he steadily kept his resolution; and at the end of a month his father was so well satisfied, that he said "He had no longer any fear that his son should be sent to school in disgrace. He rejoiced that Frank had so far acquired the habit of application, and the power of doing that which is necessary to be done, even though it be a little difficult or disagreeable."

Colonel Birch, who spent this summer in the neighbourhood, was pleased with Frank's resolution.

"I acknowledge," said he, one day, "this is better, madam, than having the Latin grammar flogged into him. A boy who has acquired this power over himself, may turn it to whatever he pleases to learn; and he will, I do believe, get on without Dr. Birch."

"I hope you see," said Frank, turning to his mother, "that you did not quite spoil me, mamma."

"After all," said Mary, "that one day's disgrace of ours has turned out happily for us. Oh! my dear Frank," cried she, changing her tone, "look what comes here!"

It was a bright black horse, with a long tail, just such a horse as Frank had wished to possess.

"Now, Frank," said his father, "that I see you can apply to what it is disagreeable to you to do, I will assist you in what I know will be agreeable to you. I will teach you to ride."

Frank clapped his hands. "Happy! happy!" cried he.

"Every day that your Latin lesson is well said," continued his father, "I will give you a lesson in riding."

"Thank you, thank you, papa, and I will call my horse Felix."

"Gently, Frank, I am not yet sure that I shall buy this horse for you; he is to be left with me for a month on trial, and we shall see whether he is too spirited for you, or you too spirited for him."

"What a pretty creature he is," said Mary. "I hope he will not be too spirited for Frank."

"I hope I shall be too spirited for him," said Frank. "May I get upon him now, papa?"

"No, my dear; you must begin with the old pony your brothers used to ride."

His mother observed that Frank was, she thought, so young, that he was scarcely yet strong enough to manage even the old pony; or, as Frank would call it, the *tame* pony.

"But it is not strength that always wins, mamma," said Frank; "as our copybook says, 'Wisdom doth strength excel.'"

"You are wisdom itself, no doubt," answered his mother, smiling. "But," continued she, addressing herself to his father, "I remember that my brother, who rides very well, ~~now~~ he is a man, never was upon a horse till he was almost twice as old as Frank. My father used to be afraid of his acquiring too strong a taste for riding, and of his wanting to go out scampering, as he said, and fox-hunting, with all the young and old idlers of the country. He thought that teaching a boy

to ride when he is very young usually leads him into mischief. Is it necessary that Frank should ride so very early?"

"It is not necessary—not essential," replied his father; "but I think it will be useful to Frank, who has not now the advantage of being with his brothers, or with any other boys with whom he might learn those exercises that make boys active and courageous; when he goes to school, and mixes with companions of his own age, he should be equal to them in body as well as in mind. Boys who have been carefully brought up at home have often something effeminate or precise about them; perhaps they do not know how to leap, or to run, or to ride; for this they are laughed at by their school-fellows, and they often get into mischief merely to show that they are manly. Many a one has turned out a mere fox-hunter, because he was not allowed to ride when he was a boy, and because he was laughed at by his companions for being subject to some prohibition against horses. Frank's first pleasure in riding shall be with his father, and not with some vulgar groom or gamekeeper. Then, as he grows older, he will feel the advantage of having acquired a good seat early upon a horse. And he will not be liable to be either ridiculed or flattered about his riding. He will enjoy the real pleasure, I hope, as much as I do; but he will not over-value the accomplishment, or think it necessary to leap seven-barred gates every day of his life, to prove that he is a man, or that he is what boys call manly."

Frank, who had been patting and stroking the black horse all the time his father had been speaking, looked anxiously at his mother to see whether she was convinced; and though he did not hear what she answered, he knew by her countenance that she was quite satisfied, and so was he.

The old pony was now ordered out, and Frank was mounted upon him, and the reins were put into his hands. Frank's father led him about, and he liked it very much; but the next day he was to go by himself; and before he had gone a hundred yards he was thrown off, or rather he slipped off. He was not hurt, but he was frightened, and seemed rather unwilling to mount the pony again.

"Up again, my boy," said his father.

Frank scrambled up again upon the pony, and rode

two or three times round the field with his father, much to his own delight and to Mary's, who stood watching him. After he had learned to sit tolerably well in walk, trot, and canter, his father put him upon the pony without a saddle, with only a piece of cloth tied round the horse, and without stirrups.—And now he was to sit him while the horse was rung. That is, while a man held the horse by a long bridle, and made him go round and round in a circle; at first slow, then faster and faster, then as fast as he could go.

The first day at the ring, Frank was off and up again continually; but, by degrees, he conquered this difficulty; and he soon sat so well in the ring that he allowed Mary to come and look at him.

At first she used to hide her face in her hands, and would call to the man to beg of him not to make the horse go so fast. But Frank laughed, for he could now laugh on horseback, and he felt that habit had made that easy to him which had appeared alarming at first.

And now he was ambitious to mount the little black horse.

"Mary, now you may run to the window; Felix is brought out; I am just going to try him," said Frank.

Frank got up, but scarcely was he in his saddle set, when Mary too hastily opening the window, the horse gave a little start. Frank, frightened, pulled by mistake the curb rein very tight: immediately the horse reared, and Frank slipped off behind. Mary foolishly screamed, and the horse set out, on full gallop, across the lawn.

Frank stood upon his legs again unhurt, but looking rather embarrassed.

Mary was exceedingly sorry for what she had done. She was warned that she must never open a window suddenly when anybody on horseback is near it. And she was blamed for her want of presence of mind in screaming, which Frank's father told her was the most foolish thing she could possibly do in any danger. His father observed, that if Frank would have waited a minute to listen to his instructions about the bridles, when first he mounted the horse, he would probably not have made the mistake which caused the accident.

"But," said he, "upon the whole, I am glad it has happened; because I now see that the horse did not kick

when you were upon the ground, and I shall have confidence in him for the future."

Frank's confidence in Felix, however, seemed a little diminished; and when the servant, who had now caught the horse, brought him to the door, Frank looked doubtfully at him. Mary, who was standing on the steps, exclaimed—

"Oh, papa, do not let Frank get upon that horse again, pray! pray! papa! Pray do not, I am sure he will run away with him."

"Mary, go in; you must not make a coward of Frank," said his father, in a commanding voice. "I must forbid you, Mary, ever to come to these steps or to that window to see him mount on horseback."

"No, no, pray do not forbid her, papa; she will not make a coward of me. Look, I am up."

And as he spoke he seated himself with such decision, that his father saw he had completely conquered his fear.

Now master of the reins and of himself, he rode off with his father; and if any farther apprehensions arose again in the course of this day's ride from the unusual pulling of the horse, these fears were at least well subdued.

Mary's face was at the window when he returned, but she took care not to open it. He came home quite safely, and proudly patted his horse as he alighted. Then he took off his glove, and showed Mary the palm of his left hand, which was in one place quite raw and bleeding, his hand having been cut by a stone when he fell from the horse on the gravel-walk.

"Mamma, look; was not he courageous," cried Mary, "to ride that pulling horse with the reins in this bleeding hand?"

Frank observed that he believed bearing pain was called only fortitude, not courage.

But his father allowed that he had also shown some of that best sort of courage, which comes from the mind.

In an hour's time his hand swelled and grew very painful; and his father desired that for some days, till it should be quite recovered, he should ride the old pony, and hold the reins in his right hand.

Frank was impatient for his hand to be well, that he might again ride the black horse; he felt pleasure in the

hope of conquering the difficulty, and was eager to risk a little danger to prove that he was not a coward. But the hand festered, and a week passed before it was well.

One morning his mother was so kind as to stop, even in the midst of reading some letters she had just received, to dress his hand.

He was surprised by Mary's not coming to look at the dressing of his wounds, as it was her usual custom. She was intent upon another subject.

"Mamma," said she, "have you finished with Frank's hand?"

"Yes, my dear, and it is almost entirely well," said Frank.

"Then I may ask a question—you were reading a letter just now, mamma. Who was it from? And what was it about, mamma?"

"My dear Mary, it is not proper to ask people who their letters are from, or what they are about."

"I did not know that, mamma; I will not do it again," said Mary. "I only asked because I thought it was something about Frank, for you looked as if you were considering."

"I was considering, but it was nothing about Frank. I was considering about the affairs of a man in Jamaica."

"Oh, if it is nothing about Frank," said Mary, "I do not care. I did not guess right by your face, mamma, this time."

"No; but I must tell you another thing, Mary, which you do not yet know."

"What, mamma?"

"That you should not try to guess by my countenance what my letters are about."

"Indeed?"

"No; because they might be about something which I do not choose to tell you."

"But I cannot help guessing whether it is good or bad, when I look at you or anybody reading a letter, mamma; therefore, I suppose the *best* way would be—indeed, the *only* good way must be—not to look at you at all. So, mamma, while you are reading the rest of those letters or notes I will turn my back to you, and go on with my own affairs, pasting my pocketbook: though there is among those a note with very pretty-coloured edged paper; but I believe I should not have seen it, and I will not ask any thing about it, mamma."

Mary and Frank went on minding their own affairs, till his mother called to them, and read the note with the pretty-edged paper.

"Mrs. J——'s compliments."

"And who is Mrs. J——?" interrupted Mary.

"Oh, my dear, the silly mother, that's her name, don't you remember?" cried Frank.

"Call her Mrs. J——, Frank, I desire," said his mother. "This note is to invite us to dinner on Thursday, and you and Mary are particularly asked to meet some young people."

"Thursday is the last day of Master Tom's holidays," cried Frank; "he told me so the morning we went there, mamma. But I do not want to see him again, for I do not like him much."

"But you cannot, in this world, see only the people you like, Frank; besides, you have not seen enough to know whether you ought to like him or not; and, at all events, it will be good for you to see boys of different sorts before you go to school."

Frank and Mary went with their mother to dine with Mrs. J——. The young people who had been expected did not come. Mrs. J—— made many apologies; she had been disappointed by every one—she had no company *but themselves*.

Before Frank had been in the room with Master Tom many minutes, Tom pulled him by the sleeve, as a sign that he wanted to speak to him without being heard by his mother.

"This was to have been my hanging-day," said Tom; "but I have got off."

"Hanging-day," said Frank; "what can you mean?"

"Why *you*, that have never been at our school, there is no talking to you," replied Tom; "you cannot understand *trap*."

Frank did not yet understand even what was meant by trap.

"In plain English then, since nothing else will do for you, we call hanging-day the day before we go to school; but I have got off; I am not to go to school again—to that school, at least."

Tom could explain no farther, for dinner was announced.

The fact was, that Mrs. J—— had been ashamed of her son's vulgar manner of speaking and behaving, es-

pecially that morning when she paid her first visit to Frank's mother; and Tom, taking advantage of this, persuaded her that "it was all the fault of the school," and prevailed upon his mamma not to send him there again.

She said she was now determined to put Tom to a school where manners should be the prime consideration—she would spare no expense to make him quite a gentleman.

In the meantime he was suffered to behave like what his mother continually told him that he was, "quite a little bear."

At dinner he paid no attention to any thing that passed in conversation; he was thinking of nothing but *getting* what he liked best to eat, which he devoured as fast as possible; he then fidgeted, called all the servants, and looked sulky and injured till he had something more.

He had a number of dislikes: he told his mamma he could not bear—could not touch—several things, which she offered to put on his plate.

During dinner his mother talked to him, and of him, at different times, nearly in the following manner:—

"My dear Tom, how you do eat: you are positively quite a little epicure—absolutely a little cormorant!"

"But," turning to Frank's father and mother, "they do make children so fond of eating at those schools, by not giving them good things constantly. I cannot bear to see children gormandize; but for the little time poor Tom is to be at home with me, it cannot signify, you know, ma'am."

"So, Tom, you are very fond, are you, of being at home with mamma?"

Not a word in answer from Tom, but a large piece put into his mouth.

"Well, but sit up, my dear; you are quite a bear. Ma'am, you must know he has wheedled me into letting him stay a little longer at home—indeed!" added she in a whisper, "he is the most affectionate creature, though his manner is so shy.—But put down your knife, my dear, do pray.—Excuse him, sir, he is in such spirits to-day, he does not mind what anybody says to him.—But Tom! Tom! you forget Miss Mary and Master Frank. Pray let me see you think of your young friends.—But indeed, ma'am, these schools do make

such terrible great bears of one's boys—worse than they naturally are. All boys are naturally little bears, you know. Master Frank, indeed, is an exception; for he looks as if he had never been a little bear, and I am sure he never was and never will be one. But he has a very small appetite, ma'am.—Won't you take something more, my dear! do.—Before he goes to school, you should indulge him in *getting* what he likes, and as much as he pleases; for, as Tom can tell him, he won't find any of these good things at school.—Hey, Tom!”

Frank had eaten what he liked, and as much as he liked, which he was usually allowed to do: and he was fond of sweet things, as children naturally are; but they had not been made rewards to him, or proofs of kindness; and he had not been made to think eating a matter of such great consequence as it appeared to Mrs. J—— and to Master Tom.

After dinner Tom was at his mamma's elbow “for his glass of wine.” This day it was to be a bumper, because there was company.

“True, my dear, because you must drink all the company's health, and Master Frank's in particular.”

“Oh, mamma, that's not a fair bumper yet,” said Tom.

“Well, now, my dear, there's a fair bumper for you—quite a man's bumper.—I will treat you like a man and a gentleman to-day, because, Tom, you were very good to-day in not swinging on my Chinese gate, which is the only thing, you know, I forbid—ay, you remember! you lost your wine once by that.—Oh, I am very strict, ma'am, sometimes; pray give me credit. But Tom! how you tossed it down without recollecting all the healths—I'm quite ashamed.”

Tom, with his head back as far as it could be thrown, was, in spite of his mother's shame, trying if a drop more could not be had from the bottom of the glass.

His mother observed “that it was very odd Tom had learned to like wine so, for she could remember the time when he could not bear the taste of it. But, my dear Master Frank, you must *get* your bumper too—mamma will allow you a bumper this once—to-day, I am sure.”

But Frank happened not to like the taste of wine, and he had not been made to like it by its being given to

him as a reward or an indulgence, or a proof of his being treated as a man and a gentleman.

He thanked Mrs. J——, but he drew back his glass as she was going to fill it: he said he would rather not have any wine.

"Oh, but you must drink your friend Tom's health."

Tom's friend! he is not Tom's friend, thought Mary.

So Frank thought; and, besides, he did not know what good it would do him to drink his health, even if he were his friend.

"Oh, if you don't like it, my dear, I won't insist; because it might make you sick, if you are not used to it, to be sure," said Mrs. J——.

"Mother, do help the strawberries," said Tom, "and give me plenty, mamma—and that big one," whispered he, kissing her.

"When it comes to your turn, my darling; but we must not think only of *number one*—when there's company, Tom."

"Mamma, where is your ear," said Tom, putting his mouth close to it and whispering—"That's the reason I hate company."

This observation made his mother laugh, and she seemed to think it very witty; but she said it was a secret, and she would keep his secret. She heaped up a plate of fruit for him, and bid him eat it, and hold his dear little tongue. But Tom, having swallowed his *man's* bumper, became as talkative as he had before been silent. And Frank and Mary felt ashamed for him, he now talked so loud and such nonsense! And it was all about himself or his schoolmaster: he told of what clever tricks he played at school, and how he hated his schoolmaster, and how glad he was he had done with him, and he would never go to any school again if he could help it.

"Now, Tom, you are getting vastly too loud, and we can't bear it; and you must go out. No, my sweet love, no more of any thing; and you are dragging my head off with your kisses. Go, now, go out and play, I insist. Take Master Frank and Miss Mary out, and show them the place, there's a dear boy." Then turning to Frank's father and mother, she added, "He is so fond of me there's no getting him out of the room."

But she put him out at last, because, as she truly said, "there was no bearing him any longer." Frank

and Mary followed, because they were desired to do so. They did not much like to go with Tom: however, they were glad to be in the fresh air, and to run about in the pretty shrubbery. Mary liked to look at some white rabbits, which Tom said were his mamma's great *pets*; but Mary could not bear to see the manner in which Tom teased and frightened them; he called it *good fun*. When she turned away he dragged Frank on, and said, "You will be laughed at finely at school if you play with girls. Come, come on, and leave her behind—let her find her own way."

"No," said Frank, stopping short; "I will wait for Mary."

Tom could not pull him on till Mary came up. They were now within sight of a gate that opened into a new part of the pleasure-ground.

"That's the Chinese gate," said Tom, "and I will have a swing upon it."

Frank asked if this was not the gate his mother desired that he would not swing upon.

"Yes; but what signifies," said he, "I sha'n't break it."

Frank tried to hold him back, saying, "Oh, do not, do not."

But Tom jumped upon the gate, crying, "What a coward you are! Did you never swing upon a gate in your life—it's the best fun; but you don't know what *fun* is, never having been at school, and only with girls, you are so afraid of every thing."

"No," said Frank, "I am not afraid of *every thing*, I am only afraid of doing wrong."

"A fine come off; but I'll tell you what you're afraid of—you are afraid of hurting your sore hand there, after your tumble off the pony."

"Oh, no, no," said Mary.

Tom set the gate swinging; "Now," said he, "are you really such a quiz, then, as to think there's any harm in swinging on a gate?"

"No," said Frank, "I do not think there is any harm in swinging on a gate; but I think it is wrong for you to swing on that gate, because your mother desired you not to do it."

"Nonsense!"

"Come, Frank," said Mary, "let us go back to the house; I know the way."

"You'll tell of me I suppose."

"I shall not say any thing about you," said Frank, "unless I am asked."

"And if you are asked, what will you say?" said Tom.

"The truth, to be sure," said Frank.

"Then you will be a telltale," said Tom, "oh, if I had known what sort of a fellow you were, I would never have trusted you," added Tom, getting off the gate. "You'll never do at school—you'll be sent to Coventry."

"I don't know what that means," said Frank, "but I hope I shall be able to bear it, whatever it is."

"Mighty grand!" said Tom, "and all about a gate! What signifies talking any more about such a thing."

"I don't mean to talk any more about it," said Frank.

"Therefore come away," said Mary; and Frank and Mary went towards the house.

"Very civil indeed," cried Tom, running after them, and overtaking them, "very civil, indeed, to go off and leave me alone; you, who are so polite too, which mamma's always *twitting* me with."

Mary and Frank were summoned to the tea-table the moment after they went in, and Tom's mouth was soon full of plumcake.

But while his mother was setting before him all that he wanted, and more than he could want, she suddenly changed countenance.

"So, Tom, you have actually been on my gate again, in spite of all! You ~~are~~ very ungrateful, Tom, after all."

"But who told you so, ma'am?" said Tom.

"My own eyes, sir. What's this?" said his mother, angrily, as she held up and brought opposite to his eyes the flap of his coat, which was streaked with white paint from the freshly-painted gate. "What's this, Tom?"

"Ask me no questions and I will tell you no lies!" said Tom, turning off abruptly; and, snatching the coat from his mother's hands, he got away, and ran out of the room, clapping the door after him.

"He's off; that's the way he always gets off," said his mother; and glancing her eye at Frank's coat she added, "I ~~hope~~, Master Frank, you have not been ruining your coat too!"

Frank stood quite still and said nothing, while she examined him from head to foot.

"You have escaped wonderfully," said she.

"He never touched the gate, ma'am," said Mary.

"No!" said Mrs. J——; "was not he swinging?"

"No, ma'am," said Mary, "he was not."

"Say no more, Mary," said Frank; "papa and mamma never thought I was, I am sure."

His mother smiled, and assured him that she never had suspected him.

"Then he is really a wonderfully good boy," said Mrs. J——.

Nothing so very wonderful, thought Frank.

"Now really he is an admirable creature. Does the cake make you sick, love? I'm sure there's something in it you don't like. Don't eat it, put it away, my pet, if you don't like it."

There was certainly something Frank did not like; but it was not the cake, for that he finished eating.

"But now, pray, my dear Master Frank, how was it that Tom got on the gate after all I said—or did he get upon it; for perhaps I have done him great injustice, and he has a high spirit—how was it?"

Frank said that if he had done any thing wrong himself he would tell it; but that he begged she would not ask him any more questions.

Their carriage came to the door, they took leave, drove away, and what happened afterward they never knew.

Frank's mother said that they had now seen quite enough of Master Tom to be convinced that he could never be a fit friend or desirable companion for Frank. His father was of the same opinion, and Frank and Mary were glad.

"This shows," added his father, "how disagreeable and good for nothing a little boy may be early made by a vulgar school, and by being spoiled at home. Tom is an example, such as you never saw before, and, I hope, will seldom see again, of a disagreeable, selfish, vulgar, spoiled schoolboy. But you must not think that all schoolboys are like him. As soon as we have opportunities, you shall see others."

It happened the first day when Frank's hand was recovered, and when he was mounted on Felix—his reins right, his feet well in the stirrups, his seat firm, the sun shining, and all promising a pleasant ride—just as they were going to set out, that his father saw three persons on horseback coming up the approach.

"Oh, it is all over with our ride, I am afraid," said Frank; "who are these people? One is a little boy—Master Tom, papa. His visit will be no great pleasure to you, papa. Nor to me, for I am to lose my ride."

"Nor to me," said Mary, who was standing with her weed-basket in her hand on the grass-plot beside them, "excepting for one reason, mamma: I am glad he should see Frank on horseback, because he seemed to think that Frank could not run, or ride, or do any of those sort of things. Now Frank can show him."

"Mary! Mary! do not make me show off again," said Frank. "But who are those men along with him?"

One was a groom belonging to Master Tom's mother; the other was the horse-dealer, who had left the black horse with Frank's father on a month's trial, and who had engaged to sell the horse to him at the end of that time for a certain price, if he should be approved. But, in the meanwhile, this man had been applied to by Master Tom's mother, for a horse for Tom; and he found that he could have gained from that lady some guineas more than he had engaged to sell it for to Frank's father; he was therefore in hopes that it would be found too spirited for Frank, and that it would be returned to him this day, which was the last of the month's trial. Master Tom was exceedingly anxious to have the horse, and he was in great hopes of it; because his friend, the groom, had told him he had seen Frank riding the old pony several days. Tom was rather surprised when he saw Frank upon the black horse, and, as it appeared, sitting at his ease.

"What, are you got upon Blacky?" said Tom, beginning to talk to Frank, while the horse-dealer was speaking to Frank's father; "I thought you told me you did not know how to ride when I was here before."

"I did not then, but my father has been teaching me since that time," said Frank.

"Your father! What a bore, to be taught to ride by

one's father: I had much better fun. The groom here, Jack, taught me."

"Ay, that I did, sir," said the groom, riding up close to his young master; "and for a rider of his inches, I'd pit him against any young gentleman in England, or the varsal world, I say. Master Frank, sir, your reins is too long; give me leave to put 'em right," added the groom, alighting—"I'll show you."

"No, thank you," said Frank, "my father will put them right if they are wrong—my father teaches me."

And so saying, Frank went to the other side of his father; Tom followed him; and, while his father continued listening to the horse-dealer, Tom went on talking to Frank; telling him that he had heard Blacky, as he called the black horse, was much too spirited for one who was not used to riding; he wondered, he said, that he was trusted upon such a creature; he was sure that he would not, if he knew as much of it as some people could tell him.

Frank anxiously asked what!

Tom, who was meanly cunning, as stupid boys and stupid men often are, began to try to frighten him with stories of Blacky's having reared, and run away, and kicked; and when he saw Frank look a little alarmed, advised him, if it was left to his choice, not to have this horse, but to stick to the tame pony, and to wait till the horse-dealer could find him something that would suit him. "Or," said he, "I could let you have this which I am riding, which is as gentle as a lamb, and I could take Blacky, because I am used to riding, and don't mind its tricks."

Frank's father, having heard all that the horse-dealer had to say, now turned to Frank, and told him that he might decide for himself whether he wished to keep the horse or not.

"Thank you, papa," said Frank, "but I do not know any thing about horses, and I would rather that you would decide for me."

Then Frank repeated what Master Tom had just told of Felix's tricks, and asked whether his father had heard of these.

"No," his father answered, the horse-dealer had formerly assured him that he had no tricks; and he had, during this month's trial, found Felix perfectly good-tempered, though spirited.

"So, Frank," said his father, "the question is, whether

you are or are not afraid to ride it! I am not afraid for you."

"Nor I am not afraid for myself," said Frank; "I wish to keep Felix."

"Then you shall have him—Felix is yours."

Frank thanked his father and patted Felix. "He is too cheap, that is certain," said the horse-dealer; "for he is as fine a leaper as any in the country. Take care, Master Frank; if you are not used to leaping, take care that he does not throw you clean over his head."

Frank did not like the idea of being thrown clean over his head. Tom saw this, and said sneeringly, in a low voice,

"Did you see how white he grew?"

Just at this time Felix, from some fancy, the cause of which was not perceived by Frank, suddenly gathered himself up, and leaped over a sunk fence, which there was in the lawn, near the place where they were standing.

Frank was thrown "clean over his head," but falling on the new-mown grass, was not hurt. Tom burst into a stupid, brutal laugh. The horse-dealer pretended to be much concerned, and repeated, that he was afraid Blacky would be too much for Master Frank, and went to help him up: but Frank was on his legs again without his assistance.

"It was unfair not to give you notice, my boy," said his father; "but never mind, you will do better the next time. Have you a mind to try again?"

"That I have," said Frank, "if you will show me how to do better."

"Mount him again, then."

Frank was in the saddle in an instant; his father told him how he should sit when the horse should begin and end his leap. Then, turning to the horse-dealer, who, as he perceived, had before made a secret signal to the horse, by which he had given it notice to leap, said, "If you will now repeat your signal, sir, Frank is better prepared, and, perhaps, may sit the horse better; or, if not, I am much mistaken in my boy if he does not persevere till he succeeds."

"Thank you, father," said Frank.

The horse-dealer protested that, if he had made any noise, it was not any signal, but quite by accident; and good little Frank believed him. Felix leaped again, and this time Frank sat him. The leaps were repeated by his own desire, to prove to himself that he could succeed.

"Felix is not too spirited for me, you see, papa: I may keep him, may not I?" said he.

"You may, my dear," said his father.

Tom sullenly wished them a good morning, and rode away with his groom companion. Frank's father was now to pay for Felix; and while he was counting the money, Master Tom being out of hearing, the horse-dealer began to flatter Frank, declaring "that he had a much better seat on horseback than Master Tom; that it was wonderful to see how spirited Master Frank was; that he deserved, indeed, to have a spirited horse; and that he would not, for a guinea, that any young gentleman but himself should have had Blacky, he looked so well on him; that a fine young gentleman should always have a fine young horse; that he was certain Master Frank would, in time, make the finest young gentleman-rider in the whole county, or the next, or in the three ridings of Yorkshire."

And a great deal more he would have said, but that Frank abruptly exclaimed—

"Pray don't flatter me so; I *cannot* bear it!"

Frank's father put the money for the price of the horse into the man's hand, who, after counting it, walked away discontented, and never attempted to flatter Frank any more.

They had been so much delayed by this business, that Frank lost his ride for this day; but the next morning Frank had a very pleasant ride with his father: trotting through pretty lanes, and cantering across a common, they came to Copsley Farm; a farm which had been lately purchased by Farmer Lee, at whose old house Frank, when he was a very little boy, saw a thatcher at work—the day when he had his first successful battle with a turkey-cock.

Farmer Lee welcomed them cordially, and invited Frank to rest himself in the house, and to eat something, while his father should ride round the farm: but Frank said that he was neither tired nor hungry, and that he liked to go with his father, and to see and hear all that was to be seen and heard.

The farmer, happy in showing all his little comforts and conveniences to one who so kindly took an interest in them, took Frank's father what he called the grand tour, finishing by the back yard; and here, unwilling to part with him, he had more and more last words to say.

But, while he was thus detaining them, the gobbling of a turkey-cock was heard in the poultry-yard, which was divided from the farmyard by a slight wall. From the moment Felix heard this noise, he began to grow uneasy: Frank, while the farmer was talking loud and eagerly about his own affairs, went on patting his horse, and reasoning with him in a low voice:—

“My dear Felix, don’t be foolish—it’s only the turkey-cock. Stand still, Felix—stand still. Oh, Felix! Felix! for shame, Felix: you are a greater coward than I was, when I was—Oh, Felix, fy! you’ll throw me on the dunghill if you don’t take care—do stand still. Do hush! turkey-cock! What a horrible hobble-gobbling you are making—stand still, I say sir! stand still!”

No; Felix could not or would not stand still while this horrible hobble-gobbling went on; but was continually sideling from the wall of the chickenyard towards the dunghill, which was on the opposite side.

“How I wish my father would turn, and look how Felix is going on,” thought Frank, but still he would not call upon him for assistance. His father knew well what was going on, but on purpose left Frank to manage with Felix as he could.

“Will that farmer never have done talking! I wish his mouth and the turkey-cock’s were both stopped!” thought Frank.

When he hoped it was ended, it began again on each side. At last they came to “a good morning to you, sir, kindly—a very good morning.”

Frank’s father returned the “good morning,” and was, to Frank’s joy, setting off, when the farmer, striding before him, called out, “Pray, sir, come and see the new back road; it is not a yard out of your way. This way, if you please, sir! This way, Master Frank, if you please!”

But this way did not at all please Master Frank, for it was through the chickenyard; and the moment the door was opened, a gobbling and cackling was heard, which very much displeased Felix. However, Frank knew that he must follow his leader. His father stooped his head as he went through the doorway; and called to Frank, bidding him do the same.

“Yes, papa, yes; but Felix will not go through, I am afraid.”

“Afraid!”

"No, no, not afraid myself, papa, only afraid that Felix is afraid of the turkey-cock, sir."

"Is that all?" said his father, and he rode on through the opposite gate.

At this moment his ancient enemy stood insolently in the doorway, filling it up with his huge black semi-circle of feathers fanned out behind, his red and blue pouch swelling out in front, and screeching defiance with all his might.

Frank knew him of old to be a bully and a coward; but Felix, not suspecting this, backed in spite of all efforts to make him advance. The turkey-cock swelled and gobbled the more.

"Oh," thought Frank, "if I were but on the ground on my own legs, with a good stick in my hand!"

But he was on horseback, with a good whip in his hand: resolved that the adversary, whom he had vanquished on foot three years ago, should not now conquer him on horseback, he, with a stroke of the whip, that told Felix he must obey, struck his heels into him, and pressed him forward. Felix obeyed; cleared the doorway of the cowardly bully; and Frank, bending his head low, entered the doorway.

Felix went on, made his way through the hissing and the screaming geese, dispersed the inferior crowd of cacklers, and carried Frank from the yard triumphant. The farmer shut the outer door behind him, and bidding Frank look back, through the rails in the upper part of the door, desired him to choose any two from among his enemies, of whom, he said, he would with pleasure make him a present, in honour of his victory. The farmer, without any insulting air of protection, held the bridle of Frank's horse, to keep him quite still while Frank looked in at the noisy crowd to make his choice; he chose a Bantam cock, and a game chicken, and thanked the farmer, who promised to send them home for him in the morning.

As they rode away, his father asked Frank why he had chosen these preferably to all others: and Frank answered that he wanted them to explain to Mary what was meant by the "Bantam's vile pantaloons," and by the spurs of the game chicken: which were mentioned in the description of these birds, in some lines in "The Peacock at Home," which she had not understood, because she had never seen either of the birds described.

His father asked Frank if he could remember the lines; Frank, after a few moments' recollection, repeated,

"They censured the bantam for strutting and crowing
In those vile pantaloons, which he fancied looked knowing;
And a want of decorum caused many demurs
Against the game chicken, for coming in spurs."

"Papa, you see," said Frank, "that I am able to recollect verses on horseback now, though the first day I could think of nothing but managing the horse and myself."

"And," said his father, "if I mistake not, you had some little difficulty in managing the horse and yourself just now in the chickenyard, against your old enemy, the turkey-cock; but I am glad to see you came off victorious; and I am glad to perceive that you can turn your mind quickly from yourself to your friends."

Frank, a little elated by his father's praise, now began "to fight his battles o'er again," and to ridicule his old enemy, the turkey-cock, for his extreme cowardice.

"I observe," said he, "that when I am not frightened, Felix seems to be less afraid."

"Yes," said his father, "a horse soon learns to know whether his rider be afraid of him or not; he is unwilling to obey a cowardly rider."

"How does the horse find out when the rider is cowardly?" asked Frank.

"Probably, when the man or boy is afraid, he teases the horse by continually moving the bridles; or the horse perceives the rider's alarm by some awkwardness in his manner of sitting, and by some motions or tremour uneasy to the animal."

Frank took out his handkerchief to blow his nose, an operation which he performed so as to show that he was quite at ease concerning the effect the noise or fluttering of the handkerchief might have upon Felix.

"Papa," said he, "the first day I was upon Felix he would not let me blow my nose. That is, I could not blow it in comfort; because he could not bear the rustling of my handkerchief, nor the sight of it; but now he is used to it."

"Yes, and you are used to him."

"Papa, did you hear me talking to Felix in the farm-yard?"

"Yes, I did, but you need not be ashamed of it; for the greatest heroes, in the greatest dangers, have always been in the habit of talking to their horses, as if they could comprehend all their arguments. By-and-by, in Homer's *Iliad*, you will read Achilles' and Hector's fine speeches to their horses, and many others, especially one of a young gentleman called Archilochus; who will, if I am not mistaken, very much please you, Frank."

"Will he, sir? But it will be a great while before I shall be able to read Homer. I was going to say another thing about myself and Felix, papa."

"Say it, then."

"In being a man, papa, besides being a reasonable creature, I have another great advantage over Felix; he must be beaten or spurred to make him go on in danger; but we have the feeling of honour, and the fear of disgrace, which sort of fear conquers the other sort of fear. I do not express it well, but you know what I mean, papa."

"Yes, my dear, I do; but it is said that horses feel shame and emulation. Don't you recollect some anecdotes which Colonel Birch told us, about horses in battle?"

"No, sir," said Frank, "I did not hear much that Colonel Birch said that day; because it was my day off—"

Frank paused, and, after a short silence on both sides, his father resumed.

"Perhaps horses may feel shame and emulation, and something like what we call pride, or a sense of glory; and some are so obedient, that they seem almost to act from a sense of duty; but I never heard of a horse, Frank, which had formed and kept a resolution to cure himself of his faults, or to conquer his fears."

Frank smiled.

"And now, papa," said he, patting Felix, "may I give him a good canter along this pretty lane?"

"Yes; away with you!" said his father; and away they cantered along the lane, till they saw at some distance a fire on the road, at the bottom of a hill which they were going to descend.

"Papa, do you see those flames?" cried Frank. "Let us ride on, and inquire what is the matter. Perhaps some house is on fire."

"No," said his father, "I think it is only a fire made by gipsies; I see some brown rags fluttering by the side of the bank, which looks like the hut of gipsies."

"But look, look! how high the flames rise!" said Frank. "They are throwing something out of the hut upon the fire."

"Straw, probably," said his father; "they are burning their straw bedding. It is very dangerous to make such a fire in the middle of the road."

"And such a narrow road, too," said Frank; "there is no room to pass, papa. The wind is blowing the flames all on my side, and the whole passage on your side, between the fire and the hut, is filled with kettles and stools. It is impossible to pass, and horses do not like fire; Felix does not, I am sure: look at his ears!"

"Stop, Frank," said his father; "this fire is enough to frighten any horse; stop!"

Frank would willingly have obeyed; but just then a man drove a cart through the gate from a field behind them, and came down the hill making a jingling noise, which alarmed Felix. A fresh blaze rose up. Felix reared.

"Frank! keep your seat! that's well! Now to the right, turn him! follow me! leap!"

Frank followed his father, and leaped over a low wall which divided the lane from a field, and found himself safe on his horse's back in the field, out of sight of the fire, and out of hearing of the cart. Felix stood as quiet as a lamb, trembling a little. Frank did not tremble, and enjoyed his successful leap.

"How lucky it was, father, that you saw that wall, and thought of leaping over it. I never thought of it—I never saw it! I saw nothing but the fire, and heard nothing but the cart; but I hope, papa, I behaved tolerably well, and sat Felix when he reared, and when he leaped. Is not it a pretty good leap for me, papa?"

Frank was so well pleased with himself that he required not even his father's answers; he exercised himself in leaping over every little mound in his way, and even went out of his way to practise leaping over any which he could see on the common; till, at last, his father reminded him that they must make the best of their way home.

"Well then, papa," said Frank, ranging himself beside his father, "now we can talk a little. Papa, there

is a great pleasure in conquering difficulties, and in conquering—”

“Fear, do you mean?”

“Yes, papa, just the word, only I did not like to say it.”

“But do you think, papa, that grown up men, and really brave men, began by being afraid when they were little boys?”

“Yes; but they must have learned to conquer their fears when they were boys, or they would never have been able to conquer them when they became men.”

“But, papa, do you mean that after they grow up to be brave men they feel afraid sometimes, and must conquer their fears?”

“Yes, our friend Colonel Birch will tell you, that the first time he went into battle he felt very differently from what he did after he had been in two or three battles: all who have sufficient courage to speak the truth would say the same. One of the bravest of our English generals, whose history you will some time or other read, said that every man would be a coward if he dared. But a man of honour feels what you expressed a little while ago, that the greater fear conquers the lesser; that the fear of danger or of death is less than the fear of disgrace.”

“Disgrace!” repeated Frank. “Papa, I remember the first terrible idea I ever had of disgrace was from hearing you say of some general, who had run away and behaved like a coward—*What a disgrace!* I hope,” continued Frank, “I shall be a very brave man when I grow up; at any rate, papa, I do not think I shall be cowardly on horseback: because, before that time, I shall be well used to riding. But, papa, by-the-by, one day last summer, when we were out in the boat, I was surprised to see that Mr. ———, you know who, was frightened when he was in the boat, and yet he is never frightened on horseback. And when we came to land, that captain of the ship who had been with us, and who had laughed at the poor man for looking alarmed whenever the boat moved, was himself frightened when he was on horseback.”

“Very true, Frank,” said his father. “It seems that being accustomed to one kind of danger does not prevent a person from being afraid in any danger that is new, and does not always even prevent him from fancying that there is danger where there is none.”

"That is what I observed when I was a very little boy, papa, though I could not then express it rightly in words. It was the same thing that I observed the evening when I was afraid of going over the narrow bridge, because I had never done it before, though not afraid of going up the ladder; and when I was surprised to see the poor woman, who had been frightened about the ladder, go bravely over the bridge. Father, I think I ought to be accustomed to all sorts of dangers before I grow up to be a man."

"All sorts! That would be difficult, if not impossible, Frank. Consider all the varieties of dangers there are in this world, by sea and by land. Would you have me ride, run, and sail about with you—be shipwrecked, and go into battle, &c., to accustom you to all sorts of dangers?"

"No," said Frank, laughing, "that would be impossible; and foolish, if it were possible. But, papa, I ought to be accustomed to all the common dangers that boys or men are likely to meet with."

"There is some sense in that, Frank."

"But, after all, I should never even then be secure of not being afraid in any uncommon danger, or in any that was new to me."

"Being accustomed to danger of different kinds, though a great advantage, is not absolutely necessary to make human creatures brave. Fear may be conquered, not only by being accustomed to danger, but by any affection or motive which is stronger than the fear. On some occasions the most timid women become brave; for instance, mothers, when their children are in danger."

"And, papa—I think, papa—I hope, papa, that though I am but a little boy, if I saw my mother in any danger, I should quite forget myself."

"I think you would, Frank. Then you feel already that strong affection can conquer fear, even in a boy as young as you are."

WHILE Frank's mind was still intent upon the conversation he had had with his father about courage, he listened to every anecdote upon this subject which he heard related in conversation or read from books.

One evening, when his father was reading to his mother some new book of travels in Italy, his attention was caught, in a description of St. Peter's Church in Rome, by an account of some young Englishmen of the party who went to see it, who determined to see more of it than any one had seen before; and who, when their female companions stopped, after having reached the top of the cupola, determined to scramble up the outside of the gilt ball, and to stand on its summit. This, with much difficulty and danger, they accomplished. Their return and descent were still more hazardous; for, at the under parts of the ball, they were obliged to crawl on their hands and feet, with their faces upward, much in the manner that a fly crawls upon the ceiling. Frank and Mary listened to this description with breathless anxiety.

"They are down and safe," said Frank; "I am glad of it; how very brave they were."

"I am very glad they are safe down," said Mary; "but I think they were very foolish to go up."

"Not at all foolish, my dear; consider they were men," said Frank; "it is the business of men to be courageous—is not it, papa?"

"Yes, to be courageous, but not to be rash," said his father; "or to hazard their lives without any sufficient or useful object."

"That is exactly what I think, papa," said Mary; "and if I had been there I should have been so afraid that Frank would have gone up!"

Frank said he should certainly have liked to go up; that he should not have liked to have been left behind, even if there had been nothing much worth seeing; he should have been afraid that the other people would have thought him cowardly if he had refused to go. Besides, he should like to have it to say that he had been as high as they had been, and higher than anybody else had been before. And that, after all, whether the thing was foolish or not, it was certainly a proof of courage.

This his father allowed, and said that all Frank's feelings were very natural; but that he admired courage more when it was shown for some useful purpose.

"For instance," said he, laying aside the book he was reading, and taking up the newspaper, "in this day's paper here is an account of a fire, and of a man who

saved the life of two children by putting himself in a most perilous situation. The children had been left in an upper room, the staircase had been burnt down, and there was no passage to the room but by a single rafter; across which, through flames and smoke, this brave man ventured—snatched up the screaming children, and carrying one under each arm, crossed again the narrow path, and brought them down in safety to their mother."

Frank exclaimed that he would much rather have been this man than he that went to the top of the gilt ball.

"Oh, yes," said Mary, "and though it was so very dangerous, I should be glad you had done this, Frank. I hope you will do some such thing when you grow up, if ever you are at a fire. I should not like to be by to see; but I should like very much to hear of it."

The next day Frank amused himself by practising walking on the narrowest planks he could find, which he supported by a stool at each end; and when he could walk steadily on this narrow path, he exchanged the stools for high trestles, which had been used by a man who had been papering one of the rooms; and, after fastening the ends of his plank down firm to the trestles, Mary spread cloaks and sofa-cushions underneath, to represent the feather-beds and blankets the people dragged under the passage; to save the man, if possible, if he should fall. And Frank then acted the man saving the life of the two children, which he performed with two of Mary's dolls, with great applause.

Some days afterward, Frank heard a new and true anecdote of the courage of a boy. It was told to him by the mother of the boy, and it had lately happened, so that every particular was fresh in her recollection. His father was one day walking in a field where a bull was grazing; the bull, he thought, was quite tame, and he had often been accustomed to caress him. This day, the gentleman saw the bull following him, as he thought, in play; but, as he was in haste home, he took up a clod of grass, and threw it at the bull, to drive him away; still the bull followed: the gentleman threw another and a larger sod, but still the bull followed, and came quite close behind him. The gentleman took hold of his horn to turn him aside; but the bull, instead of giv-

ing way, tried to toss him up in the air. The gentleman, however, who was a very strong, large man, kept firm hold of the horn, and walked on some yards in this manner, the bull every now and then trying to throw him up; and he keeping down the horn, and calling his men to his assistance, and whistling for the dogs who guarded the cattle; but neither dogs nor men heard him. He was seen only by a maidservant, who was standing on the steps of the house, with an infant in her arms, and who was so terrified that she could neither stir nor speak; at this instant his son, who was about nine years old, playing before the door, looked up and saw his father struggling with the bull. Never thinking of the danger for himself, he ran to him: meantime, his father's strength being exhausted, he gave up his hold of the animal, and ran towards a tree to shelter himself from him; but, just as he reached the tree, he fell. The bull made a thrust at him with one horn; it went against his watch, which saved him for that time. But the bull had his two fore feet on his breast, and seemed just meditating another thrust when his son came up. The boy had no means of defence, no stick, no stone, nothing to throw at the bull; but he snatched from his head his leather cap, and threw it with such good aim that it hit the bull just across the eyes as he stooped to make another thrust; the animal, frightened, turned aside. The dogs came up, the men followed, the bull was driven away, and the father's life was thus saved by the courage and presence of mind of his little son.

Frank liked this more than he could express; he stood quite silent in admiration. Some one suggested that perhaps the boy was not aware of the risk he ran. The boy's mother, who told the story, said that she was sure he was fully aware, at the time, of the danger, which she thought was proved by his emotion afterward. He was so exhausted by the exertion, and by the terror he had felt for his father, that he could not sleep quietly the whole night afterward; but continually wakened, crying, and saying that he saw the bull before him, going to toss his father.

This last part of the story Frank did not quite approve; he looked ashamed of the boy's crying; and said that he thought in his place he should never have cried when it was all over; he should have rejoiced,

and should have been too happy, and perhaps too proud of himself, to cry.

Frank's mother, however, assured him that he could not tell beforehand what his own feelings might be in such a new situation. Frank was glad to hear his mother say this; and he agreed with her, that it was certainly a proof that the boy was not vain of what he had done, and that his affection for his father must be very great when it could conquer so much fear.

The relation of this, and of many other instances of courage and presence of mind in young people, assisted Frank in forming his judgment on the subject.

Among the various instances which, in the course of a few days, his mother found for him, none struck him so much as the account of the behaviour of a father and son, who were both dangerously wounded, at the same time, on board the same ship, in an engagement at sea. The son was a very young man, not above sixteen years old; beloved by everybody who knew him, especially by the admiral, on board whose ship he was. The surgeon, who attended both father and son, gave the following account of the circumstances, which Frank's mother began to read to him; but which, he said, if she pleased, he would rather finish to himself.

"When Admiral Watson had the unhappiness to see both father and son fall in the same instant, he immediately went up to them, and, by the most tender and pathetic expressions, tried to alleviate their distress. The captain, who had observed his son's leg to be hanging only by the skin, said to the admiral, 'Indeed, sir, this was a cruel shot, to knock down both the father and the son!'

"Mr. Watson's heart was too full to make the least reply; he only ordered them both to be immediately carried to the surgeon. The captain was first brought down to me; he told me how dangerously his poor Willy had been wounded. Presently after, the brave youth himself appeared; his eyes overflowing with tears, not for his own, but for his father's fate. I laboured to assure him that his father's wound was not dangerous, and this assertion was confirmed by the captain himself. He seemed not to believe either of us, until he asked me, *upon my honour*, and I had repeated to him my first assurance, in the most positive manner. He then immediately became calm; but on my attempt-

ing to inquire into the condition of his wound, he solicitously asked me if I had dressed his father, for he could not think of my touching him before his father's wound had been taken care of. I assured him that the captain had been already properly attended to: 'Then,' replied the generous youth, pointing to a fellow-sufferer, 'pray, sir, look to and dress this poor man, who is groaning so sadly beside me!' I told him that he already had been taken care of, and begged of him, with some importunity, that I might now have liberty to examine his wound: he submitted to it, and calmly observed, 'Sir, I fear you must amputate above the joint;' I replied, 'My dear, I must!' Upon which he clasped both his hands together, and lifting his eyes in the most devout and fervent manner towards heaven, he offered the following short but earnest petition: 'Good God! do thou enable me to behave in my present circumstances worthy my father's son.'

"When he had ended this ejaculatory prayer, he told me that he was all submission; I then performed the operation above the joint of the knee; but, during the whole time, the intrepid youth never spoke a word or uttered a groan that could be heard at a yard distance.

"You may imagine what, in this interval, the captain felt, who lay just by his darling son; but whatever were his feelings, there was no expression of them but silent trickling tears. The bare recollection of this scene, even at this distant time, is too painful for me.

"The son remained with me at the hospital: the father was lodged at the house of a friend. For the first eight or nine days I gave the father great comfort by carrying him joyful tidings of his boy; and in the same manner I gratified the son with regard to the father. But, alas! from that time all the good symptoms which had hitherto attended this unparalleled youth, began to disappear! The captain easily guessed by my silence and countenance the true state his boy was in, nor did he ever ask me more than two questions concerning him; so tender was the subject to us both, and so unwilling was his generous mind to add to my distress. The first was on the tenth day, in these words: 'How long, my friend, do you think my Billy may remain in a state of uncertainty?' I replied, that if he lived to the fifteenth day after the operation, there would be the strongest hopes of his recovery. On the thir-

teenth, however, he died; and on the sixteenth the brave man, looking me steadfastly in the face, said, 'Well, sir, how fares it with my boy?' I could make him no reply; and he immediately attributed my silence to the real cause. He cried bitterly, squeezed me by the hand, and begged me to leave him for one half hour, when he wished to see me again; and assured me that I should find him with a different countenance. I punctually complied with his desire; and when I returned to him he appeared perfectly calm and resigned."

* * * * *

AFTER Frank's "day of dangers," as Mary called it, he had many rides with his father without any dangers or difficulties; but though he had no adventures, he generally saw or heard something, with which he entertained Mary at his return.

One day in autumn, as he was riding with his father near the banks of a river, he saw, in some low marshy ground, a large plantation of tall thin trees: Frank asked his father why people planted such ugly thin trees, or rather switches.

"Because," answered his father, "ugly as they are, they are very useful; those switches, as you call them, are willows, or osiers, and a plantation of them is called an osiery."

While they stopped to look at it, a man came from the osiery with a bill-hook and a large iron hoop in his hand. Frank saw that this man was the gardener, whom he used to call the gardener of the green gate. This gardener smiled, and was glad to see Frank; his liking for him had not only lasted, but had increased; because Frank had continued to take care not to be troublesome, and whenever he went to see his garden, was eager to observe and to learn what was going forward. The gardener now had with him some boys who were cutting long twigs of osiers, and laying them in heaps. Some of these were very thin, some thicker; and they had different coloured barks. The gardener told Frank that some were to be used for making large coarse baskets, others for smaller and finer baskets, some for making hurdles, and others, which were very slight and pliant, were serviceable to him for tying branches of fruit-trees.

Of all these and many more uses for willows which the gardener mentioned, the making of baskets most interested Frank; he should like very much, he said, to see how they were made. The gardener told him that he had a son who was expert in basket-making; that the boy was now at work in a field near his house, by which they would pass on their road home; and that if they could call on him, the boy could easily show Frank how to set about the work. Frank gladly accepted this offer, and the gardener, who was going home, took a short way across the fields, so that he arrived before Frank and his father.

They saw the boy at work in a new-mown meadow; they alighted and went to him. He began a new basket, to show them the work from the beginning. He stuck a number of willows in a circle, at equal distances in the grass; the circle was the size which he wished the basket to be. He then began to weave other willows between these, in a manner which Frank easily learned to imitate; and the boy showed him how the bottom of the basket was made firm, and how the top and the handle were finished.

While Frank was at work, the gardener went with his father to see his nursery.

"You see, papa," said Frank to his father, as he returned with the gardener, and as he showed him the basket of which he had made the greater part himself; "you see that I shall not be the idle gentleman, but the basket-maker; and if ever I am cast away upon a desert island, I shall make beautiful crowns for the king of the savages, and be a great man among them."

The gardener smiled, and so did his son, who had read in Sandford and Merton the story of the basket-maker to which Frank alluded. The gardener, who was an intelligent Scotchman, observed "that it would scarcely be worth any one's while to learn basket-making merely for the chance of being called upon to make crowns for kings of the savages."

"But," continued he, "it is no bad thing for a young gentleman, who is not obliged to live by the work of his hands, to learn the use of his hands, as I may call it. Even the knowing such a simple thing as how to make a basket, may be of service to him at some odd time in life. In these days there is no knowing to what the richest gentleman born may be reduced."

"But a few years ago I remember numbers of poor French, of the highest quality, and who had had the finest fortunes in their own country, when they were banished from France and their fortunes taken from them, were supported by the work of their own hands, or that of their servants. One old count and countess, I recollect in particular, were kept from starving by the industry of a servant-boy who had formerly been in their family, and who understood basket-making, and worked with the basket-maker to whom I sold my osiers. I used to see him frequently: and the little count, a boy not above Master Frank's age, had the sense to learn too, and worked hard for his father and mother."

"And this did really happen," said Frank; "and but a few years ago! I am afraid that I should not be able to do any thing for my father and mother if they were reduced to want."

"But it was not those who laboured by their hands only that could do the most for themselves or their friends. Some of them could do what I call head-work; some spoke and wrote their own language, and had learned their French grammar; and they earned bread for themselves and their families by teaching French grammatically. Others, who knew music and dancing, if they knew even those things well, could earn their bread. But I did not think so much of them, being not such manly trades. But gentlemen, when in distress, must make the most of the little they know. I had great respect for a poor French nobleman's son, who turned drawing-master, and was obliged to work hard, to my knowledge, to learn perspective, before he could get himself employed in a school in our neighbourhood. He did succeed at last, and right glad he was, and so we were for him; for he had two sisters and an old mother who had no other means of living but what he earned. They had sold all, and were come to the last distress. They were lodged in a garret in Litchfield, at the house of an uncle of mine: that is the reason I know so much about them. I often caught a glimpse of one or other of them on the stairs when they came out to peep if their brother was coming up. And what joy I've seen in their faces when it was he! And what disappointment when it was only me! Oh, he was a good and hard-working young man and gentleman!"

"How happy he must have been to be able to do this for his sisters and mother!" repeated Frank.

"And for himself, or he must have starved," said the gardener. "And starving is no joke when it comes to the pinch. However, as you have never felt that pinch, this notion cannot touch you much, Master Frank," added the gardener, laughing.

"Do you know any more stories of these poor French people?" said Frank; "I should like to hear more."

The gardener said that he had heard hundreds of stories of them; but that he did not recollect any more that he could say he knew of his own knowledge. He had seen the French prisoners at work at Bristol, and had seen the ingenious toys and curious things, models of ships, and windmills, and cannons, they made of old bones, with scarce any tools but their knives; but he believed, he said, that all these knickknacks were sold very cheap, and that so many could make them, and there was such great competition, "you know," said the gardener, turning to Frank's father, "that, work ever so hard, they could gain but little, not more than what kept them in clothes, and that but barely; for people's fancy changed often, and the toys were not bought." The gardener repeated, it was best to stick to useful trades, and the making of such things as must be wanted as long as the world stands, by all people, of all descriptions, said he, glancing his eye at the basket which his youngest boy held in his hand. "Not but what," added he, looking at his eldest son, "what I said before is true too, that the work of the head is better still than the work of the hands; better paid, you know, sir, and more respected and more respectable. My eldest boy is breeding up to be a surveyor, and is beginning to learn the mathematics. Fetch your book, Andrew, and show the gentleman."

Frank's father looked at Andrew's book, and was pleased; and, to confirm what the gardener had been saying, he told another anecdote of a French emigrant: no less a person than the present Duke of Orleans. When he was in exile and in distress, during the French revolution, he supported himself by teaching mathematics, which he had learned well when a boy.

"He must have learned well to be able to teach them," said Andrew.

"Ay, and when he was to be paid for teaching too," said the gardener; "if he had not been able to teach them well, nobody would have employed him; for it was nothing to them that he was a French duke then. I suppose, indeed, nobody knew who he was or had been."

"No; he was obliged to conceal his name and title," said Frank's father.

"Then, Andrew, he was no more than you yourself, standing there; think of that."

"And the duke is not ashamed to own it now?" said Andrew.

"Ashamed! no, he is proud of it," answered Frank's father.

"As well he may be," said the gardener.

"There is now in the palace of the Duke of Orleans, in France, a picture, in which he is represented in the midst of his pupils, in the school where he taught. Frank, you shall see a print taken from this picture, which is now in the possession of a friend of your mother's, to whom it was given by the duke and dutchess of Orleans."

Frank, Andrew, and the gardener exclaimed at once that they should like very much to see this print.

Frank now stood with his basket in his hand, looking very thoughtful. The gardener interrupted his revery by offering him a fine provision of osiers, for making baskets and fences of different sorts. The bundles of osiers were so large that he did not know how they could be carried home; but a boy of nearly his own age, who was standing by, offered to carry them for him.

The boy set off with his huge load of osiers, and the gardener took Frank with his father to see his hothouse and greenhouse. After which, they remounted their horses and returned homewards.

Frank, as they were riding home, observed to his father, that on the labels of the shrubs and flowers he had just seen, the names that were written were not in English, but in Latin; and whenever he asked the name of any flower in the hothouse, the gardener first told it to him in Latin, and then in English. Frank asked the reason of this. His father answered, that it was useful to give names to plants in a language which could be understood in different countries; and Latin is a sort of

universal language, which is understood in all countries, by all people of a certain degree of education.

"Papa," said Frank, "what you told me about the Duke of Orleans, and what the gardener said about the poor French prisoners and emigrants, and about basket-making, and knickknack-making, and particularly about the different value of hand-work and head-work, makes me consider that I have not thought enough about what things will or will not be really useful to me to learn before I grow up to be a man and a gentleman; and I am determined to do it directly."

His father said this was a wise resolution; but he was a little surprised by the extraordinary gravity with which Frank spoke.

"The first thing that I shall do when I get home," continued Frank, "shall be to ask mamma for two of the largest sheets of paper she has in her paper treasury; and at the top of the one I will write, or I will print, in large letters, MAN, and on the other, WOMAN; and I will rule lines very close, and on these two sheets of paper I will make two lists, one for myself, man; and the other for Mary, woman; and under these heads I will put every thing that we ought to know or learn before we grow up to be man and woman. I will have two columns, papa, and put those things that we cannot possibly do without in one column, and those that we might like to have, but that we can do without, in the other. That will be very useful, will not it, papa? and one column I will call *must want*, and the other *may want*.

"Some things will be the same for both of us, papa; for instance, truth goes under *must want* for both man and woman; but courage, papa, goes under *must want* in my list, and *may want* in Mary's; or, perhaps, it may be left out entirely in her list. We will consider of it."

"Do so: in the meantime, Frank, consider a little where you are going. Do not haul your horse about in that cowpath from side to side, or you will throw him down."

"I will take care, papa. Mind where you are going, Felix, sir. We will begin our lists this day, and Mary and I can settle them all. What do you think, papa? You smile: you look as if you thought we could not do this."

"I think that perhaps you will want a little of your

mother's assistance and mine; for, without more experience or knowledge of the world than you two possess, it will be impossible that you should know all that is necessary to put in or leave out of your lists of *must wants* and *may wants*."

"That is true," said Frank; "for I did not know till very lately that Latin grammar and Latin should go under *must want* for man, that is for gentlemen. By-the-by, papa, that gardener, who is not a gentleman, understands Latin."

"Yes, he knows the Latin names of trees, plants, and flowers."

"But," answered Frank, "he knows a great deal more. I took up a book that was lying on a seat in his porch, and what do you think it was, papa? A Latin book! a Latin poet!"

"Virgil's Eclogues, I suppose?"

"Yes; Virgil's Eclogues: how could you guess it?"

Without waiting for an answer, Frank went on—

"His son told me that he not only reads that, but other Latin books, which he called the classics, at his leisure hours, for his amusement! Think of that, papa!"

His father did not appear much surprised, but told Frank that he hoped and believed that he would some time or other read Virgil and all the classics for his amusement. Frank asked his father what he meant by the classics. His father began to name to him some of those authors who are called ancient classical writers; but before this list, with various explanations, was finished, they saw the boy following them who was carrying the willows home for Frank. He had taken a short way across the fields. He had such a load on his back that it reached above his head and below his knees, and the trees seemed to be moving forward of themselves. Frank's mother was walking down the avenue, and said to his father, when she met them, something which Frank did not quite understand: pointing to the boy and the willows behind him, she said,

"'A moving wood doth come to Dunsinane.'"

"I know that is a quotation," said Frank; "but I do not know from what book, nor exactly what it means; I wish that I did."

"It is from a play of Shakspeare," said his father. "Shakspeare is one of the first English classic authors

which you will read for your amusement one of these days, but not yet. Now tell this moving wood where it should go."

The boy was directed to Frank's island: there his load of willows was laid down.

In the eagerness to begin his basket-making, Frank forgot, till late in the evening, the two lists of the *must wants* and *may wants* of man and woman; but the next morning, it being a rainy day, the work was begun as soon as the Latin lesson was finished. His mother having furnished from her inexhaustible bounty two sheets of paper, large as Frank's imagination could desire, he, and Mary under his directions, accomplished ruling them tolerably straight, dividing each page into two columns, ruled, contrary to good advice, with red ink, so liquid, that it blotted much of the space intended to contain the virtues of man. Fatigued with ruling, for it is a very tiresome business, as all who have tried it will bear witness, Frank went no farther in his great work, at this sitting, than printing *MAN*, in large letters, on his own page, and *WOMAN*, in equal size, on Mary's. The ensuing day was fine, but no riding for Frank; his father could not take him out with him every day. Basket-making at their island was now a fine resource; but, in their first attempt, the willows were not stuck at equal distances, or so as to form a perfect circle. The basket proved but a misshapen thing, crooked in every direction; it could not stand, because the bottom was so round; and the handle was so weak and so ill fastened that it came out the first time Mary attempted to use it.

After this failure in basket-making Frank returned to his lists. Truth, honour, courage, were fairly written in his best round hand under the head man; and Mary, for woman, wrote also truth and honesty; and, after consulting Frank's mother, added modesty and good-temper. The next word in Frank's list was written and scratched out several times. First it was Latin grammar; then grammar was scratched out, and Latin left; then Latin classics was put instead of grammar; then learning was written; and at last learning was to be effaced, all but the *l*, and literature to have been put in its stead; but the paper could not bear it; there was now a hole, and Frank's hands were hot, and he grew impatient, and pushed aside the paper, and said that he would give it up for this morning.

Mary wrote *patience* in her list before she left the table. Frank urged her to scratch it out, assuring her that it was included in good-temper, a point which she seemed to doubt; for, as she said, Frank was very good-tempered, but she did not think that he was always patient. Frank, feeling the justice of this observation, returned to his work, and never quitted it till he had written the whole over again. This time he put in patience and perseverance in his list before Latin or classical literature. "Even in our plays," as Mary said, "and in all those things which we do merely for our amusement, we cannot succeed without patience."

"To-morrow we will go to our basket-making again," said Frank, "and we will not give it up."

In this resolution he and Mary persevered; and after the Latin lesson was finished, on those days when his father could not take him out, or when he returned early in the day from his rides, at every moment's spare time he and Mary were at work, either at their baskets or at their lists.

"It is very agreeable, mamma," said Frank, "to have employments both for out of doors and in-doors, to which we can go constantly, without troubling you or anybody. And you see, mamma, we do not begin new things and grow tired, and leave them in a few days, as you say foolish children are apt to do. Look, mamma, at this basket: compare it with the first that we made, this crooked, tumble-down thing, with the round bottom and the broken-handle. See how much we are improved!"

"Yes," his mother said, "this is a really good, strong, useful basket."

Frank asked his mother if she would be so kind as to walk with them to his old friend Mrs. Wheeler's, that he might carry this basket to her; he wished to give it to her, because she had given him the first basket he ever possessed, a little one made of rushes, which had been long since destroyed; but the remembrance of the kindness remained in Frank's mind; and his mother willingly walked with him and Mary to the cottage.

Mrs. Wheeler was sitting on a stool before her door, shelling peas; and Mary, holding their basket by the handle, offered it to her.

She smiled and thanked them, and seemed to like the basket even before she knew that it was their making;

and she was surprised fully as much as they expected when she heard that it was made by them, and on purpose for her.

But when Frank reminded her of the little rush basket which she had given him long since, the tears came into her eyes, and she said,

"God bless you! God bless your grateful little heart! Think of his remembering that so long, which I had quite forgotten!"

She gathered up the husks of the peas which she had been shelling, and threw them into the basket, to show Frank that it would be immediately useful to her.

"But it is so strong," said Mary, "it will bear a much greater load than this."

"Yes," said Mrs. Wheeler, "I will keep my fagots in it."

She and Frank both smiled when she pronounced the word *fagots*; and while she went to empty the basket of peashells and fill it with sticks, Frank told Mary the mistake he had made when he was a very little boy, about fagots and maggots.

"I can bear to be laughed at now, cannot I, mamma! better, at least, than I could at that time. Yet," added he, "I recollect that stupid Tom vexed me a little the first time we saw him, by laughing at my triumphal arch, and calling my bricks baby bricks."

"Now I know the reason," said Mary, "that you have not played with the bricks lately."

"And a very foolish reason it is," said Frank. "I will conquer that foolish feeling."

"Look!" said Mary, "here is Mrs. Wheeler with the basket filled with sticks. Good-natured woman! she likes to show us how useful it will be."

She placed the basket in her chimney corner; and told Mary and Frank that she would never let anybody touch it but herself and her grandson George.

When once she had named George, she could not help going on speaking of him; she showed the parlour, which he had had newly whitewashed and floored; and said that every penny he could earn he laid out in some comfort for her.

"George was talking," continued she, "of making for me a little arbour in the garden; but I would not let him do it, for he does too much for me, and he can be much better employed; so I persuaded him to lay aside all thoughts of the arbour."

When Frank heard this, a plan of making an arbour for Mrs. Wheeler came into his mind, which he communicated to Mary as they were returning home: and Mary and he agreed that they would make use of some strong and long sallops, which the gardener had sent them; and for this purpose, they said, they would give up their plan of making a new arbour for themselves in their island. This was an excellent project; but it happened to this, as to many other excellent projects, that the carrying it into execution was from day to day postponed: something was always to be done first; and delightful rides made Frank quite forget Mrs. Wheeler's arbour.

DURING the course of this autumn and winter, when Frank had learned to ride tolerably well, his father sometimes took him out riding when he went with his friends, or when he went out on any business in which a boy of his age could learn any thing useful.

Frank liked the rides best which he had with his father when he was alone; because then he could ask him all the questions which he had treasured up for those happy times.

When his father's friends happened to ride with them, Frank found it disagreeable to be silent, especially as the conversation sometimes turned on subjects which did not interest him, and which he fancied that he could not understand; yet he had sense enough to attend to what was said, and he found that he often learned more than he could have done by talking himself, even of what he was most anxious to say.

It happened, in one of these rides, that his father was accompanied by two gentlemen: one was an engineer, well informed in literature and science; the other was a country squire, who had a large estate, was good-natured, but very ignorant, and fond of low company.

The business of this ride was to lay out a new road, which was to go through part of that gentleman's estate. In this business Frank was not interested, and he thought, as he told Mary, that it would prove one of his stupid rides.

The beginning was tiresome, for he could not understand what the engineer was saying to his father about a

trigonometrical survey of England, nor of what the squire said to him about hounds. He trotted on for miles without any amusement, except talking by turns to Felix and to his little dog Pompey, whom he taught to follow him in his rides.

He was, however, called upon to listen to a long story, which the squire endeavoured to make him understand. A story, such as people full of their own affairs, and unused to children, address to them for their amusement.

It was the history of a quarrel about a dead partridge, between the Squires's and the Rogers's, which was made up by a marriage between Miss Squires, his mother, and Mr. Rogers, his father, "upon condition that the eldest son, that was to be, should be christened *Squires*, which was accordingly done by me, that is, *with me*," said the puzzled and puzzling squire. "So I became Squires Rogers, and, in time, ought to be denominated *Squire Squires Rogers*; being that I am Esquire, that is, a Squire by title—and Squires by name—and, I may add, Squire by nature: but I have never compassed getting myself called Squire Squires Rogers, on account of the hissing in common people's mouths: so it came down to Squires Rogers, and then to plain Squire Rogers. But this defeated the intention of the founder," continued he, "for there is many in the country this minute that does not know I am any thing more than plain Squire Rogers. I doubt whether even your father does; but pray do you explain it to him, my dear."

Frank said that he would if he could; he thought, however, that this would be above his capacity; but he repeated to himself several times Squire Squires Rogers, to try whether he could say it properly, in spite of the hissing.

His attention had been much distracted during the latter part of the squire's story, by some words that he overheard of the conversation on the other side of him, between the engineer and his father, about stone stairs, leading to curious buildings under ground, which had lately been discovered by some workmen who had been sinking a well.

The conversation changed before Frank's attention was released from the Squires's and the Rogers's, and he never could find out more.

Presently, his father stopped near some ruins. The

squire told Frank not to mind that heap of old stones, but to listen to what he was going to tell him about a covey of partridges. Frank, however, escaped this time from the squire, and rode after his father, for his curiosity was again excited by hearing the words Roman road and Roman arch; the recollection of his own triumphal arch gave him an interest in this subject. He was surprised to learn that an arch and a road, which he now saw had been made when the Romans were in England.

From the little books of history which he had read, he knew that "the Romans in England once did sway;" but he had thought of this only as a circumstance mentioned in books, and had never so much the feeling of its being real as now, when he saw a road and a part of a building which had lasted from their time.

The conversation next turned upon one of those old towers which are called Cæsar's towers, and various facts of history were mentioned, with some of which Frank was acquainted; but what interested him most was observing the respect that was paid to his father as a man of literature. He remarked, also, that the squire looked sulky and ashamed while they were talking of Tacitus and Agricola, of Julius Cæsar and Augustus; and when he was asked some question about a tower on his own estate, which was said to have been built in the time of Augustus Cæsar, he said, he thanked his stars he knew nothing at all of any of the Cæsars since he had left school, except his dog Cæsar, who was worth them all put together. The squire was at last obliged to whistle, and to whip his boot, and talk to little Pompey. Frank hoped that when he grew up to be a man he should never be in such a condition. They rode on, and as they went through the county town, the engineer stopped to look at the cathedral, the roof of which wanted some repair.

When observations were made upon the different parts of the building, the columns and Gothic arches, Frank found that his knowledge of the different kinds of arches, and of the orders of architecture, enabled him to understand part of what was said, and made him eager to attend, in hopes of learning more. When they were looking at some headless statues in the niches of one of the shrines in the cathedral, and when he heard his father regret the injury which had been

done to this cathedral, and to many others in England, by Cromwell's soldiers at the time of the civil wars in England, at least he knew who Cromwell was; and when he felt his own ignorance of many other facts in English history, which were alluded to in looking at the tombs and monuments, he inquired and obtained some information. But all this time the squire, as ignorant of the history of his own country as of that of Rome, stood yawning at intervals before an old gravestone, on which was the name of either Roberts or Rogers; whose only history seemed to be that he had been born and had died.

Frank and his father felt sorry for the squire, and they quitted the cathedral soon, lest they should weary him by detaining him longer. They all remounted their horses, and proceeded to the place where the new road was to be laid out. Here they found the engineer's men waiting for them; they had brought with them a telescope, and two boxes which contained his instruments, and some wooden rods or staves. Frank had seen and had often looked through a telescope, and knew its use, and remembered all he had read about it in Sandford and Merton. The engineer, who had observed that Frank was intelligent, gave him leave to look through his glass at the distant country, and as he saw the manner in which Frank held it, and applied his eye to it, at the same time directing it to the objects which he wished to see, he said,

"I perceive this is not the first time you have looked through a telescope."

"No," said Frank; "the first time I could not shut one eye and look with the other; and I remember I pointed the telescope sometimes a great way higher and sometimes a great way lower than the thing I wanted to see. But my father taught me how to hold, and direct, and steady it; and he let me try till I could do it all for myself."

"You are very much obliged to your father, then," said the engineer, "for teaching you; for, in general, children, and indeed grown-up people, are terribly awkward the first time they want to look through a glass."

As Frank looked through it, he said,

"I see a high hill over which a road goes."

"Yes," said the engineer, "we are going to change that road, to save people the trouble of going up that

hill; and I am going to measure the different heights of the ground."

He then called to one of his men, and desired him to bring his theodolite.

Frank, who had never before seen such an instrument, went eagerly to look at it. But he could not understand its different parts; he saw telescopes and brass circles, with many divisions of which he could not guess the use. He saw a compass: with this he was acquainted, for his father had shown him a compass: he watched the needle as it trembled; and when it stood still, he knew it pointed to the north: his curiosity was next excited by a small glass tube, in which he saw a bubble that continually moved backwards and forwards whenever the instrument was stirred.

He saw the engineer look at this bubble frequently, and, as it were, consult it. Frank observed that the bubble always went to that end of the tube which was highest.

At last, when the instrument was settled to the engineer's satisfaction, Frank saw that this bubble stood quite still, exactly in the middle of the glass tube; he perceived, therefore, that its use was to show when the instrument was level. He asked what this was. The engineer said it was a spirit level. He asked what the bubble was, and why it always ran upwards. The engineer said that it was a bubble of air; but he told Frank that he could not explain more to him, that he must go on with his work.

The engineer ordered one of his assistants to stand on the road at a certain distance from him, with one of the staves, which the man held on the road. On this staff there was a sliding part, which the man pushed higher or lower when the engineer, who looked at it through the telescope, made signs to him to raise or lower it. When this was done the engineer called the man to him, and noted down the height to which the slide had been placed on the staff, and this operation was repeated at several places.

As Frank had been quite silent, and had taken care not to be in the way, the engineer gave him leave to look through the telescope at the staff; and told him that he might call to the man to raise or lower it till it should be at its proper height. Frank looked through the telescope; but, to his astonishment, he saw the man

standing on his head, and the road seeming to stand on the man's feet; and when he called to the man to raise the slide, he lowered it, or when he called to him to lower it, he raised it, doing exactly the contrary to what he desired; at which the squire grew angry, and began to call the man a blockhead, a dunce, and an obstinate fool. But as the man had always done rightly when the engineer had spoken to him, Frank guessed that the fault must be his own; and as all the objects were reversed, that is, turned a different way from what they usually are, he perceived that he ought to reverse his orders, and to say higher when it seemed to require to be lower, and lower when it seemed to require to be higher.

"I see," said the engineer, stroking Frank's head, "that your kind father has taught you better things than how to hold a telescope; that he has taught you to be patient, and to believe that you may be in the wrong, and ought not to expect to be in the right in a new thing, which you have never learned."

Encouraged by these kind words, Frank said he wished very much to know the reason of what he had seen, and particularly why the man appeared to stand on his head? But his father told him that this could not be explained till he knew a great deal more.

"What is the engineer going to do now?" asked Frank.

"He is going to measure the height and distance of those two mountains which you see to the east and to the west, to your right hand and to your left."

Frank observed that the engineer, after looking through the telescope, examined the divisions on the brass circles; then changed the position of the telescope, and again examined the divisions; after which he looked satisfied, and wrote something in a little book. And Frank heard him say several things to his father which he could not understand, about taking angles, a base, and a meridian line.

When the engineer seemed to have done with the instrument, Frank asked if he might again look through the telescope. The engineer nodded, and went on with his former conversation. Frank looked, but saw only a mountain upside down; and Frank said to the man next to him, "What has your master been doing?" The man answered,

"He was taking the angles."

And Frank understood no more than he had done before. The engineer turning round at this instant, saw Frank's curious and distressed look, smiled, and said,

"My dear, you have a great deal to learn before you can understand the meaning of all this."

The squire asked if he had now finished his business.

The engineer answered that he had.

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed the squire, "we shall have our road—the rest is all Hebrew to me. It is amazingly cold standing here: and I am heartily glad to see that wooden *Harry-long-legs* go back again into its box."

Frank smiled.

"I never want to know how to do these troublesome things—these sorts of scientific puzzles, which a man can get done for him by paying for," added the squire.

Frank looked at him with surprise; but there was something droll and good-humoured in the squire's manner which diverted him, and he was glad that they were to go on with him to Rogers'-court, where he cordially invited them to rest and refresh themselves; being certain, he said, that they must be more than half tired to death, as he was himself, of this tedious business.

Rogers'-court was a handsome old house, of which the squire was proud, as he was of all that belonged to him.

In showing this house, his ignorance was still more striking than it had before appeared. He had a fine library which had been left to him lately, as head of the family, he said, by some great bookish man of his name, but to him the books were of neither use or pleasure; he had several fine historical pictures in his dining-room and drawing-room. Frank began to ask some questions about them, but he perceived that the squire did not even know Darius and Alexander; he called Alexander a great Roman general.

While they were looking at the pictures, two boys, older than he was, nephews of Squire Rogers, came into the room with their tutor, and joined the circle who were examining the pictures. Frank saw that the boys and the tutor were laughing behind the squire's back, at his mistakes. Frank thought that this was very illna-

tured and wrong. He was shocked at it, and he would not go near them.

When he gave an account of this visit to Mary, he said that he took care not to ask any more questions, lest he should expose "*the poor squire.*"

This *poor*, or rather this rich squire's ignorance, made such an impression upon Frank, that for a time he talked of it more than of the engineer's knowledge; thinking it, perhaps, rather more easy to avoid the one than to obtain the other.

"My dear Mary," said he, "I must take care not to be an ignorant man. We will look over our histories of Greece, and Rome, and England, to-morrow, and see what we know."

"Yes," said Mary, "and find out what we do not know."

THE next morning, as soon as Frank's Latin lesson was finished, the floor of his mother's dressing-room was strewed with the heads of Roman and of English kings, queens, emperors, and consuls. Mary put together the joining map of the English kings and queens; Frank holding the box, and giving each head as she called for it in right succession. Not a single mistake was made in her calling. Frank then tried whether he could do as well with the Romans; but he made one error. He called for Tarquinius Superbus (Tarquin the Proud), before Tarquinius Priscus.

"I always have made that mistake," said Frank.

"But you will not make it again," said his mother, "if you consider that Tarquin the Proud was, on account of his pride and wickedness, driven from the throne and from the country, and was the last of the kings of Rome."

This reason, as Frank found, fixed the fact in his memory; and he observed that it was much easier and better to remember by reason than merely by rote. While Frank had his Roman kings, consuls, and emperors, on one side of the room, and Mary her English kings and queens on the floor at the other, Mary began to amuse herself with proposing visits from one set of crowned heads to the other; but Frank observed that those should not visit who did not live at the same time, for that they would not know each other's customs.

This led to an inquiry, which ended in putting a stop to all visiting between the kings and queens of England and the kings and consuls of Rome. The time of Julius Cæsar's landing at Deal was inquired into, and, to please Mary, he and the Emperor Augustus Cæsar were permitted to see Queen Boadicea, though, as Frank observed, this was absolutely impossible in reality, because Queen Boadicea did not live till eighteen years afterward.

They went to their little histories of England, France, and Scotland, and found all the kings and queens, and remarkable people, who lived at the same time; and they amused themselves with making out parties for these personages, and inventing conversations for them.

They called this playing at contemporaries; contemporaries meaning, as Frank's mother told them, those people who live at the same time.

Even by this trifling diversion, some useful knowledge was gained. New inquiries continually arose, and led to the grand questions, which nations come first in the history of the world? which next in succession? or what states flourished, that is, were in power and prosperity, at the same time?

Frank's mother, in answer to these questions, unrolled a chart which hung up in the study; it was called "The Stream of Time." This stream seemed to issue from clouds, divided into numerous streamlets of different breadths and various colours: only one of these, of a uniform colour, flowed straight in an uninterrupted course. All the others appeared patched of many colours, and were more or less interrupted and broken in their progress; sometimes running thin till they came to nothing, or were swallowed up in neighbouring streaks, or sometimes several joining together, and after a little space separating in straggling figures. Mary, when first she looked at this map, said it looked like the window, when, on a rainy day, some finger has been streaked down the glass many times. Frank said that to him it looked more like a coloured drawing, which his father had shown him, of the heart, veins, and arteries. Across the coloured streaks were printed numerous names, which were the names of the different nations and empires of the world. Frank began to read these: Chinese, Jews, Egyptians, Phœnicians, Assyrians, Persians, Macedonians, Grecians, Romans—

Then pausing, and looking as if confounded by the number of the names,

"Mamma," said he, "just the minute before you unrolled that chart I was going to say to Mary—'*Mary, we have learned a great deal to day;*' but now that I see how much more we have to learn, I think we have learned very little. Mamma, how shall we ever in our whole lives have time to learn, or memory enough to remember, the histories of all these people? How very difficult it will be, and how impossible, before I go to school! Will it not be quite impossible, mamma?"

She readily allowed that it would be; and assured him that a complete knowledge of the history of all the nations in the world is possessed by very few men, even after they have studied history half their lives. "Therefore, Frank," said she, "you need not despair, because at your age you know but little. Go on steadily, acquiring, as you do, every day a little more and a little more knowledge, and the difficulties will lessen as you advance."

"Mamma," said Frank, "I should like to fix a time for looking at this map with you, and learning from it something about the histories of different nations every day."

"You may hang the chart up in my dressing-room, and you may come, Frank, if you please, every day at my dressing time," said his mother; "and I shall be ready to help you as far as I can; but, perhaps, many things will prevent you after the first day from being punctual to that time; and I rather advise you to leave the map where it is, along with the books of history which you generally read, and where you can readily get at it, and consult it, and look at it, at the times when you want to know any particular fact."

"That will be best," said Frank. "Now, Mary, let us go out to warm ourselves and play a little. Mamma, will you call out from the window, as you sit at work, 'One! two! three! and away!' We will run from the great beech to the great oak."

After having run several of what Mary justly called good races, they rested; and Frank, as soon as he had breath, began to try to explain to her the instruments which he had seen with the engineer; but he ended by saying that she must see them before she could understand them, or even understand as much of them as he

did. Without any instrument, however, but three sticks, he said they could play at levelling well enough; and, pushing out the pith from a piece of elder stick, used it instead of a telescope, and stuck it and three sticks together with a nail: then he made a sliding staff with two smooth saws for Mary: he bid her stand at some distance, and be his levelling-man. And in this manner they set about trying to measure the ups and downs in part of the walk round the shrubbery. And Frank said he could measure the height that the sliding stick was raised or lowered by a foot rule which his mother had given to him. This play went on happily for some time, Frank running backwards and forwards frequently to examine whether Mary was right or wrong, in her raising or lowering of the staff.

"Now you see I am always right," said Mary, "pray do not come to look any more: trust to me, pray, Frank, do."

He did so. Till at last, at a certain turn of the walk, the wind being high, and blowing full in Frank's face, he called and bawled out the word "Lower! I say, lower! Mary, lower!" in vain. Mary continually answered, "I can't hear:" Frank replied, "You must hear, for I hear you;" but this answer did not reach Mary, and Frank, after bawling till he was hoarse, grew angry, and, running up to Mary, snatched the staff from her hand, and in an insulting manner declared that she was not fit to be a levelling-man. She pleaded that the wind was so high that she could never hear a word; he said; and he being in a passion repeated,

"You must have heard it if you had been minding what you were about, for I hear you now; and if you did not hear, could not you have taken off your bonnet?"

"No, because mamma desired me not to take off my bonnet."

"Because! because! Oh, that is only an excuse. You do not like to play at this play, I see," said Frank.

"I do, I do, indeed," said Mary, "if you would not be angry with me."

"But how can I help being angry, when I have bawled till I am hoarse, and you never would hear; and when I heard you all the time?"

"It is very natural to be provoked with a person for not hearing, I know," said Mary; "I have felt that myself. I remember yesterday, when the wind was high,

and I was locked out, and standing at the glass door calling, and calling, and calling to Catharine, begging her to let me in, and she did not hear me, though all that time I saw and heard her; I was very much provoked, though it was not her fault."

While Mary was saying this, Frank had time to recollect himself.

"My dear Mary," said he, "I was cross, and you are very good-humoured, and perhaps you are right too. Now go to my place and call to me, and I will stand in yours, and try if I can hear you."

Frank could not hear one word that Mary said: and Frank acknowledged that he had been unreasonable. He perceived, he said, that the wind, which had been against his voice while he had been giving his orders, had prevented his levelling-man from hearing his "lower and lower."

"My dear," cried Frank, "now I recollect it is just like the man who fell into the coal-pit—in the 'Gentleman's Magazine!'"

"Man in the coal-pit, in the Gentleman's Magazine!" said Mary, "What can you mean?"

"My dear, do not you remember the sufferings of Lieutenant George Spearing? the man who went to a wood to gather some nuts, and fell into an old coal-pit?"

"Oh, I remember," said Mary, "a hole seventeen yards deep! and he heard the robin-red-breast at daybreak, singing just over the mouth of his pit. Poor fellow!"

"Yes," continued Frank, "and he heard the horses going to and from the mill, and human voices."

"And the ducks and hens distinctly," said Mary.

"And he called, and called," said Frank, "or, as the book says, made the best use of his voice, but to no manner of purpose, for the wind was high, and blew in a line from the mill to the pit; so that was the reason that he heard all that was done there distinctly, as I heard you, Mary; but they could never hear him; his voice was carried by the wind the contrary way, as mine was, my dear; and I beg your pardon."

"Think no more of it," said Mary; "I am glad we did not quarrel about it."

"If we had it would have been all my fault," said Frank.

"But now let us settle how it shall be for the future," said Mary. "Instead of calling in this high wind, why

should not we make signals, as you told me the engineer and his *levelling-man* did when the man was at too great a distance to hear his voice?"

"Very true, very right," said Frank; "how could I be so foolish as not to think of that! The simplest thing in the world! But when I am in a passion I can never think even of the very thing I want, and that I know perfectly well when I am not angry."

"It is so with everybody, I believe," said Mary.

Justly pleased with herself, Mary was remarkably exact afterward in obeying the signals; and Frank, anxious to make amends for his foolish passion, was particularly gentle, and careful not to be the least impatient. When they went home, Frank told his mother of their little dispute.

"Now it is all over," said Mary, "it was very well you thought of changing places with me, Frank, otherwise you never could have been so soon convinced that I was in the right."

"Now it is all over, I was very foolish," said Frank; "was not I, mamma?"

His mother could not deny it.

"But, mamma," said Mary, "we were not quite so foolish as the two knights who fought about the gold and silver shield."

Frank had never read the story, and she had the pleasure of reading it to him. Let those who have never read it read it now, and may those who have read it before recollect it the next time they want it.

"In the days of knight-errantry, one of our good old British princes set up a statue to the goddess of victory, in a point where four roads met together. In her right hand she held a spear, and her left rested upon a shield: the outside of this shield was of gold, and the inside of silver. On the former was inscribed, in the old British language, 'To the goddess ever favourable;' and on the other, 'For four victories obtained successively over the Picts, and other inhabitants of the northern islands.'

"It happened one day that two knights completely armed, one in black armour, the other in white, arrived from opposite parts of the country at this statue just about the same time; and as neither of them had seen it before, they stopped to read the inscription, and observe the excellence of its workmanship.

"After contemplating it for some time, 'This golden shield,' said the black knight—'Golden shield!' cried the white knight, who was as strictly observing the opposite side; 'why, if I have my eyes, it is silver.'—'I know nothing of your eyes,' replied the black knight; 'but if ever I saw a golden shield in my life, this is one.'—'Yes,' returned the white knight, smiling, 'it is very probable, indeed, that they should expose a shield of gold in so public a place as this; for my part, I wonder even a silver one is not too strong a temptation for the devotion of some people who pass this way; and it appears by the date that this has not been here above three years.'

"The black knight could not bear the smile with which this was delivered, and grew so warm in the dispute that it soon ended in a challenge; they both, therefore, turned their horses, and rode back so far as to have sufficient space for their career: then fixing their spears in their rests, they flew at each other with the greatest fury and impetuosity. Their shock was so rude, and the blow on each side so effectual, that they both fell to the ground, much wounded and bruised, and lay there for some time as in a trance.

"A good druid, who was travelling that way, found them in this condition. The druids were the physicians of those times, as well as the priests. He had a sovereign balsam about him, which he had composed himself, for he was very skilful in all the plants that grew in the fields or the forests; he stanch'd their blood, applied his balsam to their wounds, and brought them, as it were, from death to life again. As soon as they were sufficiently recovered, he began to inquire into the occasion of their quarrel. 'Why, this man,' cried the black knight, 'will have it that yonder shield is silver.' 'And he will have it,' said the other, 'that it is gold;' and told him all the particulars of the affair.

"Ah," said the druid, with a sigh, 'you are both of you, my brethren, in the right, and both of you in the wrong: had either of you given himself time to look at the opposite side of the shield, as well as that which first presented itself to view, all this passion and bloodshed might have been avoided. However, there is a very good lesson to be learned from the evils that have befallen you on this occasion. Permit me, therefore, to entreat you, by all our gods, and by the goddess of

victory in particular, never to enter into any dispute for the future till you have fairly considered both sides of the question.' ”

At breakfast, on the day when the good-natured engineer was expected, Frank's eyes turned frequently towards the window; and Mary watched for him too, for she longed to look through his wonderful telescope, and to see men and mountains on their heads. As to the rest, she cared little about *taking angles*; she did not know what that meant, or of what use it could be.

“Mary,” said Frank, “you would be more curious about it if you knew what I know.”

“And what do you know, Frank, my dear?” said Mary.

At this question he felt his knowledge shrink into a small compass, and he answered,

“I cannot say that I know much; but, Mary, look out of the window at that tower at a distance. You see it? Well! *I believe*, mind I say *I believe*, I do not say that I am sure—but I believe that he could, by taking angles, tell you how high and how broad it is, without going nearer to it than we are now; and I think that he could tell how far off it is from hence, and how far from that tower to the mountain opposite, or any other place that he could see at ever so great a distance with his telescope.”

“My dear Frank, do you believe this?” said Mary.

“I do, for I was present,” persisted Frank, “when my father asked him the height and distance of some mountains, as far off as I could see through the telescope; and after looking through his glass, and making some triangles and calculations, he answered and told exactly how high they were, and how far distant.”

Mary thought this was impossible; but she said,

“There are many ways of doing things which I do not yet know; and this may be possible, though I cannot conceive how it can be done.”

“We shall see when the good-natured engineer comes,” said Frank.

His father asked if he remembered the definitions which he had learned of an angle, and a right angle, and a square, and a triangle. He told Frank that

unless he had perfectly distinct ideas of these, he would not be able to understand what he wished to learn from his good-natured engineer. Frank took his father's advice, and first he showed Mary what is meant by an angle, or a corner; he drew a square for Mary, and triangles of different sorts, and showed her which was a right-angled triangle: teaching her, he found, refreshed his own memory. Mary copied the figures which he had drawn for her, and then cut out similar figures in paper, without looking at the drawings, that she might be quite sure that she had a clear recollection of what she had learned.

The engineer arrived while Frank's drawings and the bits of paper which Mary had cut into squares and triangles were lying on the table.

"I know what you have been doing here, my little pupil," said he, smiling at Frank; "you have been preparing for me."

"Yes, sir," said Frank, "and I believe I know them all; ask me any questions you please."

"Show me an angle, then," said the gentleman.

Frank touched the corner of the square.

The gentleman desired him to show him each of the angles in the square and in the triangle; and Frank did so.

Then, laying the square and the triangle before Frank, he asked the names of these figures, which Frank answering rightly, he asked,

"What sort of triangle is this?"

Frank answered, "a right-angled triangle."

"Show me what you mean by a right angle."

Frank showed what he meant, first in the triangle, and afterward in the square.

The engineer then took from his pocket a flat-hinged rule, and asked Frank if he could with that rule show him a right angle.

Frank opened the rule so as to form with it two sides of a square, and pointing to the corner where these two sides met, he said this was a right angle.

"Here is a pencil: try if you can draw a right angle."

Frank drew a horizontal straight line.

"Now," whispered Mary, "I know what you are to do next; you will draw a perpendicular line in the middle of that, just as if you were going to draw the wall

of a house. Yes," said she, as he drew the line, "I knew that."

"Hush, little magpie," whispered Frank's mother.

Frank pointed to the corner where the perpendicular and horizontal line joined, and said that was a right angle.

"Can you show me another right angle upon this horizontal line?" said the engineer. "Do you see only one, or do you see two?"

"I see two," said Frank; and he pointed to the corners on the right hand and on the left hand of the perpendicular line, where it joined the horizontal line.

The engineer put his hand upon Frank's head, and said, "Now I am satisfied that you know what is meant by an angle, a right angle, and a triangle."

Mary whispered something to Frank's mother at this time, who smiled, and said to the engineer, "Mary is surprised that you ask Frank so often to show you an angle in different things."

"Yes," said Mary, "as if you could not believe he knew it."

"I am very careful on these subjects," said the engineer, "for I know children are sometimes taught very inaccurately, and then they have such confused ideas, that it is impossible to make them understand what is meant. A young lad was once sent to me to be turned into a surveyor, who could for some time understand nothing that I endeavoured to explain to him; because, though he talked of an angle, and a right angle, he did not know clearly what was meant by either; in short, he mistook a triangle for an angle. Had he confessed to me his ignorance at once, I could have corrected his error."

"Poor boy, he had been ill taught, I suppose," said Frank.

"You have been well taught, and ought to be thankful for it," said the engineer.

"Would you be so good as to come to this window, sir," interrupted Frank. "Do you see that tower at a distance? Could you, by taking angles, as you stand here, find out its breadth and height, without going to measure any part of it, sir?"

"I could," said the engineer.

"There, Mary! I was right," cried Frank. "But now, sir, will you be so very kind as to explain to me how it is done?"

"I would be so very kind, if I could," answered the good-natured engineer; "but I cannot; I should only puzzle you. If I were to attempt to explain it, you could not understand me."

"Oh, pray! pray, sir, try!" said Mary, "I dare say Frank would understand you."

"If you would only try," said Frank, "I will tell you honestly, afterward, if I don't—"

"I am sure you would," said the engineer; "but I tell you beforehand that it is impossible."

Frank looked at his father, hoping that he knew him better; and that he would say that it was possible. His father shook his head, answering,

"It is impossible, my dear, till you have learned a great deal more."

"Oh, I am very much disappointed," said he, "for I expected that I should have known all these things this morning."

"But could you reasonably expect, my young friend," said the engineer, "to know in one morning, in one hour, in one quarter of an hour, what I have been many mornings, many days, not to say years, in learning?"

"Certainly not," said Frank, laughing, "that would be rather unreasonable."

"Then must Frank wait till he is grown up quite, mamma?" said Mary.

"No, that is not necessary," said his mother.

"How old must he be, mamma, before he can understand them?"

"How wise must he be, you should ask, my dear," said his mother; "for his being able to understand such things will not depend upon the number of years he has lived, but upon what he learned in those years."

"True, madam, there is Mr. —, what's his name? the gentleman who rode with us the other day, Mr. Rogers, who has lived more years than I have, but you saw that he did not understand these things," said the engineer.

"Nor wish to understand them," said Frank: "that did surprise me."

"And there is the gardener's boy, Frank," said his father, "who is not many years older than you are, and he understands that which you want to know."

"Does he, indeed?" said Frank. "Yes; now I remember seeing in his book drawings of triangles and

circles, and I could not guess of what use they could be."

"His father said, as you told me, that he was learning mathematics," said Mary, "and trig"

"Trigonometry, I suppose," said the engineer; "which, translating the Greek word into English for you, my little lady, means the measuring of triangles."

"Of triangles!" repeated Frank, taking up one of the paper triangles which lay upon the table, and looking at it. "Can measuring this have any thing to do with the measuring that tower?"

"Yes; a great deal to do with it," answered the engineer. "I cannot explain to you how; but I may, without giving you any false ideas, tell you in general, that the power we possess of measuring that tower, and the most distant objects that can be seen on earth, and not those only on earth, but those in the heavens, depends upon our understanding the properties of a triangle."

"If the gardener's boy has learned trigo-no-me-try," said Mary, "why cannot Frank?"

"Is there any quick way of learning it?" asked Frank.

"No, there is no quick way," said the engineer.

"You must go regularly through this," said his father, taking down a book from the bookcase.

"What is it?" cried Frank, seizing and opening it. "The very thing I saw with the gardener's son, Euclid's Elements of Geometry."

"A square is a figure that has four—"

"Oh, we know that," said Mary, looking over his shoulder.

"But how shall I understand these drawings of circles and triangles?" said Frank: "the line A B is equal to the line C D; proposition the 1st, proposition the 2d; and axiom the 1st, axiom the 2d: almost as hard sounding and difficult as the beginning of the Latin grammar."

"Yes," said his father, "in the beginning of all sciences there are difficulties; a sort of grammar which must be learned before you can get on to the smooth and pleasant part."

"But in this book, and in this science, you will find," said the engineer, "that each step leads on securely to another: not one will ever be lost."

"That is a comfort," said Frank.

"But," said Mary, "I hope we may look through the

telescope, and see the men and mountains standing on their heads."

The engineer promised that she should. But he had some business to do before he could comply with her request; and, in the meantime, the young people were desired to go out.

While Mary went to put on her bonnet, Frank was left in the hall by himself. Several of the engineer's books and instruments, which had been taken out of his carriage, were lying on the hall table, and among others, one of the telescopes belonging to his theodolite.

Frank ventured to take up this telescope, which he ought not to have touched; he thought, however, that he could not do it any harm by just looking through it. He took off the brass cover at one end, and slid back the brass slide at the other end, and looked through it at the tower, and at some men who were at work in a distant field.

"What can be the reason," said he to himself, "that these men seem to stand on their heads? This telescope looks as if it were quite the same as my father's. I wish I could find out the reason. I should be so glad to prove that I could understand it, though they all say I cannot."

He saw some very slight wires, as he thought them, behind one of the glasses; and as there were none such in his father's, he fancied that these had something to do with the secret which he longed to discover.

"I know how to unscrew this glass," said he, "I will not do it the least harm."

He unscrewed the glass, and looking into the tube, he could scarcely see what had appeared to him to be wires. He put his hand in to feel for them. There were no wires, there was nothing that he could feel—nothing! except some very slight cobwebs. These threw no light on his difficulty; he blew them away, and despairing of making farther discoveries, and unconscious of the injury he had done to the instrument, he screwed on the glass, and left the telescope, as he thought, in perfect safety, exactly where he had found it on the table.

Frank having no idea that he had done any mischief, did not even mention to Mary his having looked at the telescope. She put it out of his recollection by beginning to talk to him the moment she saw him about the

parrot's cage, the door of which had been broken; and Mrs. Catharine, who was now standing with that broken door in her hand, was anxious that it should be mended immediately.

Mary had undertaken for Frank that he had both the power and the inclination quickly to accomplish her wishes.

Frank instantly ran in search of the osiers that were necessary for the work. As there was no one in the housekeeper's room except Mrs. Catharine, his mother gave them leave to do the job there, and to take the osiers to the cage, instead of carrying the cage to the osiers. She, moreover, was so good as to promise that she would call them as soon as the engineer had finished writing his letters, if any thing entertaining should be going on.

The repairs of Poll's habitation cost Frank more trouble than he had expected; as it often happens, he found that which he thought could be done in five minutes, required five-and-twenty.

But the door at last turned easily on its osier hinges, and Poll was just replaced in her cage, when their attention was suddenly roused by hearing somebody sobbing in the passage. Mrs. Catharine opened her room door, and they saw a black boy standing in a corner crying. Mrs. Catharine asked what was the matter. The boy began to stammer something in broken English; but before he could get out any thing intelligible, a man whom Frank recollected to be one of the engineer's assistants, came into the passage, and told Mrs. Catharine that she need not waste her pity upon this boy.

"No use, ma'am, listening to him, or asking him any questions, for he is a sad liar—never can speak a word of truth. His master, who is the best of masters, has done all he can to cure him, and so have I. It was but last week he was *guilty of a falsehood*, and his master said, and, begging your pardon, ma'am, I swore, he should be parted with the next lie he told; and he has told a lie now, and he is to go; that is what he is crying for, and nobody can help him."

"Nobody can help him, to be sure, if he is a liar," said Mrs. Catharine, who held liars in just abhorrence.

"But are they sure he is a liar?" said Frank.

"He cannot deny it," said the man.

The negro boy went on sobbing; and when Mrs.

Catharine asked if he had any thing to say for himself, he could only say,

"Me liar last week, ma'am, yes; to-day, no liar—no lie!"

"Oh, if you were a liar last week," said Mrs. Catharine, "who can know that you are not telling a lie this minute?"

The boy turned his face to the wall, and cried more violently than before.

"I can't help it, nor nobody can help it," said Mrs. Catharine: "I have nothing to say for liars. Miss Mary, Master Frank, you had better go away, if you please; you have no farther business here."

"But," said Mary, turning back, as they reluctantly went up stairs, "I think he is telling the truth now; are you sure, Catharine, that he has not told the truth to-day?"

"Pray, good Catharine, find that out, will you," said Frank.

Mrs. Catharine, whose countenance now looked severe, as it always did when she thought a liar stood near her, said she must leave it to his master, who knew his character, to settle the business; it was not proper for her to interfere. "When a boy was a liar, and told a lie last week, who can know," said she, "that he is not telling a lie this minute?"

"But since he confessed that he told a falsehood last week," said Frank, "perhaps—do, do, good Catharine, inquire into it. You know papa says you are a just woman."

"Well, well, go you both of you out of the way, in the first and foremost place, for I am sure your papa and mamma would not be pleased to see you here, meddling with such things—so up stairs this moment."

Up stairs that moment they went, and Frank, followed by Mary, who could hardly keep pace with him, ran to the library, where he had left the engineer writing: but he was gone.

"Well, Headlong!" said his father, when Frank threw open the door, "What now?"

"And why do you look so terribly disappointed, Mary?" said Frank's mother: "I told you that I would call you as soon as the engineer could show you his telescope."

"Oh, it is something of much more consequence," said Mary.

Frank told all they had heard; "and though Catharine says it is not our business, yet it is everybody's business to see justice done, especially to a poor black boy, who cannot speak for himself, is it not, papa?" said Frank. "I will go and find out that good-natured master of his, and ask him to go to the bottom of the affair this minute."

Frank's father held his hand, however, and prevented him from going; for though he liked his eagerness to have justice done to the negro boy, he thought, he said, that this boy's master must know his character better than any stranger could; and that his master would in all probability take care to find out the truth without Frank's interference.

"But," said Frank, "they are going to turn him out of the house directly. Only just let me find the engineer, and tell him this."

"Here he is, my dear," said Frank's mother; "now do not be in a hurry. Speak distinctly; for I could hardly understand your story, you spoke so very quickly."

The engineer came into the room with his telescope in his hand; that telescope with which Frank had meddled. A sudden flash came across his mind: a thrill came all over him.

"Miss Mary," said the engineer, "I am sorry that I cannot keep my promise to you yet; but I must first set to rights something which has been broken in my telescope. The crosswires," continued he, turning to Frank's father, "I should say the cross cobweb threads have been broken, and swept away, as I believe, by a little lying boy."

"No; they were broken by me," interrupted Frank, stepping forward and standing firm, though he grew extremely pale.

"By you!" repeated Frank's father and mother, and Mary, with astonishment.

"By you!" repeated the engineer. "I never thought it possible! and I have been on the point of committing a great injustice."

"Oh, sir!" said Frank, "stop them from turning a way the negro boy, and punish me as you please. May I go and tell them?"

"Stay where you are, Frank," said his father.

The engineer went immediately to repair the injustice

that had been done to the poor boy. Frank's father and mother continued in the meantime quite silent. Mary saw that they were much displeased: she hoped, however, that it would all be over when the engineer, returning, said that he had seen his servant, and that the negro boy was safe and happy again.

Frank, relieved from a dreadful suspense, now took breath, and he went forward towards the table on which the telescope lay. He told exactly what he had done, when his curiosity had tempted him to meddle with it, but said,

"I assure you, sir, that I did not know that I had done any mischief, or I would have told you of it that moment. I never guessed that the negro boy was accused of it. I am sure I never thought that his crying had any thing to do with my having meddled with the telescope."

"But you knew, Frank," said his father, "that you did wrong in meddling with what was not your own—very wrong. Whether you did mischief or not was mere accident. You were too ignorant, you see, to know whether you had injured the instrument or not."

"You thought that you were only brushing away useless cobwebs," said the engineer, "when you were destroying an essential part of the instrument."

Mary said she hoped that it could be repaired. The engineer said that it could, and Frank was glad; but, looking up at his father, he saw that the displeasure in his countenance was not abated.

"You have done wrong, Frank," repeated he. "And though the mischief can be repaired, that does not diminish your fault. You knew that it was not strictly honourable or honest to touch what was not yours. And when once you deviate from strict honesty, no one can tell what the consequence may be. Not only a valuable instrument, but the character and happiness of one of your fellow-creatures, might have been destroyed, even by this, which you thought an error not worth mentioning, and had forgotten while you were mending a parrot's cage."

"Let this be a warning to you, Frank, as long as you live," said his mother.

And that it might be so, that the impression might not be lightly effaced from his mind, his father ordered him to go to his own room, and forbid him from mixing with

the rest of the family, and from seeing this day any thing that the engineer was going to show them.

The engineer was too sensible a man to ask that Frank should be spared this punishment; he knew that the purpose of just punishment is to do future good. Far from begging that Frank might stay and *be forgiven*, he strengthened the right impression.

"I am going to mend what you broke, Frank," said he, "and I know that it would entertain you to see how this is done. But before I heard what your father has just now said to you, I had in my own mind determined not to let you have this pleasure. I think," continued he, speaking to Frank's mother, and laying a detaining hand upon Frank, who was leaving the room, "I think that people are mistaken who say that when children tell the truth and confess a fault, they should not be punished for it in any way. I have always let my children feel the natural consequences, or receive the just punishment for their faults, even when confessed; else they would be quite deceived as to what would happen to them in real life. And besides, there would be little or no merit in telling the truth if people were never to suffer by it. My boys can tell the truth and take the consequences, thank Heaven; and so I see can yours."

This was a comfort to Frank; he walked more firmly out of the room. Mary followed him, but he would not let her share his punishment.

"No, Mary," said he, "you have done nothing wrong: go back and be happy, or I shall be more unhappy."

Mary left him, because she was afraid of making him more unhappy. But though she saw and heard many entertaining things this day; though a microscope was lent to her, with which she saw the spider draw out the fine cobweb thread which was to repair the damage; and though she watched with breathless attention the nice operation of replacing the cross threads, and though she learned their use, and even though she saw in this wonderful glass the men and mountains on their heads—yet none of the things she saw or heard pleased her half as much as if Frank had shared her pleasure.

FRANK had one comfort, and a great comfort it was; during the hours when he was sitting lonely in his own

room, he heard the negro boy whistling merrily. Good Mrs. Catharine came in the first interval which the business of the day allowed her, to tell Frank how happy the poor black boy had been ever since his master had been convinced that he had told the truth.

"And I am convinced," continued she, "that what has now happened, and, in short, his being saved from harm by your telling just the plain truth, will show him more to his own feelings the use and beauty of truth, as I may say, than all the scoldings he ever had: ay, and than all the whippings about lying which he had with his old master."

This poor negro had been but a very short time with the engineer; he had formerly lived with the cruel captain of a slave-ship, and tyranny had made him a coward and liar.

The next morning Frank heard him singing the following ditty, while he was brushing his master's coat, in the court near the window of Frank's room.

"Mungo happy man, sir,
Never lie again, sir,
Mungo he may thank
Truth-tell-Master Frank."

These negro rhymes gave more pleasure than Frank had ever received from any compliment before, either in prose or verse. This day all was bright to Frank within and without. His friend the engineer shook him by the hand when he bid him good morning. And Frank observed with pleasure that no precautions were taken to prevent him from touching the instruments; but that his honour was trusted, and that all seemed secure that he would not repeat his fault.

This day he was allowed to follow the engineer about wherever he went. At about twelve o'clock he heard him say, "I must go out now, and take an observation of the sun."

An instrument which Frank had never before seen was now produced. It was like a triangle made of brass, and there were on it two small mirrors, one in the centre, and the other between the centre and the circumference of the circle; there was also a telescope attached to the instrument.

A cup or box, filled with quicksilver, was placed on a smooth part of the gravel walk in the sunshine. Upon

the quicksilver floated a circular piece of flat glass, and through this, in the quicksilver, was seen the image of the sun.

Frank was going to ask some question; but his mother, who was standing beside him, put her finger on his lips, and he was silent. All were silent for some seconds, while the engineer attentively looked through the telescope at the image of the sun in the quicksilver. When he had finished his observation, the engineer held the instrument for Frank, and bid him look through the telescope at the quicksilver. Frank looked, and exclaimed, "I see two suns! both as red as blood—one dancing about—now it is still—now they are coming close together—now they almost join—they quite join! Oh! Mary, look at them."

Mary looked, and was more delighted than Frank seemed to be; for Frank, having once gratified his curiosity by the sight, began to look uneasy.

"I want to know the reason of all this," said he; "but I know that if I ask the reason, or the use of this, that you will tell me that I cannot understand these things yet."

"True," said the engineer, "I must be cruel again to him, Mary; I can tell him only that this instrument is called a sextant, and that little vessel full of quicksilver is called an artificial horizon; and that what I have been doing is called taking the altitude of the sun: hard words, without any meaning to you as yet."

"But," said his father, "it is something even to have had your ears accustomed to them, and to have learned to join the names with the sight of these things. You will know them again when you see them, and your ears, eyes, and understanding will not be all puzzled at once, as they are at this moment."

Frank, mute and motionless, stood watching the packing up of the sextant, which was now put into its box, and of the quicksilver cup and mirror, which were put into their case. The lid was closed down and locked, and the engineer ordered it to be carried off.

Frank at this instant uttered a deep sigh, which made all eyes turn towards him. He looked such a disconsolate figure, that the engineer, his father, his mother, and even Mary, could not forbear laughing.

"Might I ask one question, sir," said Frank to the engineer, taking hold of his hand.

"No, not one more," replied his father, "you must not be troublesome, Frank. Let go that hand: you have had more than your share of him and of the conversation; now your mother and I must have our share, and you must not torment this much-enduring gentleman with any more questions."

The engineer shook Frank's hand kindly as he let it go, and assured his father and mother that he had not been tormented; that he always felt pleased, not plagued, by the sensible questions of children. He was used to children, he said, and fond of them.

Mary asked if he had any of his own.

"Yes, thank Heaven! I have," answered he.

Mary was going to ask how many; but recollecting that Frank had been desired not to ask any more questions, she stopped. The engineer, understanding this, smiled, and, in answer to what she wished to ask, held up four fingers of his hand. Then, accepting an invitation to walk round the grounds, he offered his arm to Frank's mother, and Frank and Mary asked and obtained permission to go with them. They were in hopes that he would tell something more about his children.

And they learned, in consequence of his answers to the questions which their mother asked, that two of his children were boys; that the eldest, Lewis, was a year and a half older than Frank, and had been at school two years; the youngest was but six years old, and was to remain at home some time longer.

Now Frank, who knew that he was soon to go to school himself, listened eagerly, and so did Mary, in hopes of hearing something about this school and these boys. But, unluckily, nothing more was said about Lewis, or his brother, or his school.

The conversation turned upon education, and seemed above Frank and Mary's comprehension; yet they felt still interested in listening to it, because it in some way concerned themselves. The engineer said something in so low a voice that it was inaudible by the youngsters who were walking before him; but it was clear that it was quite audible (that is, to be heard) by those who were walking with him. For Frank's father and mother said with emphasis,

"This gives me great pleasure."

And Mary whispered to Frank, "I am sure *that* must be some thing about you—do you think we may hear it?"

"No, we must not listen to *that*, I believe," said Frank ; "but hush now, Mary, he is speaking loud again."

"Madam," said the engineer, "you are doing for *your* son what I should have wished to have done for *my* own boy ; but that my business takes me so often from home, that I cannot do as much for him as I could wish."

Frank's father answered that in these days of education, there was, perhaps, as great danger of doing too much as of doing too little for children. He had observed, he said, that most of his acquaintance had been either too careless or too careful of their boys before they were sent to school. Sometimes they were humoured in every thing at home, because, as their parents said, they would have hardships enough at school ; but this made those hardships the greater, because the master was then to whip the ill-temper out of the spoiled child by main force ; and, perhaps, in so doing, to break his spirit for ever. Some boys are sent from home in such gross ignorance, that they must work doubly hard, or be left behind their companions, or be exposed to shame eternal, or to eternal flogging ; other parents run into the contrary extreme, and by way of preparing them to get on, or to get before their competitors at school, cram them with lessons, disgust them with learning, and weary the runners before the race begins.

"These overtaught children are often the most to be pitied," said the engineer ; "because, as far as I have observed, in the midst of all their teaching, in science at least, they are taught nothing accurately ; and when they go to school, or into the world, they are all in the condition of my puzzled lad, with his angles turned triangles."

"I pity the poor child," said Frank's mother, "who, when he goes from home, fancying that he knows a great deal, finds, when he gets into the midst of a great school, that he knows nothing rightly, and that he must unlearn all that he has learned at home : double, double, toil and trouble, both to schoolmaster and to child."

"Yes," said the engineer, "I hardly know which is in that case most to be pitied."

As soon as the conversation came to this point, Frank and Mary, who had no pity for schoolmasters, and who did not know why they should have any, looked at each other as if they had said,

"Do not you think this is growing tiresome?"

Then, by mutual consent, at the same instant both set off to their desert island, where they were very happy, working away at Friday's new garden, till a shower of hail drove them home.

When they went into the library they were yet breathless with running; but they stopped their puffing and panting, for their mother was reading to their father and the engineer something which seemed to be very entertaining; they were smiling as they stood before the sofa-table listening to her: and as he came in, Frank thought that he heard his own name, but of this he was uncertain. He peeped over his mother's shoulder to see what book she was reading. It was a voyage of discovery to the great Loo-choo island, on the coast of Corea.

His father told him, that of this island and its inhabitants little or nothing was known in England before the account of this expedition was published.

Mary asked whether the inhabitants of Loo-choo were savages or civilized people?

Frank said he supposed, from the sound of the name, that they were Chinese.

His father said they were not savages; very far from it: that they were more like the Chinese than any other people of whom we have any account.

So Frank saw, by one of the prints of the men and women to which his mother turned.

"These people, though civilized, are ignorant of many of our arts; quite as ignorant as you are, Frank, of the use of such instruments as you saw this morning."

"And one of these Loo-choo people," said the engineer, "an intelligent young man of the name of Madera, was as anxious as you were, Frank, to understand the sextant, and as much mortified when he could not at once comprehend it and all its uses."

The engineer drew Frank towards him on one side, Mary on the other, and putting an arm round each—

"Now, ma'am," said he, "that we are comfortably settled, will you be so good as to read on."

And Frank's mother read on as follows:—

"But Madera was not a man to be thrown into despair by difficulty; on the contrary, he persevered in observing with his sextant; and the more the difficulty was made apparent, the more keenly he laboured to

overcome it. The progress which he made in a few hours, in the mere practical operation of taking angles and altitudes, was not surprising, because there is, in fact, not much difficulty in it; but he was no wise satisfied with this proficiency, and seemed anxious to apply his knowledge to some useful purpose.

* * * * *

"With a sextant and stand I made him take the distance between the sun and moon four or five times; on every occasion he was wonderfully near the truth. We endeavoured to confine him to one object, merely to ascertain the time of apparent noon, and I think we succeeded in explaining to him how this was to be done.

"Some time after this, and just before the English ships were to leave the island, Madera came on board with the sextant in his hand; he was in such distress that he scarcely knew what he was about. In this distracted state he sat down to breakfast with us, during which he continued lighting his pipe and smoking as fast as he could; drinking and eating whatever was placed before him. After he had a little recovered himself, he asked what books it would be necessary to read to enable him to make use of the sextant; I gave him a Nautical Almanack, and told him that he must understand that in the first instance: he opened it, and looking at the figures, held up his hands in despair, and was at last forced to confess that it was a hopeless business. He therefore put the sextant up, and bade us farewell."

"Poor Madera!"

"I think," said Mary, "that Madera is very like Frank."

"But fortunately," said the engineer, "Frank does not live at the Island of Loo-choo; nor is his instructor," added he, looking at Frank's father, going "to sail away to-morrow, and leave him without books, or without any means of satisfying his laudable curiosity."

Frank and Mary had been so much interested by what they had heard of Madera, that the moment their mother laid down the book, they asked leave to look for the place where Madera's name was first mentioned, and read all they could find concerning him; his dexterity in managing his knife and fork the first time he dined with

the English in the captain's cabin; his quickness in learning to speak English, and in observing all, even the most trifling customs; his surprise when he first heard one of the officers read from a book, and his great curiosity to know how that wonder was performed; his agility in dancing; his politeness, affection, gratitude, and, above all, attachment to his parents, and wife, and children, which prevented him from accepting the English captain's offer to bring him to England.

All these things delighted Frank and Mary; so that they determined that, at the first convenient opportunity, their Robinson Crusoe's island should be turned into the great Loo-choo island; and that Frank should be turned into Madera, and Mary into the English captain. But they had sense enough to agree that this must not be done during the time that the engineer should stay with them.

He was very busy drawing plans part of this day. Frank and Mary took great care not to be troublesome to him; and therefore they were permitted to stay in the same room with him while he was at work, and he allowed them to look into his portfolio at some plans of bridges and buildings. They tried to build one of these, a tower, with their little bricks, which the engineer did not, like Master Tom, call baby's toys.

Frank and Mary had often tried to build a bridge, but they never could succeed in forming an arch, because they had not all the different shaped bricks that were necessary. To their great delight, the engineer gave them a model of a bridge which could be taken to pieces and put together again.

After looking at some of the plans which he found in the portfolio, Frank thought that he could draw the plan of a house without much difficulty.

There was one thing that puzzled him a little; he saw at the bottom of each plan the words, *by a scale of one twentieth of an inch to a foot*. However, he set to work at his drawing, and he said to Mary,

"I will draw a plan of this house for you."

But when his plan was finished, Mary observed that some of the rooms looked larger than they were in reality, and some smaller. When he showed his drawing to his friend the engineer, he found many more faults with it.

"This library, in which we are now sitting," said he,

"is, I should think, fully two feet broader than the breakfast-room. Your drawing-room and dining-room in this plan are the same size, and yet in reality you know that one is longer than the other. And the breakfast-room is not half its real breadth."

"That is true," said Frank; "but I know the measures of the rooms, and I will write them in nice little figures, as I see in your plans, then everybody can know the sizes."

"Then the figures would do as well without your drawing. Where are the stairs in your house?"

"Oh, I forgot the stairs," said Frank; "but that does not signify, because I can mark the place for them here in the hall: and as to the breakfast-room, that is very bad, I acknowledge, because I forgot the passage, and was obliged to squeeze it out of the breakfast-room."

"The whole house is much longer in this drawing than it ought to be, and none of the rooms are in right proportion."

"So I see."

"As you know the measures of all the rooms, you might easily have represented them in their right proportions," said his friend, "if you had drawn your plan by a scale."

"Would you be so kind as to show me how to do that," said Frank, "when you are not busy?"

He had finished all his business for this morning, he said, and he was very willing to assist Frank.

"First," said he, "we must know the measure of the house, of which you want to draw the plan."

Of this, Frank not being quite certain, he said that he would go and measure. But he had only a foot rule. Mary offered her riband-yard, which was three feet long.

But the engineer said he could lend them something that would do the business better. He bid Frank ring the bell, and desired that all the things that were in the lefthand pocket of his carriage should be brought to him. Among these was a *measuring-tape*, divided into feet and inches. This he lent to Frank, who went out with Mary, and measured the length and breadth of the house exactly. It was eighty feet long, and sixty feet broad.

His friend then showed him how to express this in drawing by a scale. He showed him on his foot rule the divisions into inches, and he said,

"We will draw it by a scale of a tenth of an inch to a foot. Eighty tenths of an inch, how many whole inches is that?"

Frank instantly answered, "Eight."

His friend showed him how, with the compasses, to take exactly the measure of eight inches, and to mark that down with the compasses on the paper, and in the same manner he took the measure of the breadth of the house, and one after another of all the rooms. This was not done without some difficulty, for Frank frequently let the points of the compasses slip upon the ivory rule, and in taking the compasses from the rule to the paper, held them so as sometimes to close, and sometimes to open them, and the measure was to be taken over again. His friend showed him how to hold the compasses so as to prevent this. And as Frank had been already used to drawing lines straight and *parallel*, the plan of his house was now tolerably neatly finished; and this time the staircase was not forgotten; the breakfast-room was not robbed to make space for the passage, and the library was of its just length, and, as Mary observed, none of the rooms were too large or too small—all were like reality.

"And now," said Frank, "that I know how to draw by a scale, Mary, you shall never see such wretched plans as this," added he, crumpling up his first plan as he spoke, and throwing it away.

After the portfolio of drawings had been exhausted, Frank and Mary were entertained with the sight of some books of prints of temples and ruins, at which the engineer and their father were looking. The engineer often stopped, as he was turning over the leaves, to point out to them the characteristic differences between the styles of architecture in different countries and at different periods; and when he saw how much they were interested in this sort of information, he promised that he would give them a little work on architecture, which a friend of his was writing for young people.

Mary said she hoped that it would be very entertaining; "And now, sir, that you are not busy," said she, "could you be so good as to show us on the globe the great Loo-choo island?"

"He could not show it to her," he said, "because, as it had been but lately discovered, it had not been drawn on the globe; but he would mark the place where it ought to be."

"Here," said Frank, going to the globe, "here is China, and here is the coast of Corea," said he.

"Then here must be the great Loo-choo islands," said the engineer, marking the spot.

"But how can you tell so quickly, and know so exactly, where the island must be?" said Frank; "I cannot even guess, because the map in this book is of such a different size from the globe."

"But you were told the latitude and longitude in which Loo-choo is situated: look for those."

Frank had been shown how to look for the latitude and longitude of any place; but he was now confused about it; and he always was so, because he could never recollect which was latitude and which was longitude.

"The longitude," said he, "I always think must be looked for on these lines, which go from the top at the north pole to the bottom of the south pole, the long way of the globe."

"As longitude sounds like long, the long way, that is very natural," said Mary.

His mother looked a little ashamed, and said that she thought that she must have taught him very ill, since he had been so much confused in his ideas about it: but Frank said that it was not his mother who had first shown him the difference between latitude and longitude, but some lady who happened to be at their house, and who, it seems, did not know it herself. And Frank said that when once it had been put wrong into his head, he could never get it right again; he was in this like the triangle man.

Mary ventured to ask why, if the earth is quite round, and the globe quite a globe, should Frank talk of the long way or the short way round it. "I thought that a globe measured the same every way—should it not?"

Frank informed her, and was very glad to be able to do so, that the earth, though it is called a globe, is not quite round; that it is more in the shape of an orange, or a turnip.

A nod from his friend confirmed his assertion; and Frank, now feeling encouraged to show his learning, went on to prove that he understood the causes of day and night; and, farther, he dashed into explanations of an eclipse of the sun, and of summer and winter; but there he found that he stuck fast—he could neither get backward nor forward, but, quite confused amid the

paths of the sun, moon, and earth, he was compelled to acknowledge that he was not yet master of their motions. Ashamed of himself, he willingly listened to Mary's observation that it was getting very late; and, after wishing the engineer a good-night and a good-by, for he knew that he was to go early in the morning, Frank said,

"I hope that, by the time you come again, sir, I shall be quite clear about summer and winter. How long do you think it will be before you come again?"

The engineer said he did not know; perhaps in a week, perhaps in a month.

"A month!" exclaimed Frank, "I shall have time and time enough to learn it, mamma, shall not I?"

"And to forget it, perhaps, Frank," said his mother.

F R A N K .

It is surprising how easy it is to make good resolutions, and how difficult to keep them: Frank at least found it so. He had resolved, in the first place, that the very day after the engineer went away, he would make himself quite clear about the causes of summer and winter; and with this intention he went in search of a book in which he had been told that he would find them well explained; but it chanced that, while he was looking for this in his mother's bookcase nearest the window, he heard the cry of hounds and the voice of the huntsmen. He called to Mary to come quick! quick! and he threw up the sash, looked out, and saw dogs running, and men and horses galloping after them—the men in scarlet jackets, and with little velvet caps on their heads.

"There they are; do you see them, Mary? No, not now, you can't, they are behind the trees. But now! now you can see the scarlet jackets; here they come full gallop! Beautiful horses! how they go! which will be first?" cried Frank.

"How very pretty they look, going over that rising ground, and winding through the wood," said Mary. "But now they are all out of sight."

"Stay, stay, don't go away, they are coming again, Mary: one has leaped the great ditch. Oh, come! come and look at them leaping. One! two! three! five! One's down—no, up again. On they come: all spreading over the field—dogs and horses: and they must cross this lawn, quite close to us, Mary."

"What a noise!" said Mary; "and how eager they all are—men, horses, dogs!"

"How I should like to be among them, if I were a man!" said Frank. "Mary, look here to this side, passing under the great sycamore, do you see a white hound snuffing about? Next after him, that man on the bay horse is Squire Rogers, I think. He is foremost: how well he rides."

"But what do I see!" said Mary. "A very little

man at a distance, or a boy. Oh! is not that Master Tom?"

"Tom! Tom! where?" cried Frank.

"You cannot see him now: the hunters are between him and us."

"Master Tom? Oh no, my dear, impossible!" said Frank; "such little boys never go out hunting."

Well, Mary would not be positive, she said, but she was almost sure she had seen him. Unluckily, the hounds, horses, and huntsmen now took a course in a contrary direction to what Frank had predicted; they did not cross that lawn close to the window, and whether it was Master Tom or not whom Mary had seen, could not now be determined.

The doubt so disturbed Frank's head that he could not settle to reading this morning; hounds, red jackets, and jockey caps were running through his head, and drove from his recollection all his great curiosity about the causes of summer and winter, taking angles, sextants; observations, Euclid's Elements, and the engineer.

Some morning visitors came this day; and, altogether, Frank found that it was not worth while to set about any thing, either while they stayed or after they went away. While they stayed it would not have been civil, he thought, and after they went away it was too late. Besides, Frank had been curious to hear what was said by some of the visitors about the hunting of this day, and to determine the point whether Master Tom had or had not been at the hunt. It was at last decided that he had been at it. Nor was this the first time. Under the protection of Squire Rogers, and of a greater personage still, Squire Rogers's huntsman, Master Tom had frequently joined the hunt, and was much admired by Squire Rogers and his hunting companions, for his being able to sit a hunter so well, and for keeping up with the hounds. It was extraordinary to see a boy, a child of his age, out hunting with men. One of the lady visitors agreed with Squire Rogers in admiring Master Tom. Another said that it was a pity and a shame to see a boy of his age, and who might be trained to something better, suffered to run wild as he did, and to keep such low, vulgar company. Squire Rogers, though himself a gentleman, was, as it has been observed, fond of his inferiors in rank and education; and his hunting

associates were not such as any sensible parents could wish for the companions of their sons. Frank's mother joined with those who disapproved of Master Tom's hunting, but she said and thought little about the matter: she did not know how much Frank had been struck with the sight of this day's chase. In the course of the day, however, the red jackets and the galloping horses faded from his imagination. Mary reminded him of summer and winter, and he in a careless manner looked over some explanation in a geographical dictionary, which, if he did not quite understand, would do for the present; he could look it over again more carefully some days before the engineer should return, he said, and then it would be fresh in his head. "If I were to learn it perfectly now," added he, "you know I should, as mamma observed, have time to forget it before our friend comes here again."

Content with being able to quote his mother's words, and to turn them to his present purpose of defending his fit of idleness, Frank did little good this day. Even his constant defender, Mary, could not deny this. The next morning he determined to make up for lost yesterday. He recollected several things which he had not thought of during the days the engineer had been with them, and to these his attention turned.

"The Stream of Time," said he, "we have never looked at since the day after the day when we resolved that we would look at it regularly every day at mamma's dressing time."

"Yes, she told us that we should forget it," said Mary.

"And our lists, my dear Mary," cried Frank: "the first thing we do must be to settle our list of '*must wants*.' It is terribly crowded and blotted," said he, unfolding and showing it.

"Especially that great blot over trigonometry," said Mary. "I believe that was my fault, for I had not any blotting-paper, and I rolled up the list before it was dry; and you wrote in a great hurry, if you recollect, the first day the engineer came, when you were so very fond of him."

"I am very fond of him still," said Frank, "but one cannot always think of the same thing. Certainly, I put *trigonometry*, my dear, too high up that day in this list of '*man's must wants*,' and I wrote it much too large.

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"I am very fond of him still," said Frank, "but one cannot always think of the same thing. Certainly, I put *trigonometry*, my dear, too high up that day in this list of '*man's must wants*,' and I wrote it much too large.

It must come out, and come down here, where there is plenty of room for it below."

"How many changes we have made in our lists since we began them!" said Mary.

In the course of one month, indeed, such numbers of words had been inserted and removed from *may wants* to *must wants*, that it was scarcely possible to read the manuscript. It was now found necessary to rewrite the whole. They wisely determined that all the doubtful things should be written with pencil, so that they might be rubbed out and altered as often as might be wished. Frank disliked the trouble of transcribing, but he patiently went through it, and the copy was, as his mother judged, much better than the first list.

Mary undertook to finish the last pencilled column of *may wants* for him this morning, when he went out to ride with his father.

This was very obliging of Mary, because she wished, as Frank knew, to have employed this morning in knitting for Colonel Birch a pair of scarlet worsted cuffs or bracelets; by some called *wristlets*, by others *comfortables*, by others *muffatees*, by others *kitty cuffs*.

Now Mary was a quick knitter for her age, but a slow writer, and it requires no small share of resolution, as well as good-nature, to quit what we hope we can do pretty well for what we fear we do but ill. Poor Mary was the whole morning copying this immense folio page, excepting one quarter of an hour which she took to rest her cramped fingers, and which she spent in continuing the basket-work fence round Robinson Crusoe's island. She had finished the last word, "*order*," with her best *r*, and moreover with the kind of *r* which Frank preferred to her own favourite *r*, when she heard the horses returning. She ran down into the hall to meet Frank with the long sheet in her hand.

"Here it is, Frank! I have finished it quite! Take care! *order* is not quite dry yet," cried she.

But he was not in the delightful hurry to see it that she expected.

"Thank you, my dear! Thank you!" he said.

But it was plain that he was not thinking of what he was saying; and who can value such thanks! He scarcely seemed to know what paper she held in her hand; and who could bear this? None but those who have as sweet a temper as Mary had.

Mary was disappointed and mortified, but she bore it well, and putting aside the paper which contained her morning's work, she listened kindly to Frank, who began to tell her his adventures. She now observed that he appeared much agitated.

"Look, Mary, my dear," cried he, as he took off his hat, and skimmed it from him upon the table in the hall. "Look what a hat is there! and it is well my head was not battered like my hat!"

"What has happened?" said Mary, who now looked in his face, and saw that he was excessively hot. "Do tell me quickly."

"My dear, I have been out hunting—that's all."

"Hunting! Frank! no surely! not real hunting."

"Yes, real hunting; and I have taken three leaps, wonderful leaps; and I have had a fall that might have killed me: but do not look so frightened, you see I am not dead. I have only hurt my arm."

"Where! which arm?" said Mary.

"My left arm," said he, "just here."

Mary looked, and saw blood upon the coat. She started, and said she would run and tell his mother, that something might be done to his arm directly; but Frank caught her hand and held her fast, saying that she must not frighten his mother; that his father had gone to tell her all that had happened.

"Does it hurt you to talk?" said Mary.

"Not in the least," said Frank. "Only do not look so frightened, and then I will tell you every thing. We were just riding home quietly, and I was talking to papa very happily, about making bows and arrows, when, at the turn of the cross-road, hounds and horn were heard, and huntsmen coming full gallop. My father called to me to pull in Felix, and I did so; and though I knew he had a great mind to follow the hunt, he stood as quiet as a lamb, till somebody came up slashing a whip. Yes, Master Tom. Whether he touched my horse or not I cannot tell, but off went Felix. I heard my father calling to me, but I could not hold Felix in: I am not sure that I tried with all my strength, for I had a great mind to see the hunt, I own. So on I went, galloping fast, fast, fast! you can have no idea how fast, Mary: you would have shut your eyes, I know, and you would never have seen the great leap over the ditch in Yougham manor! Such a leap! and I sat it; and tolerably sur-

prised I was when I found myself safe on Felix's back on the other side. Bravo ! bravo ! I heard as one passed me, and another passed me, and I did not know who they were. Oh ! how this arm hurts me ! Well, as I was saying, on I went galloping along with the men, tally ho ! tally ho ! after the hounds in full cry ; over another ditch clean went I (Felix for ever !) and got before Tom ; till at last, oh, Mary ! forcing through a gap in the hedge, I fancy my coat caught on a bush, or how it happened I do not well know, but plump ! squash I found myself at the bottom of a ditch. All rushes, luckily, at the bottom, except, unluckily, one stump of a bush, which ran into this arm ; but what is the most extraordinary part of the story—"

What this was can never be known ; for here Frank was interrupted by the entrance of his father and mother, and the good housekeeper, with lint and linen bandages. When Frank's coat was taken off, and his arm examined, a cut, or, as Mary chose to have it called, a *wound*, appeared in the fleshy part of the arm. It had bled a great deal, and Mary seemed to feel much for this bleeding, though, as Frank laughing assured her, it did not hurt him in the least. He could not say as much when they came to dressing his wound ; touching the raw part to draw it together was painful ; but Frank held his arm out steadily, never twitching or wincing ; Mary was glad when good old Mrs. Catharine fastened off her thread, after sewing the bandage ; but when she said that the arm would be as well as ever in two or three days, Mary thought this was treating the affair too slightly. But Mrs. Catharine was not, as she said, "one of those who pity boys for every slight hurt ; she knew that a brave boy must not mind such things."

"Mind it ! No, that I do not, as you see, I hope," said Frank, swinging his coat over his shoulders, and getting his arm into it without anybody's help.

"But stay, Catharine, my dear Catharine, I must show you my leg ; I believe I have a leg full of thorns. These trousers are not fit for hunting in, like men's boots. The thorns went through them into my leg like pins into a pincushion."

Mrs. Catharine, though much inclined to take the part of the trousers, refrained, and smiled at the simile of the pins and the pincushion. The bare leg was produced : many little black specks appeared, and Mrs.

Catharine went to work on these with her needle, first picking at one, then at another. Six thorns were extracted! and of these two were such little black specks that they could scarcely be seen on the point of the needle, till laid upon his mother's white handkerchief. Yet poking and probing for these, which had gone far into the calf, gave Frank more pain, at least more teasing pain, than the dressing of the great wound, as Mary called it. It was the more difficult to bear, too, because there was not only more pain, but less glory, and less pity. Mary did not pity him half as much while he was undergoing the extraction of the thorns, as she had done at the sight of the flowing of the blood, which did not hurt him in the least. But Frank's mother knew, by the tight squeezing together of his lips, and by the pale streak under his eyes, how difficult he found it to stand this seemingly trifling trial. He went through it, however, as a man should: and the experienced Mrs. Catharine gave him honour due, declaring, as she held the sixth thorn upon the point of the needle, that she had never seen a little man stand steadier, and would never desire to dress the wounds of a better soldier; and that she did not doubt but that he who could stand so well the probing for so many thorns, would be able to bear as well, when necessary, the probing for a bullet.

"If necessary," said his mother, laying a marked emphasis upon the *if*.

"We do not want to make a soldier of Frank," said his father, "but to make him a brave man, and then he will be whatever his duty requires."

"I hope so," said Frank. "And, papa, will you bespeak a pair of boots for me; for really these thin trousers are not fit for a man to ride in, ~~that is~~, to hunt in."

His father made no reply, and Frank was not certain that his petition was heard.

After dinner, when he had refreshed and rested himself, and when he had recounted, for the second time, all his exploits of the morning, he recollected the page which Mary had copied for him, and asking to look at it, she had then the reward of her patience in his kindest thanks. Lying on the carpet, he began to read the list of man's virtues to her; but he had not proceeded far in them before the fair columns were defaced by changes which he made, perhaps a little hastily. For instance, as soon as he came to *courage*, he looked down

the page in search of *riding*, which used to come some time after Latin grammar, but he now crammed it in immediately after courage; and when he came to good-sense and good-nature they changed places; good-nature was raised much higher up in the list than it had been formerly. Frank gave no reasons for this change; but he talked a good deal about Squire Rogers. Squire Rogers had helped to lift him out of the ditch; and had declared to Frank's father, even with an oath, that he would give more than he could count to have such a brave little fellow for a son.

Frank did not repeat this speech to Mary, or to his mother; but his father knew that he had heard it, and that it was, perhaps unconsciously to Frank, the cause of his sudden change of opinion of this gentleman. Frank told Mary that though poor Squire Rogers was very ignorant of some things, yet in others that he was no fool, and that he was certainly remarkably good-natured.

Frank was very unwilling to go to bed that night, though he was exceedingly tired; but he continued, with his elbows on the table, talking, talking, talking, about men, horses, and dogs, till even Mary's eyes closed, notwithstanding her most complaisant endeavours to keep them open.

"Why do not you go to bed, Frank, you are tired!" said his mother.

"Tired! not in the least, ma'am. Why should you think that I am tired?"

"Because you have taken more exercise than usual to-day. There is no disgrace in being tired, my dear."

"But I really am not tired, mamma," said Frank.

"And he is proud of that," said his father, smiling: "very natural for a boy who wishes to be thought manly."

"Oh papa! to be *thought* manly!" repeated Frank, "say, to be manly."

"Well, Frank, I will say to be manly."

"Papa, would you be so very good as to bespeak for me a pair of boots?"

"I would," said his father, laughing, "if you could prove that they were necessary to your being manly."

"But seriously, father," said Frank, "they will be necessary to prevent the thorns from running into my legs again the next time I go out hunting."

"The next time you go out hunting!" said his mother, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, ma'am; for Squire Rogers, Mr. Rogers I mean, told me there would be a hunt on Tuesday, and asked me to go with him; and I said I would, if you would give me leave, papa, and I hope you will."

Frank's mother sighed.

"Mamma, do not sigh," said Frank. "I shall not break my neck, though I know you are afraid that I shall."

"Mamma, do not sigh," said Frank's father. "I will answer for it that Frank will not grow fond of vulgar flattery, or of vulgar company, though I know that you are afraid that he will."

Frank, at the half-open door, stood to hear his mother's answer, but she looked down at her work, and was silent.

"My love," continued his father, "we must not expect too much from him. We must not expect—but I will finish my sentence, and answer you, Frank, about the boots to-morrow morning at breakfast. Go to bed now; after a night's sleep you will be more in a condition to hear reason."

"To hear what, father?"

"Reason, son."

"Is that all? I thought it was something about riding, papa," said Frank, still lingering, and swinging the door in his hand.

"Go to bed now, Frank, as you are desired," said his father. "Obedience is a manly virtue—it is at least a virtue necessary to a man."

Frank obeyed, and in his turn sighed.

FRANK WAS at the breakfast-table before any one else the next morning.

Many subjects were spoken of, and many affairs were to be settled, before the business of the boots and of the hunt. All the affairs of England and of Europe appeared to be discussed in the newspapers of the day. At last his father put down the paper, and his eye turned upon Frank.

"Now, my boy—"

"Papa," said Frank, "may I say one thing before I hear the end of your sentence? When I wakened this morning, I began to think about what we were talking of last night, and I believe I shall not want man's boots,

because, though Mr. Rogers asked me to go with him, it is better, I think, that I should not go out hunting."

His mother looked very much pleased.

"Your father was quite right, I see, Frank," said she, "when he prophesied that you would have more sense after a night's sleep."

"More sense than what, mamma?"

"More sense than you had last night, my dear Frank, when you wished to go out hunting again with Mr. Rogers and his rabble rout."

"Mamma," said Frank, "I am afraid you will not be pleased with me, but I must tell you the truth. I have not more sense this morning than I had last night, if it is foolish to wish to go out hunting again, for I own I do wish it."

"You are right to tell the truth at all events, Frank; and for that I must be pleased with you. And we have reason," said his mother, "to be still more pleased with you for conquering a foolish wish by your own reflections and good sense—more pleased even than if you had not the wish."

"But, mamma, it was not my good sense that conquered."

"What then?" said his mother.

Frank hesitated.

"What?" said his father. "Perhaps you foresaw that I should refuse to let you go, and you did not like to have the mortification of being refused, and therefore you thought it was better to give it up of your own accord. Was that the case, Frank? Speak out, my boy, speak out; a brave man, a brave boy, is never afraid to speak his mind, whether he thinks it will please or displease. If he is wrong, he knows he can be set right; if he is foolish, he knows he can learn to be wiser; but he is never afraid to tell his mind."

"Papa, I am not afraid to tell my mind. I did not think that you, papa, would refuse to let me go; but I thought that mamma would not like it, and therefore I resolved to give it up."

"Thank you, my dear Frank," said his mother. "I am persuaded that you would give up this and greater pleasure for me, if I were to ask you to do so; but I do not wish," continued she, turning to his father, "to work upon his feelings; I would rather that his understanding were convinced."

"So would I, my dear," answered his father: "but I am not clear that on this point we can convince his understanding. It is scarcely possible that a boy of his age, who has had no experience, can comprehend all the dangers of early keeping vulgar, ignorant company."

"But, papa, I would not keep company with them, but only go out hunting with them, you know; when I am on horseback, cantering, galloping, leaping, what harm can that do me? it can only teach me to ride better and better, and make me more brave and manly."

"And more and more fond of vulgar applause," said his mother: "of the applause of all those who call out, 'Bravo, Master Frank! bravo!' as you leap over the ditches. Recollect your own feelings: were not you urged on by this praise yesterday? And did not you feel that competition with Master Tom, and emulation, excited you to exertion?"

"Certainly, mamma; and so I felt when papa praised me for riding well or being brave. If it is a good thing to ride well and to be brave, those people, whether they are vulgar or not, are right to praise me for it, are not they? And I am not wrong to like their praise about riding, because they can judge about that as well as papa."

"True," said his father; "but if you like their praise about your riding, you would probably become desirous of it on other subjects, and you would soon be satisfied with their admiration, without exerting yourself to obtain the esteem of those who are better judges of excellence of different kinds. Besides, the being praised by ignorant people, even for what you deserve, and for that of which they can judge, would early join in your mind the idea of pleasure with that of vulgar applause, and even the association of your first pleasure in riding would be hurtful to you."

"The first pleasure of the first days of riding I shall always remember," said Frank: "they were with my father. Indeed, mamma, I really like the rides with my father much the best; I like so much to talk to him, and to hear what he says. But, I do not know how it was, I was carried away by the pleasure of the hunt; and I own I should like to hunt again. I do not quite understand all your reasons against it; for I feel sure that I should not learn to like vulgar company. Will you let

me try once or twice, mamma ! only once, on Tuesday, papa !”

“No, Frank,” said his father, “you must now be governed by my understanding and my experience.”

Frank looked mortified and disappointed ; but after a minute’s thought he said, “Very well, papa ; I believe you and mamma know best what is good for me ; I have always found it so at last, even when I did not think so at first.”

“That is true,” said Mary ; “as we found about the separation punishment, when we quarrelled.”

“Come, then, Mary,” said Frank ; “we will think of something else, and put boots and hunting out of my head. I will go out and look at the work you did yesterday at the island.”

“Thank you,” said Mary, “the very thing I wished. I have almost finished Robinson Crusoe’s fence.”

“And I will quite finish it with you to-day : I can work with my right arm ; luckily, it was only my left that was hurt. And when I am tired of working, I have to think of Mrs. Wheeler’s arbour.”

It is a happy thing to have something to do, and something to think of, when one has met with a little disappointment.

In about two hours Mary and Frank returned, both looking very hot and very happy, Frank having quite worked off his disappointment.

“Papa, I am glad that you are not gone out,” said he to his father, who was writing a letter ; “I ran home as hard as I could to tell you that I saw Squire Rogers, on his horse Stamper, coming down the lane, and perhaps he may call here as he goes by ; and if he does, will you be so good as to tell him that I cannot go with him on Tuesday to the hunt !”

“Why cannot you tell him so yourself, Frank !” said his father.

“I could, to be sure,” said Frank ; “but I would rather that you should speak for me, because—because—because—I do not know exactly why, but I should feel ashamed.”

“Ashamed of what, Frank ! Ashamed of doing what your father desires !”

“No, no, papa, certainly not ; there is really nothing to be ashamed of in that : but it seems as if I were not a man.”

"And are you a man?" said his father.

"No, papa," said Frank, laughing, "I know that I am a little boy; yet still, I do not know why, I feel ashamed."

"Never be ashamed without reason; conquer that foolish feeling," said his father.

"And besides," said Frank, moving from leg to leg, "too, besides—"

"Besides will do, without *too*," said his father.

"Besides, papa, when one is asked to do any thing, and asked in a good-natured manner, it is difficult to refuse sometimes."

"It is difficult sometimes; but it is often necessary, my dear son, and you must learn to do it."

"Oh, father, here is Squire Rogers coming up the avenue: I dare say that he has come on purpose to see how I do: how *very* good-natured! And if he asks me again to go to the hunt, how shall I have the courage to say no! I wish you would say it for me this time, papa."

"No, Frank," said his father: "you see that I can say 'no' to you, and yet I do not like to refuse any thing you ask; but it is necessary for a man to learn to say 'no,' and the sooner you begin the better, even about such a trifle as this: you cannot have a better opportunity."

"Who is that with him, Mary?" said Frank. "Can you see between the trees?"

"Master Tom: I know him by the slashing of his whip."

"Worse and worse," said Frank to Mary. "I am very sorry he is come, that will make it more difficult to me."

"No, surely," said Mary, "it will not be difficult to refuse him: he is not so *very* good-natured!"

"I do not say he is," said Frank, "but still—"

"Nor is he very agreeable," said Mary; "you do not like to ride with him as well as with papa. I remember you told me how much happier you were riding with papa, and talking to him, than Tom could be with his groom. Do not you recollect saying that to me?"

"Yes, I recollect it; and it is very true," said Frank. "I do not like him much."

"And I do not think he likes you much, Frank," said Mary.

"I do not think that he does, Mary; for when I was

lying in the ditch I saw him leap his horse over, without his ever stopping to see whether I was dead or alive. But still—"

"But still what?" said Mary. "I do not understand."

"You will understand some time or other, when you are older," said Frank. "Even when one does not like a person, and even if one does not wish to do what one is asked to do, if one is asked over and over, it is difficult to refuse. My dear! they are just at the door."

"He saw you, Frank: he beckoned to you, Frank."

"Did he beckon to me? Then it is for me he is coming. I had better go out and speak to him at once," said Frank, looking as if he summoned up all his courage.

Squire Rogers exclaimed, with delight, the moment Frank appeared at the hall door—

"My fine fellow! my brave little man! my bold little huntsman, how are you to-day? Oh, I see, bravely! bravely! glad of it, faith! How is the arm? and how are the legs? Right! right! I knew you'd be very well, and that you'd think nothing of such a fall as that, man! And the horse! how is he, Blacky, or Felix, or what do you call him, a fine creature, too! his knees not hurt? And your father, too, how is he? Ay, he knows how to bring up a boy; he has taught you to sit a horse wonderfully, in the time; and when we have had you with us out after the hounds for a season, you'll be as good a hunter as my friend Tom here. Shake hands, my brave man, and remember Tuesday morning at ten o'clock! I'll call for you."

The squire bent low to shake hands with Frank, who, in the midst of these praises of himself, his horse, and his father, had not yet been able to speak. Afraid that the squire should gallop off before he had pronounced the necessary "no," Frank held fast the hand which shook his.

"Not a minute to spare—can't 'light. My compliments, and so forth, to your father. Can't 'light, don't ask me," said the squire, drawing away his hand.

"I do not want you to alight, sir," said Frank, "but I have something I want to say very much."

"That's another affair; what is it, my dear little fellow," said the squire, bending down again to him: "ask anything from me that I can lend or give but my horse, my dog, or my gun, and you shall have it, for you're a

fine, spirited little man ; and, by all that's good ! I love you as if you were my own ; so speak freely."

"You are very good, exceedingly kind ; I am very much obliged."

"Never mind your thanks, I'm a man will do any thing for those I love. What is it ? to lend you a horse, hey ? You shall have Tantivy, and you'll be the best mounted man or boy next to the squire himself, and so you deserve to be ! and," added he, "a word in your ear—Tom's a little jealous of you ; but never mind, you shall have Tantivy."

"Oh ! thank you, sir, you are very, very good," said Frank, "thank you, but—"

"Not a word of thanks, my dear boy !" said the squire, gathering up his bridle, "not a word more."

"One word more I must say," cried Frank, catching hold of the bridle.

"Have a care, or the horse will kill you," cried the squire, drawing his horse back with a look of terror : "Stamper will have his forepaw in your stomach, and knock you down, dead as King Harry the Eighth. Ods my life ! you frightened me, man, and I'm not easily frightened a-horseback : but, Frank, you're like a boy I lost, that was worth his weight in gold," said the squire, taking off his hat, and wiping his forehead.

"The horses is hot," said Tom. "Jack says Stamper will take cold standing."

"No matter, I must have this little fellow's one word. But stand out of the horse's way, Frank, do, my darling. Get up on the steps, and I'll come to you."

Frank retreated to the steps, and as he stood on one of them, the squire, riding close up, again bent down, and, leaning his ear to Frank,

"What's the matter," said he, "for your little heart is full."

Frank, putting his arm round the squire's neck, whispered, "Good-natured man, I cannot go with you."

"Not go with me ! What do you mean—not go with me on Tuesday ?"

"No, I must say 'no : ' that is the one word I had to say."

"I thought how it would end," said Tom, with a sneer ; "I could have sworn he would not go. I wonder, squire, you are so surprised."

"And why do not you go," said the squire, looking

hard in Frank's face; art afraid?—not the lad I took you for."

"I am the lad you took me for," said Frank; "I am not afraid."

Tom sneered again.

"I am not afraid," said Frank, raising his voice as he looked at Tom.

"Never mind him, mind me," said the squire. "What is the reason you cannot come to the hunt—you said yesterday that you would?"

"I said I would if my father approved of it," said Frank; "but he does not; that is the reason that I cannot go."

"Then he is not the man I took him for," said the squire. "Yet he seemed glad enough to see you show spirit the other day. I see how it is; mamma is at the bottom of the business—mammams are always cowards and spoil-sports."

"My mother is not a coward," said Frank, "and I do not know what you mean by a spoil-sport."

Tom laughed in an insulting manner; but the squire said that Frank was right enough to stand up for his own mother. "I've a great respect for your mamma, my dear," said he, holding out his hand to him.

Frank now gave him his hand again very readily.

"I am confident she's a woman of sense; not like my wife, who is as pale as a ghost if Stamper does but paw. Fear is natural to all females. But since you have got your father on your side, he will bring your mamma over in time, I hope, before Tuesday."

Frank answered that his father and mother were both on the same side.

"That's bad," said the squire, "a bad hearing for you; but cannot you run in and tell her that she may safely trust you with me? Say I'll take as good care of you as of the apple of my eye."

"What a vulgar expression!" thought Frank.

"How he stands," cried Tom; "cannot you go in and coax her? I can make my mother do any thing by a little coaxing, and cannot you?"

"No," said Frank. This time "no" was very clearly pronounced.

"But cannot you try?"

"No," said Frank.

"No! then I must try for you," said the squire:

"sooner than that you should lose your day's hunt, I declare I'll 'light, and step in and reason it out with her myself; though reasoning with the women is not my practice; because there's few of them understands reason when they hear it. But there's no rule without an exception; Jack, hold Stamper while I go in," said he, preparing to alight.

Frank eagerly begged that the squire would not give himself the trouble; for "I cannot go. Indeed I cannot go," repeated he.

"Do you wish to come to the hunt, or do you not?" said the squire, angrily. "I hate shilly-shallying; do you wish to come with me or not? Yes or no."

"No, thank you, sir," said Frank, stoutly.

Tom touched the squire's shoulder with the handle of his whip, pointing upwards to an open window, from which Mary was leaning.

"Right," said the squire, winking in his vulgar manner, "I see what you mean; little pitchers have long ears. Come farther from the window, my man, come here under the trees. Now, without playing the good boy any longer, you may tell us all the truth."

"I have told the truth—I always tell the truth," said Frank, in an indignant tone: "I have nothing more to say."

"Well, well, do not be angry, my little man," said the squire. "You need not grow as red as a turkey-cock. Good-morning to you; I am sorry they will make a Miss Molly of such a fine little fellow. I would have made a man of you—like Tom here."

Frank's countenance expressed, perhaps, too plainly, that he felt no ambition to be like Tom.

"Like me! he despises me. Don't you see, squire, he is too fine a gentleman for that! too fine too keep company with me, or *you* either, Squire Rogers," said Tom, with a marked emphasis on *you*.

"What's that? Say you so? Too fine a gentleman to keep company with me! Sits the wind in that quarter?" cried the squire. His countenance suddenly altering, he looked at Frank with a furious eye, the blood at the same time mounting in his face, which grew crimson in an instant. "My little fine gentleman, is this the meaning of your *much obliged to you, sir*? I would have you, sir, and all whom it may concern, to know, that the Rogers's and the Squires's are as old a

family as your own, and fit company for a prince of the blood, whatever you or yours may think of it, young Mr. Cockahoop. If ever I trouble myself to pick you or any thing like you out of a ditch—if ever I come again within these gates to look for you, my name's not Squires Rogers. Look you, master white face: I'll never speak to you again the longest day I live."

The oaths which he poured forth, in the fury to which he had now worked himself, shocked and amazed Frank to such a degree that he stood motionless and breathless. The passionate squire set spurs to his horse, and galloped off; and Tom, after laughing immoderately, followed.

"What is the matter?" said Mary, as soon as Frank came up stairs into the room where she and his father and mother were.

"Did you hear what he said at last, Mary?" said Frank.

"No, I only heard his voice very loud; but he was so far off I could not hear any words distinctly."

"I'm glad of that," said Frank, "for they were not words fit for you to hear; and pray don't ask me any thing about it."

"Then pray," said Mary, "do not tell me any thing about it. Only this one thing I must ask, whether you ended with saying 'no,' as you ought to do?"

"That I did," answered Frank.

"And did you feel it very difficult to say it, and to hold firm to it?" said Mary.

"The first 'no' was very difficult, when he was good-natured to me," said Frank. "But the last 'noes' were very easy. I'm glad I have nothing more to do with him. Papa, even when the squire was most kind to me, I could not help observing that he used very vulgar expressions. You were quite right, mamma; but he says he'll never speak to me again."

"Not speak to you again?" said Mary. "A few minutes ago I heard him say you were worth your weight in gold, and that he loved you as if you were his own son. I thought I saw you, Frank, with your arm about his neck."

"You did," said Frank, blushing. "I could not help liking him when he said so many kind things to me, for I believe he was really sincere; I don't think he flattered me; and I was sorry for him, poor man, when he

spoke of his son that died : but, mamma, how very extraordinary that he should go so suddenly, in a few minutes, from praising me, and liking me exceedingly, to disliking me, and abusing me violently. I cannot tell even what put him into such a rage ; for it was not merely my saying no, it was something that Tom said about my being a fine gentleman."

" Ah ! that Tom does not like you," said Mary. " I do believe he is envious."

" I never before saw or heard a man in such a passion," continued Frank. " It is very surprising that he could change so quickly : but, mamma, you and papa don't appear at all surprised."

" No, my dear, it is not so surprising to us," said his father, " that a person who has had little education, and who acts only from the fancy or the feeling of the moment, without being governed by reason, or by any steady principles, should, as you describe, love and hate, praise and abuse you in the course of a few minutes, and without any just cause. I am glad you have seen and felt some of the inconveniences that might arise from associating with such people."

" And I," said Frank, " am very glad I have nothing more to do with Squire Rogers, good-natured as he is."

" Now go," said his mother, " and eat that cherry-pie with Mary, who would not eat any till you came in."

Frank, who wanted some refreshment after his fatigues of body and mind, obeyed his mother with even more than his usual alacrity ; but when he came to the last cherry, he resumed his reflections.

" Father," said he, " was Squire Rogers really born a gentleman ? for I remember in his passion he said that his family was as good as that of any gentleman in England."

" He is of a good ancient family ; he was born, but not bred a gentleman : he was early suffered to keep low company, and he became fond, when a boy, of their vulgar jests, and he delighted in their vulgar praise. As a man, he has continued to feel the mean vanity of wishing to be the first person in company, and as he could not be superior in the society of gentlemen of cultivated minds, he shunned their conversation, in which he felt himself always uneasy ; and he has lived with his inferiors, by whom he is admired :—

"'Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts.'"

"Papa," said Mary, "I know where those lines are."

"Do you indeed, Mary?" said Frank. "How odd it is that you should know what I do not. Where are those lines?"

"Guess," said Mary.

"Say more of them," said Frank, "and then I will tell you, if I know where they are."

Mary repeated,

"'A lion cub of sordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind.'"

"Oh, Frank, I have told it to you now; if you do not know it now you never read it; nor did I ever read it till yesterday. May I take down the book—your large beautiful Gay's Fables, with prints, mamma?"

"You may," said she.

She took down the book, and found the fable of the Lion and the Cub, which Frank begged that she would read to him, whilst he eat a second edition of cherry-pie.

The winter and spring passed, and summer came again. Nothing remarkable occurred in Frank's history during some months.

We must not, however, omit the history of some rides which he took at different times with his father. In one of these he went to see his friend Colonel Birch, who was now, to his great happiness, with his regiment, quartered in a neighbouring town. Colonel Birch rode with them to the race-ground, where the regiment were then exercising by the officer second in command.

Frank had never, till now, seen soldiers manœuvred. It was a regiment of horse; and Frank was much amused with seeing them perform their exercises. He observed how obedient men and horses were to the word of command, and how useful and necessary it was that they should be so. The regiment were now dismounted, and having formed into a line, Colonel Birch, turning to Frank, said quickly, "Dismount, Frank, and give your horse to this man to hold."

Frank did so with the same promptness with which he saw the soldiers obey. The instant afterward he heard a man call out some words which he did not distinctly hear, and all the soldiers fired at once, with a

noise that made Frank start, and Felix rear and plunge so much that the man could scarcely hold him. Frank observed that Colonel Birch's horse, and the horses of all the soldiers, stood perfectly quiet during the firing.

"Yes," said his father; "because they have been trained or taught to do so."

"And whenever you can leave Felix with me," said Colonel Birch, "for some time, I will have him taught to stand fire, if you like it. It is all custom: you, Frank, will stand fire the next time better yourself; you will not start so much as you did just now, when you next hear the men fire."

"I wish, sir, you would make them do it again," said Frank.

"By-and-by," said the colonel, "they will fire again."

"Would you be so very good as to give me notice beforehand, that I may be prepared?" said Frank.

"When you hear the words 'Make ready,' be prepared, for 'Fire' will come soon afterward," said the colonel.

As soon as Frank heard the words "Make ready," he stood firm and upright, but squeezing the handle of his whip very hard. "Present—Fire!" Frank stood fire this time with only a little, a scarcely perceptible start. And the third time there was only a twinkling of the eyelashes.

Colonel Birch smiled, and said, "There's the making of a good soldier in that boy."

When Frank returned home after this ride, he acted all that he could remember of the horse exercise, repeating it almost unceasingly for his mother and Mary: and he showed how Felix reared and plunged when the firing came; and how he, the last time, stood stock still, all except his eyelashes. The twinkling of the eyelashes he carefully excepted; for though Frank, it must be acknowledged, was sometimes rather vain, he was always perfectly true; his vanity never made him conceal any circumstance that made against himself, that is to say, when he recollected it. But his head was so full of soldiers, and sergeants, and colonels, and uniforms, and pistols, and powder, and make ready! present! fire!—and he repeated, so often, "Mary, did I tell you what Colonel Birch said of me? Mamma, do you know Colonel Birch said, 'There's the making of a good soldier in that boy,'"—that his mother at last could bear

it no longer, and she insisted on his being quiet, or going into the hall to finish his exercise.

A few days after this, his father took him to see a review. He was amused by the galloping and firing, and looking at the foot soldiers marching in lines, as if they were all machines; their legs, as he said, like parts of a stocking-frame, which his father had once shown him. He admired at first the fine caps and helmets of the officers, but he observed that these were hot and heavy. He was excessively hot himself, standing in the broiling sun to see the review, which he thought lasted rather long. When he was afterward sitting cool and comfortable in Colonel Birch's room, he heard that two or three of the soldiers had *dropped* (fainted with the heat). He expressed his surprise and pity; but the colonel said that this was nothing uncommon, that it was part of a soldier's duty to bear heat and cold as it happened: and as he spoke he took off his own heavy high helmet, and wiped his forehead and face. Frank said, "I perceive that being a soldier or an officer is not all play and pleasure."

"No, in truth," said Colonel Birch, and some other officers who were with him laughed; and one said, "If he thinks so much of this day's heat, what would he think of the heat we had in Spain?"

The officers then began to talk to one another of the different battles in which they had been, in Spain, France, and Flanders. First they spoke with triumph of the battle of Waterloo. This delighted Frank, and more than ever he wished to be a soldier. But then another described the field of Waterloo the day after the battle; and he told such horrible things, that Frank's blood thrilled; and then he thought that for the whole world he would not be a soldier. The officers closed round, talking eagerly, without minding him, or recollecting that he was present. He heard the truth about the hardships, as well as the pleasures, of a soldier's life. He looked at the prints which were hanging up in the room—the battles of Alexander, and the deaths of General Wolfe and Lord Nelson; but when he came home this day, he read over again, with Mary, the "Price of Victory" in "Evenings at Home."

One ride which Frank took about this time, he told his mother and Mary was the most delightful ride in the world: he said, "It was charming! beautiful! most

beautiful!—All rocks, and trees, and water, mamma; and water, and trees, and rocks, Mary—you understand. First, mamma, we went along your favourite lane, then out into the common, and there was fine cantering till we reached a great wood, and came under high shady trees; then we went on winding and winding round the corners of rocks, not knowing what was to come next, but at every turn something always appeared more beautiful than before. At last we came to a park, and from all that I could see of it over the paling, it is the most beautiful park in the world: it is called Bellom-bre."

"What a pretty name!" said Mary.

"But," continued Frank, "when we came to the park gate—oh, disappointment, Mary! the people were not at home; and the woman at the gate stood with her great keys in her hand, deaf, and stupid, and cross; so cross that she would not let us in, even to go through. But I had one comfort; we came home by a quite new way, which I will not describe to you, because papa says you shall drive there some time and see it, and seeing is better than all the descriptions in the world—quite another thing." On this point, as in most others, Mary agreed with Frank in taste.

No more accounts of Frank's rides at this season have reached us. Felix was sent to Colonel Birch to be taught to stand fire.

About this time Frank read some accounts of shipwrecks, from which he saw how useful it would be to know how to swim, in order to save the lives of others, or perhaps his own life. And in looking for the article *swimming*, in some encyclopedia, he learned that the ancients considered this art as so necessary a part of education, that when they wanted to describe a rude, ignorant man, they said that he had not learned either to read or to swim.

Immediately, with Mary's assistance, he hunted through the library for an "Art of Swimming on Dry Land," which once upon a time, in dusting the books, he remembered to have seen. They found it, and, in compliance with the directions there given, he began to sprawl on the floor, and to spread out his arms for fins, working with his legs as fishes do with their tails. This exercise Mary could never see with as much gravity as Frank required; and she argued that swimming in real

water must be so different, that she did not think this swimming on boards could be of much use.

He never listened much to her objections, till she one day found, in one of Franklin's letters, some advice which fixed his attention, and he started up from the floor to listen to her as she read to him—

"You will be no swimmer till you can place some confidence in the power of the water to support you. I would therefore advise your acquiring that confidence, in the first place."

"But look here," said Frank, turning over the page, and pointing to another passage; "he says, that if a person unacquainted with swimming, and falling accidentally into the water, could have presence of mind sufficient to avoid struggling and plunging, and to let the body take this natural position, he might long continue safe from drowning, till, perhaps, help would come."

But all depends, as Frank's mother observed, upon the person's letting the body take this natural position; and what this might be Frank was not sure: he looked back to find out; and read several observations and directions: and Mary found that they all ended by saying,

"I cannot depend on your having the necessary presence of mind to recollect that posture, and the directions I gave you relating to it. The surprise may put all out of your mind."

"Well then," said Frank, "let us see how it is necessary to acquire this confidence in the power of the water to support one, which he talks of so much."

Mary read on as follows—

"Choosing a place where the water deepens gradually, walk coolly into it till it is up to your breast; then turn round your face to the shore, and throw an egg into the water, between you and the shore. It will sink to the bottom, and be easily seen there, as the water is clear. It must lie in water so deep that you cannot reach it to take it up but by diving for it. To encourage yourself in undertaking to do this, reflect that your progress will be from deeper to shallower water, and that at any time you may, by bringing your legs under you, and standing on the bottom, raise your head far above water. Then plunge under it with your eyes open, throw yourself towards the egg, and endeavour, by the action of your hands and feet against the water, to get forward till within reach of it. In this attempt,

you will find that the water buoys you up against your inclination; that it is not so easy a thing to sink as you imagined; that you cannot, but by active force, get down to the egg. Thus you feel the power of the water to support you, and learn to confide in that power, while your endeavours to overcome it, and to reach the egg, teach you the manner of acting on the water with your feet and hands, which action is afterward used in swimming, to support your head higher above water, or to go forward through it."

Frank wanted to set about this experiment of the egg immediately, and said he knew a very good shallow place near his island. But his mother insisted upon it that nothing should be done without asking his father's advice upon the subject. Now his father was out riding, and he was obliged to wait for three hours, which he did with tolerable patience, amusing himself in the interval with reading all that Franklin says on the art of swimming in his own life, and in one of his essays, in answer to some inquiries of a friend on the subject. Some experiments which Franklin tried when he was a boy particularly interested him, especially one about swimming across a pond without the least fatigue, by the help of a paper kite. The moment his father alighted from his horse, and before he had time to lay down his whip, Frank ran to him, and catching hold of him, said,

"Papa, will you be so good as to teach me to swim? and to-morrow may I try the experiment of the egg and the paper kite, which I will read to you now, if you please?"

His father thanked him, but said that he had not time just then; however, at a proper opportunity, he undertook to teach him, or rather to let him learn to swim.

When he had leisure, he allowed Frank to try the experiment of the egg, but that of the kite must be postponed, he said, till he was older, and till he should know well how to swim.

He promised his mother that he would never go into the water unless his father should give him leave, and his father always was present during his first attempts. After he had acquired that necessary confidence in the support of the water on which Franklin and Mary laid such judicious stress, he went into the water without fear, and found that he could attend to the instructions

given him, which, at first, were simply to keep himself balanced as well as he could by moving his arms about.

During the course of this summer, before the cold weather came on, Frank could swim tolerably well, and often he wished to swim when he was alone ; but as his mother had required that he should not attempt this, he repressed this desire as far as he could, nor did he torment her by asking above a hundred times to be absolved from his promise. His mother was so secure of his honour, that she never was anxious on the subject.

At last Felix returned, and Frank's next ride was to Colonel Birch, who was manœuvring the regiment this day himself, therefore could not speak to them ; and Frank thought it was very long and tiresome, till it came to the moment when Felix was to show that he could stand fire, which he did. Frank sat him, and, as he told Mary, this was all the diversion he had on parade ; it was only the same thing over and over again, and he was glad when it was finished, and when Colonel Birch could come to them.

"In his own house," said Frank, "or in his own castle (for he is lodged in the castle), he was very agreeable and kind, mamma, as he always is, in recollecting that I am by, and in showing me and telling me entertaining things. As we passed along the passages of the castle, he showed me the narrow slits in the thick walls, the loopholes through which people used to watch and ward, and fire ; and he told me about how castles and places were defended, both before and after the invention of fire-arms, Mary. But I need not tell you this, because you will never have to defend places. But I must tell you a story about playing with fire-arms, because that may be useful to you and to everybody."

"Playing with fire-arms useful ! What can you mean, Frank ?" said his mother.

"Not the playing with them, I mean, mamma. When we went into the colonel's own room, he took up a pair of Spanish pistols to show papa, and he said, 'I believe they are not loaded, but I never trust to that belief without trying.' Then he thrust the ramrod, as it is called, down into the pistol, and showed me how to try whether a pistol is loaded or not. And he advised me never to snap a pistol or gun without first trying whether it is loaded. He told me that when he was a boy, he was

once very near killing his own brother by playing with a gun, which he thought he was quite sure he had left unloaded; but his servant had loaded it again, and set it up in the corner of the parlour; and Colonel Birch, not knowing this, at night, by candlelight, took up the gun, and in foolish play, said to his brother, 'dare you stand fire?' He fired, and the bullet whizzed by, put out the candle, and lodged—he did not know where—for there was a dead silence for an instant. His brother spoke, and told him that he was not hurt: the bullet had lodged in the wainscot just over his head.

"Colonel Birch could not relate this without shuddering. But I must make you shudder, Mary, with another horrible story."

"Oh! Frank, pray tell me the story that will make me shudder—is it true?"

"Quite true, papa said so; and papa said it happened to a relation of his own, a gentleman who was very fond of his wife.

"One day her husband, in play, to try if she would be frightened, took up a gun that was in the corner of the room, feeling quite sure that it was not loaded, and he pointed it at her: but she smiled, and said she knew he would not hurt her; she did not shrink, or change countenance, but was so composed and quiet, that it was no diversion to him to try to frighten her more; and though he had his finger on the trigger of the gun he did not pull it, but went to put it again in its place. Before he put it by, however, he ran the ramrod down, to show, as he thought, that it was not loaded; but to his astonishment and horror, he found a bullet in it. Oh! Mary, if he had fired it—if he had shot his wife."

"Poor man!" said Mary: "how frightened he must have been."

"Do you know, Mary, by-the-by, the trigger of a gun, or of a pistol; and do you know how they are loaded and fired?"

"Not exactly."

"Nor did I *exactly*, till this morning," said Frank. "I had a general notion, but then I did not know about the touch-hole, and the spark from the flint which sets the gunpowder on fire. My father showed and explained all this to me, and he will, I dare say, show it to you if you ask him, because there is no harm in women knowing about these things, is there, mamma?"

"Far from harm, there is use in such knowledge, because it shows where and what the real danger is," answered his mother.

"Not like some foolish lady, whom I heard say she would not sit in a room with a gun or a pistol, ~~but~~ it should shoot her of itself. But, Mary," said Frank, "I was going on to tell you, what I have forgotten twenty times—what gunpowder is made of. It is made of—do you know, Mary?"

"No," said Mary.

"I will not tell you, Mary, till papa shows you how a pistol is fired; because, then, you will remember it as I do now. I am very glad to know all about these manly things; they are *must wants* to man," said Frank, "and when I am a man—"

"My dear Frank," interrupted his mother, "it will be long before that time comes. Finish first what you have to tell us about Colonel Birch, and do not go off to what you are to do when you are a man."

"Well, ma'am: he showed me next one of the sort of muskets which people used when fire-arms were first invented, and before they were perfected, when people did not hold them in their hands all the time they primed, and loaded, and fired. Mary, one of our history facts was of use to me, and I was very glad to recollect it. When Colonel Birch was showing me in a book some strange old engravings of a battle, at which arms were first used, I knew it was the battle of Crecy."

"I am glad you knew it," said Mary.

"So am I, because that made Colonel Birch talk to me a great deal more, and show me a fine old bow; and he would have told and showed me many other things; but, unluckily, somebody came to call for him, and he and papa were obliged to go and talk to some men, and they did not choose to take me. So I was left alone a good while."

"In the room with the guns and pistols," said Mary. "But I am sure you did not meddle with them."

"No, indeed!" said Frank. "Touch them! after all Colonel Birch had said!"

"Oh no; to be sure you never touch what is not your own," Mary began—but she stopped short; for she did not like to put him in mind of the unhappy day when he meddled with the engineer's instruments. Frank recollected it, however, and looked ashamed.

"Well, what did you do when you were left alone in Colonel Birch's room?"

"I looked at the prints and books, for he told me that I might; and among the books I found one which Colonel Birch had borrowed from my father: there was my father's name in it, and an inscription stamped in printed gold letters—'Prize Book;' and the date of the time when it was given, to him at school."

"And what was the book?" said Frank's mother.

"Homer's Iliad, translated by Mr. Alexander Pope, mamma."

His mother smiled; he did not know why.

"Go on, my dear."

"So I went on, mamma, looking at this book; and I recollected papa's having told me once something about the heroes in Homer's Iliad, Achilles and Hector, being fond of talking to their horses, as I did to Felix. So I looked to find this. And my father had said, too, that I should like somebody with a hard name which I could not remember; but I thought that if I saw the name in the book I should be sure to know it; so I turned over the leaves one by one, and as I was turning over the pages I saw some beautiful lines about the moon, Mary, which I learned by heart for you.

"As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure sheds her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head,
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies,
The conscious swans, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light."

Frank repeated these lines as if he felt their spirit thoroughly. Mary was so much struck with them that she stood silent with admiration.

She afterward asked him to say them again: and she liked them better the second time than the first: she wished to hear more of that poem, she said; and she and Frank asked his father if they might read to themselves the great Homer in his study. He thought that they could not yet understand it all, and that, therefore, it would tire them if they attempted to read it to them-

selves; and thus they would spoil the great pleasure which they would certainly have in reading it at a future time. Before they could understand the *Iliad*, they must, he said, have some knowledge of the fabulous histories of the heathen gods and goddesses, or what is called ancient mythology.

"Papa," said Frank, "you forget that you did explain some of this to us, and you lent me a little book, from which mamma says we have learned all that is necessary for understanding the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*."

Finding upon examination that this was true, his father told him, as shortly as he could, the general history or argument of the poem, and complied with his request of reading a few passages to him. He thought that even hearing the sound of good lines early forms or teaches the ear to like harmonious poetry.

Among the passages which their father read to them was the account of some games of wrestlers, and racers, and chariot-drivers. And when his father read of these, and came to Antilochus, Frank recollected that this was the name of the chief whom his father said he would like; and though it is dangerous often to praise beforehand, yet Frank did like Antilochus, for acknowledging when he was wrong in having overturned his rival's chariot in the race, and Frank admired him for giving up the prize which he had unfairly won.

Frank and Mary were sorry when the book was closed, and they hoped that another day they should hear some more. They wished particularly to hear something of the parting of Hector and Andromache: for they had seen a print of it, representing his taking off his helmet, because it frightened his little child.

Mary went to search in the large portfolio for this print, and she found it, and read with fresh delight the following lines, which were written under the print:—

" 'Th' illustrious chief of Troy—' "

"That means Hector, you know," said Frank.

" 'Th' illustrious chief of Troy
 Stretched his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
 The babe clung crying to its nurse's breast,
 Scar'd at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
 With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
 And Hector hasted to relieve his child;
 The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
 And placed the beaming helmet on the ground.' "

LATE one evening Frank's father came in with a letter in his hand. Frank heard him read it. It was from his friend the engineer, and it concluded with these words—

"I shall be with you in three days after you receive this letter, and I hope that I shall find that my young friend—"

"That's me," said Frank.

"Has made himself, according to his good resolution, quite clear about day and night, and summer and winter."

"My dear Frank," said Mary, "have you ever thought of it since?"

"I did *once*," said Frank. "I understood it almost then, and I dare say I can recollect it, though I own it is a very long time since I thought of it."

"You can try and explain it to me," said Mary, "and that will do you good and me too."

Frank began trying to explain. But after making sundry motions with his hands, and saying the earth goes round the sun this way, and the moon goes that way, and this way—he found that Mary could not understand him; he must wait then, he said, till the lamp was lighted in the hall, and then he was sure he could make it perfectly plain. When the lamp was lighted, he, with Mary's assistance, placed under it an oval table.

"Now, Mary, my dear, I will act the earth for you," said he. "Let that lamp be the sun, which always stands still, and I will be the earth, which never stands still, and by-and-by you shall be the moon; but we shall not come to the moon yet. So as yet you have nothing to do but to look at me. Now it shall be the time of the equinox, equal day and night: so my head being the globe of the earth, you see the light shining upon my face and half my head. And now the earth begins to turn, turn, turn, slowly round, and in twelve hours has turned half round, thus: then it is night for my face, which is in the dark, and it is daylight for the back of my head. Then the earth turns, turns, and in twelve hours more has turned quite round on its axis."

"Axis!" interrupted Mary, "what do you mean by axis?"

"Axis! my dear Mary, don't you know what axis means? Why! axis means—it is so easy I cannot ex-

plain it to you, if you cannot see what it means ; the earth turns upon its axis, you know, and I turn upon my axis, you see."

"You turn upon your foot, but the earth has no foot, Frank."

"No, nor has it an axis any more than a foot in reality. The earth's axis is only a supposed pin, or a pole, on which it is supposed to turn ; and one end of that pole is the north pole, and the other end the south pole. Here, the top of my head is the north pole, suppose."

"I must suppose a great deal," said Mary. "Well, I understand about day and night, at the equinox ; but now tell me the cause of the different lengths of day and night at different times of the year : that's the difficulty."

"No difficulty, Mary, if you will only look at me. Look, I am the earth going round and round on my own axis, that makes day and night, and round the sun at the same time, for summer and winter."

"For summer and winter," said Mary.

"My dear Mary, if you *stick* at every word you will never understand."

"But, my dear Frank, I must *stick* if I don't understand ; and, indeed, if you will not let me tell you the word at which I stick, I am afraid I never shall understand. I am very stupid."

"No, you are not stupid, my dear. Only never mind words, I cannot explain it in words ; but look at me, and you will understand it all perfectly."

She looked with resigned attention, while Frank went on spinning on one foot, and at the same time advancing continually in his circuit round the oval table, still calling as he went, "Day ! night ! equinox ! summer ! longest day ! equinox ! shortest day !"

But before Mary could understand this, Frank grew sick with spinning round. His head failed before the earth had completed its annual journey round the sun ; he stopped, and, staggering to a chair, sat down, declaring he could not act earth for Mary any longer till he had rested.

She pitied him, and blamed her own dulness of comprehension ; but, after resting himself a few minutes, Frank started up, exclaiming,

"You are right and I am wrong. Oh ! I forgot that

the axis of the earth must be sloping: there could be no summer or winter without that, Mary; do you understand?"

"No."

Mary looked still more stupefied than before.

"My dear Frank," said his mother, stopping him, "you cannot possibly explain what you do not clearly comprehend. You had better, as your friend the engineer advised, read the explanations of these things in Joyce's Scientific Dialogues. Here are the passages which he took the trouble to mark for you."

Frank read the titles of the chapters: "'On the diurnal motion of the earth.' The daily motion of the earth, that I know perfectly well," said he. "Then comes, 'Of day and night.' To be sure, all that everybody knows, Mary. 'Of the seasons.' This I will read directly: for this is the thing I do not know."

"The *only* thing I do not know," he would have said, but that he was restrained by something like modesty. He sat down to the chapter on the seasons, telling Mary that he should finish it, and have it all clear for her before he went to bed.

Perhaps from his not having read those two preceding chapters, at which he disdained to look, he found the affair of summer and winter still incomprehensible. And as *yung* readers sometimes quarrel with a book when they should quarrel with themselves, Frank began to criticise rather severely.

"Now, in this first sentence, the very first thing I want to know I cannot make out. The man says that the axis of the earth is inclined twenty-three and a half degrees. I don't know what he means by 'degrees,' 'direction parallel to itself,' 'orbit,' 'elliptical,' 'a long ellipse,' 'vertical to the tropic of cancer,' 'vertical to the equator,' 'apparent diameter.' I am sure I don't know what he means. I wish he would leave out his hard words, and tell me plainly what one wants to know. He has made it so difficult that it is really impossible for anybody living to understand it," cried Frank.

Mary, who was growing sleepy, said that it was very foolish for anybody to write what nobody living could understand; and with that wise conclusion she went off to bed.

"Mamma," continued Frank, "I do believe this man

does not understand it himself, because he cannot explain it."

"Because you cannot understand his explanation, do you mean, Frank?"

"No, mother; but I really do not think he knows clearly what he is about. Now, ma'am, just listen to this; here is one great mistake, I am sure," cried Frank. "The tutor says, 'we are, indeed, more than three millions of miles nearer the sun in December than we are in June.' What! nearer the sun in winter than in summer! You know, mamma, that is absurd. What an ignorant, foolish tutor!"

"I will not say, what an ignorant, foolish boy," said Frank's mother.

Frank, abashed, read on for some time in silence, and perceived, by what followed, that the poor tutor was right, and that he was wrong; but when he came to something about the sun's apparent diameter, and some figures with commas placed after them, he passed over them, because he could not tell what they meant. And in the next page, "What is the use," said he to himself, "of telling me that, 'secondly, in summer the days are very long, and the nights short;' I know that without his tiresome *secondly*."

In short, Frank quarrelled with every thing he met with, either as too easy or too difficult, and when he came to the last page, he declared that he understood no more than he had done at the first: and his mother believed him, and advised him to go to bed; something, too, she said about conceit and presumption, which Frank did not like to hear. He retired much mortified: he was glad, however, that Mary had gone to bed, and had not heard his foolish criticisms, or the just rebuke which he had received.

The next day, in a fitter disposition to learn, he returned to the book; and this time he took his mother's advice, and began at the beginning, and read carefully all that had been marked for him. And this time, when he came to any thing which he did not comprehend, he did not either skip it or quarrel with it, but stopped to inquire from his mother the meaning of the words, or to look back for their previous explanation. He was surprised to find how much there was in the chapters which he had missed, which he did not know, or which he had not accurately understood. Still more surprised

was he at discovering how necessary it was perfectly to understand each part before he could comprehend the next. To make amends for last night's impatience, he was to-day resolutely patient and persevering. But this morning he worked too hard and too long, as Mary observed: he would not stir from the book all the morning. His mother in vain remonstrated, assuring him that he would tire himself; and she refused at last to hear him read any more, or to assist him with further explanations.

"But, my dear mother," said Frank, "do pray let me finish this chapter, and then I will go out and play: when once I understand what is meant by a degree I will go out, but not till then, Mary, if I sit here till dinner-time, so you need not wait for me, my dear."

She did wait, however, and waited in vain. Frank read and read on, and fatigued himself so excessively that he grew quite stupid, and in that condition his mother found him when she returned from her walk, some time after the dressing-bell rang.

"Mamma, it is not for want of perseverance now," said he, with a tremulous voice; "I have been at it four hours. And I am sure this time it is not from conceit," added he, with a sigh. "I am so stupid, that I am sure I never can understand all this about summer and winter; and the engineer will come the day after to-morrow, and after all he will find me like the triangle man: there are some things I believe I never can understand. Oh, mamma! I am exceedingly stupid."

"No, my dear," said his mother, "you are not exceedingly stupid, but you are exceedingly tired: you will understand all these things in time, if you will not read too much at once."

"In time, mamma! Do you mean before the engineer comes? Consider, I have only two days: ~~here~~ is one day quite lost. Oh, mamma! I wish you had ordered me to go out," said Frank. "You know I could not have disobeyed you; and then I should not have lost the whole day."

His mother told him that she had thought it better to leave him to learn by his own experience.

"It is very difficult to stop," said Mary, "when one is eager to go on."

"Very difficult not to do too little or too much at once," said Frank.

Very difficult, his mother acknowledged, not only for such a little boy as Frank, but for grown-up people.

"Even for you, mamma? Do you ever feel this?" said Frank.

"Often, my dear."

"This was some consolation."

"Now go and get ready for dinner; we will take a pleasant walk this evening to refresh you, and to-morrow I will read with you for one hour, my dear Frank, and I dare say we shall find that you are not stupid."

The next day Frank, with revived resolution, renewed his attempts; this time he neither did too little nor too much. He gave his whole attention to what he was about while he was reading, and when he felt that he could attend no longer, he did not go on reading words without understanding their meaning; but honestly confessed that he was tired, laid down the book, and went out to refresh himself with bodily exercise.

Before the two days were at an end, and before the engineer returned, Frank had conquered his difficulties; and with his mother's assistance he clearly understood what he had thought that he could never comprehend.

In the intervals of these his serious studies, Frank had relieved his attention, and amused himself happily, by acting with Mary, Madera and the English captain. His black hat, great coat, and black silk handkerchief, did what they could towards metamorphosing Mary into the English captain; though Frank complained that she never looked bluff enough; but she thought he looked very like Madera, when he wore a large basket-work hat of her making, after the Chinese, or rather the great Loo-choo fashion, such as the pattern in the engravings.

Madera's behaviour on various occasions, especially when he dined with the captain, was acted to the life; and that sentence of English which he had learned to pronounce so well, "*Take mustard to him, Tom,*" was not forgotten.

The second day they acted the two knights, disputing about the gold and silver shield; but, for want of a benevolent druid to come by and settle their differences exactly at the right time, they were obliged to end the scene tragically, by the death of both knights.

No riding for Frank this week, for his father was attending his public duty at the assizes. He was absent

from home all day, and seldom returned till after Frank's bedtime. But the day when the assizes were over he happily came back at teatime, and Frank had the pleasure of hearing him give an account of some entertaining trials: he was so good as to stop in his narrative several times to explain to Frank whatever he did not understand about *empannelling* the jury, *cross-examining* witnesses, and giving a *verdict*. From an entertaining trial in "Evenings at Home," Frank had acquired some notion of these things; but now he was still more interested in hearing of what passed in a real court of justice. In one of these trials it happened that the life of a man accused of a robbery was saved by the clear evidence and the character for truth of a boy of eleven years old. Frank and Mary could think and talk of nothing but this boy and this trial the next morning, till they heard the sound of a carriage.

"Oh, Frank, it is our friend the engineer!" said Mary; "I hope you have not forgotten the axis of the earth!"

Frank's attention had been turned so completely to the trial, that he was afraid he had forgotten all the seasons and their change. No—there is no danger that what has been once thoroughly understood and well learned, should be soon forgotten. Though Frank's attention had been turned to new and interesting things, yet he found that he could easily recall to his mind what he had learned; he knew the reasons for each step as he went on, and each came to his recollection in proper time and order.

His friend the engineer was satisfied.

"Now, my dear," said he, "I am at your service. If there is any thing that you wish to know which I can explain to you, I will. Or, if there is any thing that I can do for you, ask, and I shall be glad to assist you."

Frank thought for an instant, and the colour came into his face; Mary wondered what he was going to ask.

"Sir, there is one thing you could do for me," said Frank, "that I should like very much. Would you be so good as to walk with us this morning, or this evening, or whenever you have time, to see a boy who is very ingenious; a gardener's son, who is making a sundial, and who is in a great difficulty about it: and you could help him, I dare say; would you be so good?"

"And would you rather that I should do this for the gardener's son than any thing for yourself?"

"Much rather," said Frank.

"Then I will do this first, and you shall afterward find out something that I can do for you," said the engineer.

All approved of Frank's request; Mary especially rejoiced, for she had never been at the gardener's with the green gate since he had had his new hothouse.

The walk was pleasanter than usual to Frank, though it was not new: perhaps because he was pleased with the consciousness that he was doing what was good-natured. The gardener's boy was at work at his sundial when they arrived, with a book open beside him, and a print of a sundial, marked with many crosslines, squares, letters, and figures. Frank read over the boy's shoulder, "*New geometrical method of constructing sundials*;" and saw the pages full of what he could not understand; but he felt happy in showing the engineer how much this boy knew; and Frank hoped that he should in time know as much; meanwhile, he stood by rejoicing that the engineer seemed to like Andrew, whose modesty, indeed, pleased him as much as his industry and ingenuity.

The engineer kindly showed the boy where he had been wrong in his attempts at constructing his sundial, and put him in the way to execute it rightly.

Frank ran for some copies of maps which he had seen of Andrew's drawing; and when he had examined them, the engineer said, "if this young lad will apply steadily for another year, and improve himself in certain things which I shall point out, I will employ him as one of my surveyors."

Andrew's eyes sparkled with joy; and the old gardener, who knew what a great advantage this would be to his son, thanked the engineer with a bow such as Frank had never seen him make before.

"My dear Frank," whispered Mary, "how glad you must be that you asked the engineer to come here!"

"Glad! I never was so glad in my life," said Frank. He afterward said to Mary,

"Do you know, I really think I felt happier in showing that poor boy's drawings and maps, than if I had done them all myself, and had been ever so much praised for them."

It may have been observed that Frank loved praise, perhaps too much. But now, when he had an opportunity of feeling the pleasure of benevolence, he discover-

ed how much greater it is than the selfish triumph of vanity

"Feed him with apricots and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries."

FRANK liked apricots, grapes, figs, mulberries, and dewberries too; if, as the learned suppose, dewberries must here mean raspberries. Fine Antwerp raspberries the gardener of the green gate possessed, and all that he had was this evening eagerly offered to his guests, to whom, on his son Andrew's account, he felt most grateful: he first presented, or was going to present, to Frank his finest peach, his largest, ripest violet peach, which is, as he said, esteemed by many the queen of fruits. Frank, however, drew back a little behind Mary, as he saw the gardener's hand and the queen of fruits moving towards him, and the peach was offered to Mary.

"I wish you would show her," said Frank, "all that you showed me when I was here before, and tell her every thing you can that is curious and entertaining."

"With pleasure," said the gardener. "Andrew, my boy, bring the best basket after us, for cherries may stain the young lady's white frock. But she must have some of my cherries."

Andrew followed with the basket, which was soon filled with fruits from all parts of the world; and as each was put into the basket, Mary was asked if she knew from what country it originally came. Some she knew, and some she was told, and some she remembered, and some she had forgotten. Grapes, she believed, came from France and Italy, peaches and nectarines from Persia.

"Nectarines," as the learned gardener added, "are their name to nectar, which Master Frank no doubt knows was the poetical drink of the gods."

Our friend the gardener, in the joy and gratitude of his heart, was lavish of his learning, which he thought more valuable than fruit or flower. With every flower he gathered and presented to her he gave the Latin name, seldom the English, till particularly inquired for. To most of these Latin names he added, in the same language, the names of the family, class, and genus to which each individual properly belonged.

When he came to his geraniums, and was set a-going by Mary asking him the name of one with large bright scarlet flowers, he could not leave them till he had introduced to her twenty-four geraniums, or pellargoniums, as he called them. The twenty-four names of the pellargoniums went in at one of Mary's little ears and out at the other; and she looked, as Frank said, quite *dunced*, his favourite and expressive word for stupefied. But her countenance brightened, and became intelligent and grateful, whenever he told any circumstance worth knowing; so that the gardener, observing that his learning was thrown away upon her, and that his sense was valued, soon spared her as many as he could prevail upon himself to omit of his polysyllabic names, and told her many curious and useful facts. For instance how she might keep geraniums alive through the winter, without having them in a conservatory. He bid her take them out of the earth in autumn, when the leaves begin to fall, and bury them in sand in a house, as carrots are preserved, where they must remain till the first warm weather in spring. Leaf buds will be seen on them when they are taken out of the sand, and these will put forth immediately, if the geraniums are then planted in a sheltered situation.

She observed some fine July-flowers, which the gardener said had lived in the open air all the last winter, though it had been a severe season; and she asked if these had been kept in sand. No, these had been preserved by another method: he had formerly always thought it necessary to keep them in a house; but had learned that, by planting them near evergreens, they lived, sheltered by these good warm nurses, as he called them.

Some believe that the evergreens emit or send out warmth; others doubt this, and say that they only shelter the plants near them. How this might be, the gardener could not pretend to decide as yet; but he had read an account, he said, of many experiments tried in this way, by a gentleman in the north of Ireland, a Mr. Templeton, who in this manner succeeded in keeping several tender plants out in winter, and in accustoming to our climate many which came from warmer countries.

Mary was interested in listening to this, because she had some fine July-flowers, which she wished to keep

alive all the winter, and she resolved that she also would try this experiment.

After having completed her progress through the greenhouse, hothouse, flower-garden, and shrubbery, Mary thought there was nothing more to see; but the gardener asked if she would like to look at his apiary. Mary hesitated: she answered,

"If there are only two or three I shall like it; but if there are a great many I would rather not."

The gardener replied that there were a great many to be sure, but that there was no danger; that they would not do her any harm if she would stand quietly.

"Will they make a great chattering!" said Mary.

"A great buzzing they will make, to be sure," said the gardener; "but there is no danger of their stinging you."

"Stinging me!" repeated Mary, looking very much puzzled: "how could they sting me?"

Frank, who guessed her mistake, asked what sort of animal she expected to see in an apiary.

"I expect," said Mary, "to see apes."

"I knew it, I knew it," cried Frank, laughing triumphantly; but recollecting former times, and *jagots* and *maggots*, he checked himself, and only said gravely, "not apes, my dear, but bees; from *apis*, Latin for a bee."

Mary went with great eagerness to look at the apiary, now she understood what she was to see.

She asked what flowers bees love best, as she saw several kinds of herbs and flowers near the hives.

The gardener mentioned rosemary and thyme, which have been famed as favourites of the bees for many ages. "Ever since the days of Virgil, sir, you know," said he, turning to Frank's father, and quoting some lines from one of the *Georgics*. Frank wished that he could have understood them.

"Now I know one reason why you were so eagerly reading the *Georgics* the other day," thought Frank.

Mary was now examining with delight a glass beehive. The gardener begged leave to send it home for her; and he gave much good advice, both as to the choice of the flowers she should keep near them, and those which she should never allow to be in their neighbourhood. Yew and box he bid her avoid. And again turning to the gentleman, the learned gardener obser-

ved, that "Virgil warns us of the poisonous nature of honey made from the yew or box. It is disputed which the poet meant; but, for his part, he was inclined to believe it must be box, because he had, he said, heard from a traveller, who had lately visited Corsica, that to this day the bees are very fond of the flowers of the box, which abounds there, and the honey they make from it is poisonous."

Mary, who had never before heard that honey could be poisonous, listened with much curiosity, and some alarm, to all the gardener said.

He pointed out to Mary a shrub with beautiful flowers, one of the kalmias, which he had this evening introduced to her, but whose name she could not recollect. He told her that it is said that bees extract poisonous honey from the flowers of this shrub in parts of North America, where it abounds.

This fact was discovered some years ago by a party of twenty-five young Americans, who, having observed that the bees loved this flower very much, carried their beehives into a savanna, a large damp meadow, in which there were such quantities of this beautiful kalmia, that it was described as quite painted with its flowers. The bees flew to them eagerly, and their honey increased prodigiously; but when the young beesmen eat of it, they found that it intoxicated them and made them sick, and they feared that it would kill them if they ate more of it.

That they might not lose all their labour and their honey, they made it into a kind of drink called metheglin, or mead; but still this was poisonous, and they were obliged to give it up, and to remove their beehives to another place, far away from the beautiful flowers of the kalmia, of which the bees were so fond.

At the end of this story, Mary, turning to Frank, said she thought she had heard that what is called instinct prevents animals from eating what is poisonous or bad for them; but that this story of the American bees proved that animals do sometimes eat what is poisonous, and therefore their instinct is not always in the right.

Frank was not entirely convinced by Mary's reasoning. He said "that he thought the story, if it were ever so true, proved only that bees did not know what would make their honey poisonous to man. It was not

said or proved that their honey, after eating of these flowers, was poisonous to the bees themselves—was it!" said Frank, appealing to the gardener.

He did not know. Frank's father was glad to hear him reason so well.

While they were speaking, Mary observed that several bees settled upon the gardener's arm, and that he and they seemed to be well acquainted. He told her that he knew a woman who had become so intimate with bees, and had obtained such influence over them, that they would obey her call, and come or go at her bidding. Her power over them was so extraordinary that she had made it a public show. The gardener said that he and many other people had seen her with swarms of bees which settled on her arm so thick that they looked like a muff; and they would lie still or fly, as she desired, come when they were called, and do as they were bidden; he would not say "shut the door after them," but certainly return to their hive when she ordered them.

The gardener, seeing Mary so much interested on this subject, told her that she might find a great many entertaining anecdotes and curious facts concerning bees, in a book written by a blind gentleman of Geneva, Mr. Huber, who has been so kindly assisted by his family, and who has so well directed their observations, that he has seen more, at least acquired more knowledge, by the sight of others, than most people ever acquire by their own eyes. Frank's mother said she had the book, and that she would look out for Mary such parts as would suit her.

It was now necessary to take leave; and Mary had by this time a nosegay almost as large as herself, and in her hat a plume of the feathery flower of the maize or Indian corn, high as herself, and higher; and Frank had a basket of fruit that he begged to carry home, and a book which he had borrowed from Andrew, and which, he said, he would rather have for his share than all the flowers and fruit put together.

It should be observed, that at the time of making this declaration, Frank had eaten as much fruit as he could conveniently; and as to flowers, he never knew what to do with them, except to give them to his mother or Mary. As they walked home, Frank and Mary talked of the number of new things which they had seen this evening; and she finished by observing that they all

owed the walk to Frank's good choice and good-nature.

"Papa," said Frank, "what an extraordinarily learned person the gardener is, for a man in his rank of life! Is not this very uncommon?"

"Not very uncommon in the country from which he comes," said the engineer. "He comes from Scotland; and there it is happily the custom to give to people in his class of life a good education."

For this evening there had been amusement enough; the engineer, therefore, did not ask Frank for his second request till the next evening at tea-time; then, when he had finished all his business, as he said, for that day, he turned to Frank, and said,

"Now, my little friend, what can I do for you? what is your second request?"

"Sir," said Frank, "there are some wonderful things, very long sticks with knobs at the end of them, which you desired should be locked up very carefully: you said that they might do mischief if they were not taken care of: and when I asked you what they were, you said to me in a great hurry, as you were going by, some very odd names, which I thought were mistakes, for you said one was a sort of flower, and the other a sort of wheel—I cannot recollect the names; would you tell them to me again, and tell me what they are?"

"Perhaps," answered the engineer, "I said rockets, and a Catharine-wheel."

"Yes," cried Frank, "those were the very names; but how can those sticks be wheels or flowers?"

The engineer began to explain to him that these are names which are given to a sort of fireworks. At the sound of the word fireworks Mary and Frank both exclaimed,

"How I should like to see fireworks!"

"Oh, sir," said Frank, "may I ask, may this be my second request, that you would show us some fireworks?"

His friend, smiling, said that he was happy to oblige him; and that he would show him two rockets and a Catharine-wheel.

The key of the closet was brought to get the rockets,

and a lantern being procured, they all went out upon the open grass-plot, before the door, to let off the fireworks. The engineer placed Frank and Mary so that they could see well.

He told Frank that what he called the knobs at the top of the sticks, were cases of stiff paper, filled with a preparation of gunpowder ; and that when he should hold a candle to the paper, it would set fire to the gunpowder, which, when it blew up, would carry the stick to a considerable height in the air : the rest they would see.

Mary was so much startled by the first burst of fire, that she shut her eyes, and did not see the course of the rocket. It was very well for her that the engineer had another, which she did look at, and liked very much : high in air it exploded and blazed like a vast star of fire, from which little stars broke and fell, scattering themselves all round, lasting several seconds of time. The Catharine wheel was still more beautiful, whirling round and round like a wheel on fire. They were delighted with the fireworks, which more than equalled their expectations. Frank said that he should like to make some for himself, if his father would be so good as to give him some gunpowder. But his father said that he could not trust him with gunpowder, and enjoined him never to attempt to play with it, or to set it on fire.

Frank was, he said, very sorry that this was to be the last day of the engineer. Frank had shown some instances of ingenuity and ready recollection of his knowledge, with which he had been much pleased. He repeated some of these to Frank's mother, who listened with pleasure, mixed with some degree of apprehension, that by such praise Frank would be too much elated. She knew his foible of vanity, and so did he, and had been lately on his guard against it. But this was too strong for him ; his spirits were high, and he wanted to raise his friend's opinion of him, by displaying at once his whole stock of learning. It happened to be a fine starlight night : he called everybody to look at the stars, on purpose that he might talk of them ; for Frank had read Sanford and Merton, and had learned at least as much as Tommy Merton. He knew the Greater Bear and the Lesser, and the Pole-star, and Orion, and Lyra ; and, not aware how much more there is to be known, imagined that he was very near being a great astronomer.

Very difficult, his mother acknowledged, not only for such a little boy as Frank, but for grown-up people.

"Even for you, mamma! Do you ever feel this?" said Frank.

"Often, my dear."

This was some consolation.

"Now go and get ready for dinner; we will take a pleasant walk this evening to refresh you, and to-morrow I will read with you for one hour, my dear Frank, and I dare say we shall find that you are not stupid."

The next day Frank, with revived resolution, renewed his attempts; this time he neither did too little nor too much. He gave his whole attention to what he was about while he was reading, and when he felt that he could attend no longer, he did not go on reading words without understanding their meaning; but honestly confessed that he was tired, laid down the book, and went out to refresh himself with bodily exercise.

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"And would you rather that I should do this for the gardener's son than any thing for yourself?"

No, there was nothing in the letters which changed his determination as to going away ; but there was something about his son Lewis, which gave him pleasure.

"I must show this to you, my dear madam," said he, turning to Frank's mother : and he looked very happy as he pointed to the following passage in the letter, which he laid down before her :

"We have your Lewis with us ; his holydays began last Monday : and glad we are to have him, if you were out of the question ; for a very generous, good-tempered, obliging boy he is, and ever on the watch for information : a most hopeful disposition."

"He must be very like Frank," thought Mary.

The other letter was from the master of the school at which Lewis was. It concluded thus :—

"Your son Lewis did admirably at our last examinations. If his brother treads in his footsteps, he cannot fail to be approved by his masters, and loved by his companions."

"Oh !" thought Frank, "how happy I shall be if my father ever has such a letter about me after I go to school."

Frank's father and mother asked the engineer to bring his son Lewis with him the next time he should come.

He promised that he would, for he said that he should be glad that his son and Frank should become acquainted, and he hoped that they would also become friends.

"Here is mamma, alone ! and settled at her tambour-frame, Mary ! how happy !" cried Frank. "Now we can talk to her about it as much as we please. Mamma, may I read you *this* ?"

"Yes, and welcome, my dear, while I am working ; but I am afraid I shall soon have done. What is the book, my dear ?"

"Mamma, it is a short account of the life of the author."

"What author, Frank ?"

"I do not know his name, ma'am, it says only the author of this book ?"

"What book, my dear ?"

"The book I brought home the other night from the gardener's ; the book from which his son learned how to

make the sundial. Oh, ma'am, do not look into that part, that is too difficult."

"We cannot understand that," said Mary, "that is about '*tables of falling bodies*,' and terrible things. But it is this '*Short Account of the Life of the Author*' which Frank is going to read to you, ma'am."

"Mamma, I will tell you part, and read only what I like best," said Frank. "The beginning tells only that the man was born somewhere, I forget where."

"He was born in a low station, I know," said Mary; "but I do not recollect exactly where."

"Well, never mind," continued Frank; "but you must know that he was at first very poor."

"He was originally a peasant-boy, mamma, and you shall hear all that he did."

"But first tell me his name," said Frank's mother.

"His name, ma'am; that I really do not know," said Frank.

"What, not know the name of the man whose life you have been reading!"

"No, mamma, he never once tells his name in his whole life," said Frank. "You may look it over yourself, mamma, every page. I have looked it over twice."

"And I too," said Mary, "and I do not think you will find it. It does not tell even the name of his father or mother."

"Pray look and try if you can find it, mamma," said Frank.

His mother looked at the title-page, and pointed to the name of the author—James Ferguson.

"You have found it, mamma, after all! I thought I had looked thoroughly; but I did not begin at the very beginning, you will say; next time I really will look even at the title-page. But now let me go on."

"This James Ferguson's father was very poor, and had a large family, and he was obliged to work all day; but 'whenever he had any time,' he taught some of his children to read and write. He had not leisure, however, at first, to teach James, and James learned by listening while his father was teaching his elder brother to read his catechism."

"Now read on here, Frank," said Mary, "lest you should forget to tell about the old woman."

Frank read what follows from Ferguson's life.

"Ashamed to ask my father to instruct me, I used,

when he and my brother were abroad, to take the catechism and study the lesson which he had been teaching my brother; and when any difficulty occurred, I went to a neighbouring old woman, who gave me such help as enabled me to read tolerably well before my father had thought of teaching me."

"Dear, good old woman!" said Mary.

"Some time after he was agreeably surprised to find me reading by myself; he thereupon gave me farther instruction, and also taught me to write."

"I will miss the grammar school," said Frank, "for I am sure that will not interest you; but I must go on here."

"My taste for mechanics arose from an odd accident. When about seven or eight years of age, a part of the roof of the house being decayed, my father, desirous of mending it, applied a lever to raise it to its former situation; and to my great astonishment I saw him lift up the ponderous roof as if it had been a small weight. I attributed this at first to a degree of strength, that excited my terror as well as wonder; but thinking farther of the matter, I recollected that he had applied his strength to that end of the lever which was farthest from the prop; and finding on inquiry that this was the means by which the seeming wonder was affected, I began making levers, which I then called bars."

Frank's father now came into the room to look for some papers, and stood still to listen to what they were reading.

"Papa," said Frank, "I understand all this as well as the man did; because we read a great while ago to mamma, in Sandford and Merton, the account of the boys' using the lever to move the great snowball, which they could not roll without it. And that very day you were so good, papa, as to call me to look at one of the workmen, who was using a lever to move a heavy root of a tree. How pleasant it is to find in a book what puts us in mind of things we have seen and heard, and quite understand."

"Very true," said Mary; "but now will you go on with the book, Frank, because I want to come to the little knife, and then to the wooden watch."

"Oh, my dear," said Frank, "don't tell all beforehand. Let me tell of the stars first."

"I was rather too young and weak for hard labour;

my father put me out to a neighbour to keep sheep, which I continued to do for some years, and in that time I began to study the stars in the night.'

"How happy he must have been!" said Frank.

"In the daytime I amused myself by making models of mills, spinning-wheels, and such other things as I happened to see."

"I wish, Frank, that you could do the same!" said Mary.

"Oh, papa, I am sorry you are going away," said Frank; "cannot you stay while I read about the blanket and the stars?"

"I am sorry I cannot, my dear; but there is a man waiting for me on business."

"Then, mamma, I will go on to you."

"I then went to serve a considerable farmer in the neighbourhood, whose name was James Glashan. I found him very kind and indulgent; but he soon observed that, in the evenings when my work was over, I went into the field with a blanket over me, lay down on my back, and stretching a small thread, with small beads upon it, at arm's length, between my eye and the stars, sliding the beads upon it till they hid such and such stars from my eye, in order to take their apparent distances from one another; and then laying the thread down on a paper, I marked the stars thereon by the beads, according to their respective positions, having a candle by me. My master at first laughed at me; but when I explained my meaning to him, he encouraged me to go on; and that I might make fair copies in the daytime of what I had done in the night, he often worked for me himself. I shall always have a respect for the memory of that man."

"To be sure," said Frank, "or you would have been horribly ungrateful, Mr. James Ferguson. Do you know, mamma, this uncommon master, as he calls him, used often to take the thrashing-flail out of his hands, that he might have time for his pleasant employment."

Frank's mother joined with him in liking this uncommon master very much; but she said "that she had now unfortunately done her work, and that she must go away; but," added she, "I am glad you have such an entertaining book."

"But, mamma, it is double entertainment when I am reading it to you, and talking to you about it."

"Frank can go on reading while you are taking your work out of the frame, may not he, mamma?" said Mary.

"Very well, then, mamma, let me just tell you," said Frank, "all this Ferguson did when he was a boy; he made a globe himself out of a block of wood, turned it, finished it in three weeks, covered it with paper, and painted and divided it all rightly; and, mamma, besides this globe of the earth, and besides I do not know how many little windmills and watermills, he made a wooden watch that went, mamma! and—"

"Now comes the great wonder!" said Mary.

"Hush! my dear Mary. I must just read to you, mamma," said Frank, "about the gentleman on horse-back showing him a watch for the first time."

"I should like to hear it very much, my dear," said Frank's mother. "But now I really have other things to do, and I must go."

Frank pursued her from room to room with the book, reading at every interval when he could be heard.

"I thanked the gentleman, and told him that I understood the thing very well. I then tried to make a watch with wooden wheels, and made the spring of whalebone; but found that I could not make the watch go when the balance was put on, because—"

Frank skipped the cause, which he thought either too difficult for his mother or himself to understand, and he went on—

"I enclosed the whole in a wooden case, very little bigger than a breakfast teacup."

"Oh! now comes the misfortune!" cried Mary.

By this time Frank had followed his mother without well knowing where, through bedchamber, and dressing-room, and passage, till at last she was at the head of the back staircase, and he saw her descending.

"Where are you going now, mamma?"

"Down stairs to the housekeeper's-room, my dear," said she.

"May we come with you, mamma?"

"No, my dear, certainly not; I cannot listen to you and to Mrs. Catharine at the same time."

"Well, then, I will finish the misfortune for you as you go down stairs, ma'am." He read on as loud and fast as he could—

"A clumsy neighbour one day looking at my watch,

happened to let it fall, and, turning hastily to pick it up, set his foot upon it and crushed it all to pieces, which so provoked my father that he was almost ready to beat the man; and this discouraged me so much that I never attempted to make such another machine again, especially as I was thoroughly convinced I could never make one that would be of any real use."

"But mamma is quite out of hearing, Frank," said Mary. "What a pity to have wasted all that, as she was going down stairs!"

"True, I will keep the rest for her dressing time," said Frank.

At her dressing time Frank appeared again before his mother, with the same book in his hand; he read to her again the account of the breaking of the wooden watch, and had reason to be satisfied with her pity for the boy; but he was not quite contented, because she agreed with Ferguson in being thoroughly convinced that he could never make a watch that would be of any real use.

Frank had formed an intention of attempting to make such a watch, and had seen a bit of whalebone among Mrs. Catharine's treasures which he thought would do for the spring.

"Now, my dear Frank," said his mother, "all this is very entertaining and ingenious; but we must not neglect other things: I am ready to look at the 'Stream of Time' with you, and to hear you read the Grecian history."

Frank looked at the "Stream of Time" with fixed eyes, without well knowing what he saw or what he heard from his mother, which she observing, rolled up the chart; and Frank then opened the Grecian history, reading so fast that it was clear he wanted only to get it over; he even hurried and stumbled when he came to what he loved most—Leonidas in the straits.

"My dear Frank," said his mother, "you had better put down the book, and empty your head quite of Mr. Ferguson before you go on with Leonidas."

Frank put down the book, and said,

"Thank you, mamma; I am thinking that I wish I had been born a peasant-boy, like Ferguson, that I might have learned every thing by myself, as he did, in a wonderful way, and that I might have surprised everybody: how happy he must have been! He taught him-

self vulgar arithmetic: mamma, what is vulgar arithmetic?"

"Common arithmetic, my dear."

"What! addition, multiplication, subtraction, and division, which we have learned!" said Frank. "But then, mamma, it is no great glory to us to have learned these things: now it was wonderful for him; and he was so happy, working through all his difficulties. Oh, mother! I wish I was what is called in the book a *self-taught* genius."

"My dear," replied his mother, laughing, "since you cannot be a self-taught genius now, you had better content yourself with being, if you can, a well-taught genius."

"That I shall be, certainly," said Frank, "because you and papa teach me, and I am sure I am very much obliged to you." But still Frank looked not quite happy.

"To comfort you, Frank," said his mother, "I can tell you that I do not believe one in ten of these self-taught persons ever distinguish themselves in the world, or excite that wonder, or obtain that glory, of which you are so desirous."

"But, mamma, I might have been that one in ten."

"True, my dear, after struggling through great difficulties."

"But that is what I should have liked of all things, mamma."

"Yet you do not seem to me particularly to like even the little difficulties you do meet with," said his mother.

"What do you mean, mamma?"

"Don't you remember," said Mary, "Latin grammar for one thing, and sums in division of pounds, shillings, and pence?"

"But, my dear, those are not at all the sort of difficulties I mean."

"And yet," said his mother, "those are some of the difficulties which your self-taught boy must have gone through, before he became master of arithmetic, and a Latin scholar, must not he?"

"True: yes; I did not think of that," said Frank.

"Besides, the self-taught genius has another disadvantage," said his mother. "Often, for want of friends and books to tell him what has been done, he wastes his time and ingenuity in inventing what others have invented before him."

"That is true," said Frank. "I remember Ferguson thought he was the first person who had ever discovered the use of a lever, and a wedge, and a screw: and wrote a book about them; and was very much surprised and disappointed to find that nothing that he had written was new to anybody."

"Yes, poor man," said Mary. "Now you can't make such a mistake, Frank, for you have friends and books."

"Now that you have emptied your head, Frank," said his mother, "let us go on with the Grecian history."

Frank now read with attention. When the business of the day was finished, he returned to his projects. His first project was to make a globe, such as Ferguson had made; and he would have it all painted and divided in right circles, and ready, he said, by the time the engineer should come back, and this would surprise him delightfully.

Frank recollected to have seen, behind some rubbish in the backyard, a stone ball which had once stood on the top of the pier of an old gate. He asked his father if he might have this; and his father told him that he might, but that he could not guess what use he could make of it.

"So much the better," thought Frank.

With the help of levers Frank rolled the ball happily home; and next it was to be cleaned, for it was covered with green stains and spots of thick brown moss. The moss was scraped off by Mary with an oyster-shell, but the stains could not be removed. Frank determined to cover it with paper, through which he thought that they would not be seen. But it was no easy matter to cover it: Mary cut paper in all forms, and pasted and pasted, and it crinkled and crinkled, and it never would lie smooth on the stone, nor would the quarters (as Frank called them), the gores (as Mary called them), join rightly.

"Oh, Frank! it never, never will do," said Mary, after she had pasted at it till she was quite tired.

Frank gave up the stone ball; he had just thought of something much better. This was a windmill, which, as Mary observed, would be useful to stick up in the garden to frighten away the birds. Frank had carpenter's tools, and had been used to work with them! and he had wood, and nails, and all he wanted for his wind-

mill: he persevered, and really did make what the gardener called a *whirligig*: and it was put up in the garden, and frightened away the birds from one cherry-tree for a whole day; but the next day something was amiss with it; the gardener said one of the *vanes*, or leaves of the mill had dropped out, and, in short, it fell to pieces. But still as one scheme failed, another rose in Frank's imagination; and he went on from one to another, pleased always with the last new idea, yet finishing few; for some he found impossible, some not sufficiently surprising, and almost all were too tiresome, he said, to be worth completing. But at last he found a new grand project of an orrery, a machine, as he told Mary, by which, with the help of little balls representing the earth, sun, moon, and stars, he could show the motions of all the heavenly bodies. It was a bold undertaking, especially as he did not yet know half their motions. but these he could learn, he thought, as he went on with his work, because there was a description and an engraving of an orrery in his dear Mr. Ferguson's book; Frank prevailed upon his mother to lend him her round tambour-frame, in which, luckily, there was no work; he assured her that he would neither break nor injure it in any way; and she was willing to trust him, because he was always very careful of what he promised not to spoil.

"My dear Frank," said she, "I am glad you amuse yourself: and you will soon find out, by your own experience, what you can, and what you cannot do: but you now give up too much time to these amusements; you neglect and forget all that you had resolved to do and to learn of more useful things."

Mary's eye turned consciously towards the "Stream of Time." She recollected, and so did Frank, that it had been quite disregarded while he had been making the *whirligig*, and endeavouring to make the globes: the Roman history, and the Grecian, and Scientific Dialogues too, with the marked passages that were to have been studied before the return of the engineer—all these had been neglected. His lessons in writing, in arithmetic, had been ill attended to: the lists of the must wants and may wants of man and woman had been quite forgotten; in short, he had been so much devoted to his new schemes, that he had had no time, no thought for any thing else.

"It is all very true, mamma," said he: "but if you will only be so good as to lend me the tambour-frame, I will do all that I have resolved to do in time, and my project also."

And he resolved that he would only work at his orrery every day after he should have finished all more useful things. To this resolution he kept for three days; but he told Mary that he found his head was always running upon his orrery, therefore he thought it best to finish that as soon as possible, and then he should be able to attend to better things.

All day, except during the time when Mary was occupied with her lessons and her needlework, she was assisting Frank. She had been working some tent-stitch for the covering of a stool; and Frank borrowed from her several balls of various coloured worsteds, which he saw in her basket; and he employed her in winding and unwinding these, making some larger, some smaller, to bring them, as he said, to the proper sizes, to represent the earth, sun, moon, and planets. How these were to be fixed, or made to turn, on long hat pins, or to be pulled or pushed round on circles of cap wire, with which his friend Mrs. Catharine had furnished him from her never-failing stores, we pretend not to describe, nor are we quite sure that Frank himself understood. All we know is, that the evening came, and found Frank surrounded with tangled balls of worsted, some fastened on their pins, and on their circles, to the tambour-frame; but several of the planets rolling about the room, uncertain of their destination. Meantime Frank's fingers were pricked and scratched in every direction, and the inside of Mary's were died with streaks of red, blue, green, from the winding of the worsted worlds. Mary's patience never failed when she was assisting Frank; or, more difficult still, when she was reduced merely to standing by to look on at his work: she now refrained from making any noises of pity when things went wrong; and after he begged her not, she never once repeated, "Indeed, Frank, it never will do."

But still it never would do; and Frank, perplexed and disappointed, was forced at last to go to bed. His mother, wondering what he had been doing all day, gravely said to him when he wished her good night,

"Frank, you have not this day done any one of those useful things you had intended to do."

"No, mamma," said Frank, "but I have been doing a very ingenious thing; exceedingly ingenious, mamma."

FRANK, we believe, was up before the lark in the morning, and he was obliged to work alone, for Mary could not come to him before breakfast. He was indefatigable in pulling to pieces and putting together again, changing and repairing, coaxing and bungling, till at last Mary knocked at the door.

"What is the matter, Mary?" cried Frank, going to the door.

"Matter!" said Mary: "why, what are you about, my dear? It is just breakfast time; papa is calling for you."

"My dear," said Frank, "is it possible? I thought I had an hour to come!"

"Well, well; run down now and say your Latin."

"Say it! oh, Mary!" cried Frank, clasping his hands, "do you know I forgot to learn it; I thought I should have time: oh, what shall I do?"

"What shall we do, indeed!" said Mary, struck with the greatness of the immediate danger.

"Oh, my resolution! what will become of me!" cried Frank. "Oh, disgrace!"

"Do not think of the disgrace, or of any thing, but take the grammar and learn it as fast as ever you can: you will have time while papa is at breakfast; you know he has the newspaper to read before he rings for the horses."

"Horses! oh, I don't mind about the horses."

"Well, never mind what you do not mind," cried Mary, speaking as fast as the words could come out of her mouth. "Here's the book—here's the place: take care, your feet are in a tangle of worsted."

"Oh, my sun and moon! Mary! Mary!"

"Never mind them, never mind them: come quite away out of the room: sit down here on this stair, and I will set beside you to hear it when you are ready."

"Thank you. But no, no, I cannot get it while I am thinking that you are losing your breakfast."

"Never mind my breakfast, my dear."

"No, no Mary, do not stay, or it's all over with me; I cannot get it if you stay."

"Then I will go—I'm gone," said Mary, running down stairs as quick as lightning.

"Mary," said Frank, calling to her over the banisters, "do not say a word about my orrery, or you will spoil the surprise."

"But what shall I say when papa and mamma ask me for you and your Latin!"

"The truth, to be sure—that I forgot it."

"A pretty thing to say," thought Mary, slackening her pace as she crossed the hall.

Frank had, by his regular practice for months past, acquired the power of turning his attention at once full and strong upon these Latin lessons, and he had learned to get by heart readily. He gave his soul to it, and he did learn this lesson now, in his utmost need, in a surprisingly short time.

"Quick, indeed!" thought Mary, as he entered the breakfast-room: "but I am afraid not well."

She was frightened for him when he laid the book confidently before his father: and while he was saying it, she sat with the untasted toast in her hand. Frank got through it all.

"Without missing one word!" said Mary, exultingly.

Frank now took breath, and relieved himself by a good stretching of both arms. He had not yet sufficiently recovered from the agitation into which he had been thrown, to begin to boast or triumph in his escape: he sat down to eat his breakfast, and did not even observe, till he had half done, the unusual silence of both his father and mother. But his father might be silent because he was deep in the newspaper, Frank thought; and his mother might be silent because she was intent upon her work.

Frank, now pained by his breakfast, began a little boasting to Mary.

"Did not I get it quickly, Mary? and well, too?"

"Yes; but I hope you never will do so again," said Mary.

"What! not get my lesson quickly and well?" said Frank, laughing.

"Oh, Frank!" said Mary, "how soon you forget danger."

"Because I am a man, my dear; but you need not look so melancholy, Mary; I am only joking now, because I am happily over the danger; but, seriously, I will never

do so again: I was near losing all; but it's over now. Had not I better ring for the horses now?"

"No, Frank," said his mother, in a tone which somewhat checked Frank's rising spirits. Laying aside the newspaper, his father asked him what could have attempted him to run this chance of "losing all;" and how it had happened that he could have forgotten to learn his lesson till so late.

"Papa," said Frank, "will you be so good as not to ask me, because I do not wish to tell you yet what I am about: I want to surprise you with something that I know you will like."

"You were very near surprising me with something that I should have disliked," said his father. "I would rather, Frank, as your father and friend, much rather, that you had the power of keeping to your resolutions, than that you made the most ingenious thing that ever was thought of by a boy of your age."

"But I thought you liked ingenuity so very much, papa?"

"I like ingenuity much, but resolution more."

"So do I," said his mother. "I have known an ingenious, a very ingenious man, who, for want of resolution to do that which he intended, never finished during his whole life any one of the many ingenious things he had begun; and from the same want of resolution broke all his promises, ruined himself and his whole family, lived in misery, and died in disgrace."

"Oh, mother! what a shocking picture!"

"What a shocking reality!" said his father.

"But, mamma," said Mary, "you need not be afraid of Frank's wanting resolution; only look at his hands," said she, opening one of Frank's passive hands, and showing the wounds which had been made by the pins and wires. Frank drew back his hand as if ashamed to claim pity for such trifling hurts.

"My dear Mary, that is nothing; they do not give me any pain."

"But they did give him pain yesterday," persisted Mary: "and all day he worked on, mamma, never minding, even when the wounds were ever so much hurt by the worsted."

"Oh, hush, Mary!" cried Frank: "do not say worsted, you will tell all."

"But, mamma, surely he did not fly about from one

thing to another yesterday," said Mary; "he stuck to—I must not tell you what, all day long, and was at it very, very early this morning, and it was his eagerness to finish one thing, ma'am, that made him forget every thing else in the world, and almost brought him to—"

"Don't say disgrace," interrupted Frank; "I cannot bear that word."

"It is rather hard, I allow, Mary," said his mother, "to reproach poor Frank at the same moment with two seemingly opposite faults, with his not finishing any thing, and with his being too eager to finish ~~one~~ thing. But there is a fault with which I can never reproach him—want of candour."

Frank's countenance brightened, and he looked up full in his mother's eyes, grateful, and conscious that he deserved this.

"Therefore I need only appeal to himself: he knows whether I accuse him justly or unjustly, when I say that though he is all eagerness about a new thing, and perhaps intent upon completing a favourite project, yet for this he neglects and forgets what he had formerly intended: then some new fancy comes, and he sweeps away the old one all unfinished."

"True, mamma, till yesterday; quite true of all but my last project: I did certainly stick to my last."

"Yes, my dear, because it was your last," said his mother: "however, I will not be hard upon you; one day is a long trial for a boy of your age."

"And a great piece of this morning," said Frank, "recollect, mamma; and I would willingly go on all day to-day, if I might; but then you would say I did not keep my resolutions about attending to the useful things: so what can I do?"

"Cannot you abide by the determination you once made, to do the useful things, as you probably call them, first, and at fixed hours, which is the surest way of doing them regularly, and then divert yourself as you please afterward, with your new ~~or~~ old projects?"

"Mamma," said Frank, "may I say one thing?"

"Yes, my dear," said his mother, smiling; "but you have said so many already that this question seems unnecessary."

"Only make haste," said his father, "for this is growing rather long, and I have much to do."

"Only, papa, only, mamma," looking first at one and

then at the other, "I think what I am doing up stairs, my last project, is really as useful as any of those which you call useful things, because it has a great deal to do with astronomy, and is fully as grand as any thing in Scientific Dialogues."

"Possibly, my dear," said his father; "but you know of this we cannot judge till we see it."

"Then," said Frank, making a great effort over himself, "I will give you the surprise, and you shall see it: Mary, come with me, and we will bring it down."

Frank ran up stairs, and returned, carrying into the room his mother's round tambour-frame, with its two circular rims set in opposite directions, and hung round with divers balls of many-coloured worsteds, stuck with pins and circles in an indescribable manner. Mary followed, holding the trains of the many-coloured balls; and Frank looked back to beg her not to entangle the tails of his planets.

"What have we here?" said his father.

"My orrery, father," said Frank, setting it on the table before him, with such a sense of importance that his father could hardly refrain from laughing. However, Frank did not see this; his father kindly struggled to keep the corners of his mouth in order; and his mother looked on in silence, while Frank proceeded to point out his worsted earth, sun, moon, and planets: that they were some of them far from moving rightly in, or on, or off their wiry orbits, Frank candidly acknowledged.

"But now, papa, is not it worth finishing?"

"An orrery, sir," said Mary, to whom the word was not yet quite familiar, and sounded very grand; "an orrery, sir! Only think, mamma, of that! all made by himself, at his age! when, as he told me yesterday, even Mr. —, the man in the book, did not make an orrery till he was a great many years older!—Worth finishing! my dear Frank; to be sure papa will think it worth finishing: don't you, papa?"

"If it were possible to finish it," said his father.

Nothing appeared to Frank more easy, till his father pointed out the defects, the deficiencies, the mistakes—in one word, the *absurdities*; but he did not use that offensive word; he was tender of Frank's feelings for his wasted work. His father, he saw, understood and commended every part that was ingenious, but lament-

ed that so much ingenuity had been used in vain. To finish it, to make any part of it exact or useful, to make it any thing but a child's bungling, falling-to-pieces toy, it would, as candid Frank was soon made to perceive, be necessary to possess a knowledge of astronomy which he had not yet acquired. But still Frank urged, that though he did not know such and such necessary things, yet he knew where to find them in Scientific Dialogues, or in Mr. Ferguson's own receipt, as he called it, for making an orrery. Frank ran for the book, to show and consult his father; and though his father was in a hurry to be gone, he stayed to enter into the schemes and counsels of his little son. Mary crept close to him, for she loved him very much.

"Well, papa," said she, "what is your advice to Frank?"

"My first advice to you, Frank," said his father, "and indeed the condition upon which I now stay and give up my time to you, is, that you abide steadily by whatever resolution you now make, either quite to finish it, or quite to give up this orrery. If you choose to finish it, you must give up, for sometime, reading any thing entertaining or instructive; you must give up arithmetic and history."

"And the Stream of Time, and the lists," said Mary.

"Every thing," said his father, "to this one object of making an orrery; and when made, as well as you possibly could with my assistance, make it, observe, your orrery will only be what others have made repeatedly before. It is not an invention that will surprise anybody that has sense or knowledge; and to surprise ignorant people or fools, I suppose, you would disdain. It might, perhaps, be a wonder that Master Frank made it at Master Frank's age; but then Master Frank will grow older, and when, or how, or why he made this orrery, few, when he grows to be a man, will know or care: but all will see whether he has the knowledge which is necessary for a man and a gentleman to possess. Now choose, Frank."

"Father," said Frank, "I choose to give up the orrery, since I cannot finish it now, without giving up every thing else."

As he spoke, Frank seized his orrery. "Mary, bring your work-basket, my dear," said he.

And she brought it; and he pulled off, one by one, de-

liberately, the worsted sun, moon, earth, and stars, and threw them into the basket which Mary held. Mary sighed, but Frank did not sigh. He was proud to give his father a proof of his resolution: and when he looked round, he saw tears, but they were tears of pleasure, in his mother's eyes. His father shook hands with him, and said,

"This gives me pleasure, Frank; this pays me for giving up my time to you."

"But you are not sure yet, papa," said Frank to his father, who was leaving the room, "that I shall keep to my good resolutions."

"I am not *quite* sure; but this is a good beginning," said his father, looking back with a smile, which delighted Mary; "and Mary knows that a good beginning makes a good ending."

"It shall," said Frank: "therefore, mamma, before I stir from this spot, let us settle what things are most necessary for me to do every day, and what hours will be most convenient to you, and best for me to do them in."

Willingly his mother assisted him in making this arrangement of his time. The feelings of this moment would have inclined him to do too much, and to fix upon too many hours for *useful* studies; but his mother advised him to attempt little, and engage but for few, that he might be more likely to keep to his intentions.

During the whole of the following month Frank never failed in being punctual to his appointed hours; but it must be owned that he owed much to Mary, his dear good little friend, who always reminded him at the right hour and minute of what was to be done. Frank often found it difficult to obey her summons, especially once when he was dusting and repairing Mrs. Catharine's cuckoo clock; but he conquered himself, and at the appointed hours he did all that he intended to do.

To his surprise, he found that he had afterward more time than usual, or that he enjoyed his leisure more. He returned at intervals with greater pleasure to the cuckoo clock, and succeeded in setting it going again, entirely to his own and to Mrs. Catharine's satisfaction; for, as all who may doubt the possibility of this fact should be informed, there was nothing the matter with it but that it had been clogged with the dust of years. Mary trembled for him on the last day

of the month, when, just at the appointed time for his sum in the rule of three, he longed to stay to hear the cuckoo clock, which, as he observed to Mary, wanted but five minutes of cuckooing; but he took her advice, and kept his good resolutions.

LATE one morning a servant came into the room, and whispered to Frank, "There is a person wants to speak to you, Master Frank, at the gate."

"To me at the gate!" repeated Frank. "I wonder who it is, and why does not he come to the door? Do you know who the person is, James?"

"I do, sir, but I was desired only to say a person, sir," answered the servant.

"It must be Master Tom," said Mary.

"Or Squire Rogers," said Frank.

"Go and see who it is, my dear," said his father.

"But I wish you would come with me, papa," said Frank; "for perhaps it is to ask me to do something that I cannot do—I mean that I should not do."

"And what then?" said his father. "You have tried and found that you can say no when it is necessary, without having me at your back."

"Certainly," said Frank, and away he ran.

He stayed some time, and he returned, looking as if he had done something important. "You are right, Mary; it was Tom."

"And what did he want?"

"He wanted me to lend him Felix."

"And did you?" said his father, mother, and Mary.

"You shall hear, papa; you shall hear, mamma; Mary, you will find I have done right."

"I do not doubt it," said Mary.

"I hope so," said his mother.

"Let us hear," said his father.

"When I went to the back gate," said Frank, "there I saw Tom in the greatest distress."

"Say what distress, plainly."

"Why, sir, on a horse in such a condition!—oh! as I never saw, as never was seen in this world before! Such a condition! Mamma, its knees were cut and bleeding, and its sides frothing; and it looked dreadfully hot, as if it had been dragged through the river. It

stood stiff with one leg out before, and both far out behind, and its head poking, like the bad horses you used to cut out in paper, Mary: it could not go on. Tom declared he could not make it stir a foot farther; and to prove this to me, he said he would give him a cut with his whip if I pleased."

"But you did not please, I am sure," said Mary.

"Certainly not. I begged Tom would not; I told him I believed him. But he said the horse was an obstinate brute, and he did give him one slash."

"Oh!" cried Mary.

"The poor horse never stirred: Tom said his arm was tired beating him on, and that he must go on beating him all the way, for I forget how many miles, if I did not lend him Felix to carry him home. So I lent him Felix, and I hope I did not do wrong."

"No! my dear, generous boy," said his mother.

"Wrong, no, Frank, I am glad you did what was good-natured," said his father. "Besides, Felix is your own horse, and you had a right to lend it or not, as you please. But is Felix gone?"

"Off, papa!"

"I wish I had known of this, and I would have lent Mr. Tom a horse less valuable than yours; he is not fit to be trusted with a good one."

"I hope he will not hurt Felix," said Mary.

"No," said Frank, "I think Tom will really ride him gently, because he promised me. So I am almost sure he will, mamma; do not you think he will when he *promised* upon his word and honour?"

"I should be quite sure you would, Frank," said his father, "if you promised, whether you said upon your word and honour or not; but I cannot feel so sure about Master Tom's truth."

Frank and Mary looked at one another, recollecting at this moment what had happened about swinging on a gate.

"I did not recollect *that*," said Frank. "But perhaps he did not promise that time; I never thought of doubting him."

"So much the better," said his father. "I should be very sorry you were suspicious. You did what was right, and what was humane; and I hope you will not suffer for it."

"I hope Felix will not suffer for it," said Frank. "I

wish I had thought of coming back to tell papa, and to ask him for a worse horse. But one cannot think of every thing."

"Now, papa, you see that Frank was right in wishing you to go with him at first," said Mary, "for you would have thought of that for him."

"But, my dear Mary, it does Frank much more good to think for himself, than to be saved from making little mistakes by my thinking for him. Besides, though he did not do, perhaps, what was most prudent, I like him the better for not being selfish. If Master Tom deceives him, that is Master Tom's fault, not Frank's."

"There's no danger, I think," said Frank; "you will see Felix will come back safe to-morrow."

To-morrow came, and no Felix; but a groom brought a note to Frank from Mrs. J——. The note began with many compliments, "and thousands of thanks, and a million of regrets—but Felix had met with a little accident; he had fallen down on the road, as Tom was trotting him quite gently; Tom was fortunately unhurt; but the horse by the fall had strained his shoulder; the hurt, however, was very slight, it would be almost well, probably, to-morrow; but it would be best, however, not to think of stirring him till the strain should be quite got over, because a strain is an awkward thing."

Frank looked blank, and Mary was almost as sorry as he was. His father desired to see the groom, and questioned him about the horse, and how the accident had happened. The groom, who had been with Master Tom at the time of the fall, said exactly the same as the note; ending with the same words; "that it would be best not to think of stirring him till the strain should be quite got over, because a strain is an awkward thing."

After Frank's first sorrow and disappointment at not seeing his horse ~~were~~ over, he said, that since Tom was trotting gently, he did what he promised, and that he was not to blame for the horse's falling. Mary said she was glad it had never fallen when Frank was riding him. She supposed that was because Frank rode better than Master Tom.

Tom's horse, which had been well rubbed down and taken care of, was by this time rested, and able to move again; and he was taken back by Mrs. J——'s groom, who, as he went off, said he would take the greatest

care of Felix, if he was left with him a few days longer. But Frank's father thought it best to bring the horse home directly; and as soon as the groom was gone, he asked Frank if he could walk with him four miles and back again, to see Felix!

"With you! Oh yes, papa: four miles! five! six! ten miles and back again, I am sure I could."

"Well, four miles will do for the present business."

There was a way across the fields and through lanes, by which they walked to Mr. J——'s. They arrived unexpectedly, and Tom, who first met them, looked guilty, and spoke in a very confused, embarrassed manner. But he recovered himself when his friend the groom appeared, who spoke for him very fast. Frank's father said nothing, but that he wished to see the horse, which was at last brought out of the stable: it was very lame.

"Poor Felix! poor fellow! my poor Felix!" said Frank.

Felix, the moment he saw Frank and heard his voice, tried to quicken his pace towards his master. The groom led him on to the grass-plot before the door, to show how well he could walk: but he seemed to step with so much pain that Frank called to beg he would stop. His father began to examine the shoulder, and found the hurt much more serious than it had been described. The farrier, to whom the groom had constantly referred, now joined them, and while the groom and farrier were talking to his father on one side of the horse, Frank on the other side leaned his face against Felix, trying to keep in his tears—not unseen by Tom, who, coming close to him, muttered—

"Crying! what good crying! Crying for a horse! That's too bad!"

"And if I were," said Frank, looking up, "and for a horse too, it is not so bad as being cruel to a horse, or to any thing!"

Surprised by the indignation that flashed from Frank's little eyes, through his tears, and alarmed by the strong and loud emphasis upon cruel, Tom answered only,

"Hush! hush! Who's cruel! I was only joking. Nobody's cruel! I'm very sorry. Everybody's very sorry. Here's my mother."

His mother came out, "so sorry, so very, *very* sorry!" She said she was "so shocked, so anxious about poor

dear Master Frank's horse; for if it had been anybody else's, she should not have been half so shocked;" and as she spoke she would have wiped away a fly from Felix's forehead with her embroidered pocket-handkerchief; but Felix did not like it, and she started back, exclaiming,

"Oh, Master Frank, take care, the brute will tread on your foot!"

"No danger," said Frank.

"So cool! quite a little hero. I so admire his taking it all so coolly. But you have no idea what Tom has suffered. But Tom never can speak when he feels; he was stamping about last night, and crying!"

"Crying! was he," said Frank. "Crying for a horse, too!"

"And why not, love! a person who has any humanity, any sensibility! and such a sweet horse! I could have cried myself, I am sure. Why should you think it extraordinary that Tom should cry for a horse?"

"Do you hear what the farrier is saying about Felix?" said Tom; and Frank immediately went to listen to him.

The farrier was prophesying and promising that Felix should be well and sound as ever, soon, if he was but left to his care; and the groom and he went on talking of potions and lotions, and washes and mashes, and a number of things which Frank did not understand; but all the time kept close to his father, repeating in a low voice, "Oh! do take him home, papa. Do let me take him home, papa."

Right glad was Frank when he heard his father order that the bridle should be put on Felix, and say that he would take him home directly. The groom declared that no man that ever wore spurs could get the horse to go four miles with that shoulder in two hours.

"So you will never be home in time for dinner," said Tom.

"And mamma will be angry," said Mrs. J——.

"No, ma'am, mamma will not be angry, begging your pardon," said Frank. "She is never angry about those things, and papa will not care about dinner. May I go on, papa?"

"Then my groom must lead him," said Mrs. J——.

"No, no, papa, pray let me lead him."

His father said that he might, and put the bridle into

his hand, saying, that they should return the same way that they came, in which there were no difficulties, no stiles, no ditches, and only two gates, which the farmers would open.

"Come along, Felix," cried Frank.

"But, my dear sir," added Mrs. J——, joining her remonstrances to those of the groom and farrier, "you would not let Master Frank lead the horse himself? Oh! pray let my groom: if anybody meets you, how odd they will think it. If anybody sees him, what will they say?"

"I do not mind what they say," said Frank. "I do not care who sees me; there is nothing wrong in my leading Felix. No, no, Mr. Groom," said he, resisting the groom, who offered to take the bridle from his hand. "No, no, papa says I may—and I will."

"Will!" repeated Mrs. J——. "Dear me! who would ever have expected to hear such a word from Master Frank? I thought Master Frank was so good that he had no will of his own. I thought he always said, Just as papa pleases."

"Papa pleases that I should have a will of my own," said Frank. "Look, papa, how Felix follows me," said he, going on, patting him on the *well* shoulder. "Poor fellow—good Felix."

"Sweet creature, how I admire that tenderness! One kiss at parting," cried Mrs. J——, stepping up to him with intent to kiss him; but Frank put his arm across his face at that instant, so that no kiss could be had. She laughed and said, "Who'd have thought he was so ungallant? but his heart and soul are in his horse; he can think of nothing but Felix."

And much more Mrs. J—— said, but what more Frank did not hear, for he led Felix away as well as he could; but as he passed he saw Tom leaning against the stable-door, and looking very gloomy; and believing he must be really very unhappy, Frank held out his hand to him, saying, "Shake hands, Tom; you see Felix can walk pretty well, and I dare say he will get quite well."

Tom, now really touched, gave his hand and said, "Jack, the groom, told me you never would forgive me."

"Did he?" said Frank; "Not forgive you for an accident! Besides, I know you must be very sorry."

"I am, now," said Tom, turning away his head, "that I am; and do you forgive me, Frank?"

"That I do," said Frank, "and so does Felix, I am sure; he would say so if he could. Pat him, pat him; that's as good as shaking hands," said Frank.

But the horse started back as Tom approached.

"He's only a horse, and has not sense enough to forgive," said Frank; "but there's my hand for him."

Tom grasped Frank's hand, and was going to say something, but the groom came by to open the gate. Tom's countenance changed, and, letting go Frank's hand, he did not utter whatever it was that he had been going to say.

With fond words and frequent patting, and careful choosing of his paths through the fields, Frank drew Felix on, slowly indeed, but without much difficulty, till they came to a bit of cross-road, where, at the sight of certain flat stepping-stones across a ford, he gave signs of terror, and became, what he had never before appeared, quite restive.

Frank's father advised the taking him round by another way, and with his counsel and assistance Felix was brought home, exceedingly tired indeed, but safely. As soon as all that could be devised for his comfort was done, Frank went to Mary, who was anxiously waiting for him to ask many questions: several about Felix and his strain, several about Tom and his promise. To all that concerned Felix, Frank answered minutely and clearly. But with respect to Tom he could not be so satisfactory; he could only answer shortly, that he hoped he had kept his promise. That he had not inquired, and that he would rather not think about it.

"But now you have made me think about it," said Frank, "there was something very pale and confused in his countenance at first, and at last too; but it is not fair to judge by countenance."

"No," said Mary, "for when people are frightened they look pale and confused."

"But do not let us talk of him," said Frank, "any more. I have never thought of him once all the way home; indeed I could not, for I had to mind every step that poor Felix was taking. My dear Mary, you cannot think how gentle and good he was, or how excessively kind my father was all the way to me and Felix. I shall never forget it if I live a hundred years."

"Nor I neither," said Mary.

After a night's rest, the first questions that were anxiously asked in the morning were, "How does Felix do to-day? Do you think he will get well? and how soon?"

The result of all the consultations were, that Felix would, if great care were taken of him, get well; but that his recovery could not be expected in less than six weeks, and that during that time he must not be ridden.

"Oh! if he does but get well, I do not mind that," said Frank. "Must not ride him! no, to be sure, not till he is quite, quite well. Upon no account I should. But will you take me with you to the stable to see him, papa?"

His father did so, and his mother was glad to observe that Frank thought more of the pain his horse suffered than of the loss of the pleasure of his own rides.

"Mamma," said Mary, "I think Frank is not at all selfish. I like people who are not selfish."

The old pony had been sold to the clergyman of the parish, who was very fond of Frank, and who, as soon as he heard of the accident that had happened to Felix, came to offer to lend Frank the pony every second day. But Frank, who knew that he wanted it for his daughter, who was out of health, thanked him with all his heart, but would not accept of this kind offer. He would put riding quite out of his head till Felix should be well, he said, and could make himself contented without it.

"Mary, you know we can find plenty of happy things to do. Oh! my dear, there is Mrs. Wheeler's arbour which I had almost forgotten; we will set about it directly."

And so he did. His father pleased with his energy, lent him a labourer to assist in making the holes, in which the first rods for the arches were to be put down. With the assistance and instructions of the gardener's basket-making son, and with vigorous and constant work on his own part, for an hour a day, the arbour advanced, not perhaps as rapidly as Frank had expected, but well and solidly. When it was closed in, with well-wove wickerwork, Mary was brought to see it, and not even Mrs. Wheeler herself delighted in it more. Mary said that she would plant cuttings of ever-blowing roses, and of clematis, and cuttings of honeysuckle, early and late blowing wood-rebine, so that they might be, as the

gardener said, a succession of flowers in blow, both in spring and autumn. The only disagreeable consideration was, that now was not the proper season for these cuttings, nor could they be planted before next spring or autumn. Frank's mother said she would give them some sweetbrier berries; of these Mary thought but little; but Frank, who had had more experience, and who recollected a sweetbrier hedge which had grown up a foot high in one year, from berries which he had seen his mother sow, rejoiced now in the thoughts of putting them into the ground next spring.

"But when will they come up?" said Mary.

"Next summer," said Frank: "next autumn they will be this high, and the year after they will be that high," said he, marking different stages on the wicker-work.

"But you will be at school then," said Mary.

"But I shall come home in the holydays, shall not I, mamma! And then I shall see them and smell them too; besides, we are doing this for Mrs. Wheeler, and she will not go to school next year."

Old Mrs. Wheeler, who was just seated in her new seat in the arbour, rocked with laughing at the idea of her going to school with Frank; though she said she was so fond of him, God bless his little bones, which had worked so hard for her, she would go even to school to please him if he asked her. Then she began to tell something of a woman who had learned to read in her sixtieth year. But though Frank's mother listened, neither Frank nor Mary paid much attention to what she was saying; for Mary was sweeping away some litter with a new broom, and Frank's mind had gone back to the sweetbriers and to former times.

As he was walking home, he said, "Do you remember, mamma, the time when you were sowing those sweetbrier berries, and I was holding the little basket for you? I have not forgotten the verses you then repeated for me, and that I learned that day about the lark, who was

"To come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweetbrier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine."

Mary asked, "What is eglantine?" And Frank said he knew she would ask that question, and he bid her guess.

She guessed that it was woodbine, honeysuckle. So Frank had thought, he said, till his mother that day told him that it was sweetbrier. But Mary repeated, " '*Twisted eglantine* : ' woodbine twists more than sweetbrier, I think ; and besides, in the line before, it says, through the *sweetbrier* or the vine. Then you see the man mentions sweetbrier twice over."

"Very true, very well, Mary, indeed!" said Frank ; "is not it, mamma, the very thing the critic in the book said? But I can show you, Mary, in a book, when we go home, that it is supposed eglantine meant in former days, some other kind of dog-rose, different from sweetbrier."

Here the conversation was interrupted by George Wheeler riding by on his cart-horse, who bid them good-day and trotted on.

"How merrily he goes! Oh! when will poor Felix trot as well again?" said Mary.

"Just what I was thinking," said Frank. "But do not let us think of him. Mamma, I am very glad we have had something else to do ; for it would not be of any use to Felix that I should be unhappy all day long ; would it, mamma? Mamma, I think that I had better begin to learn French, because Mary is learning it ; and she used to learn it when I was out riding : and to tell me some of the French words when I came home."

"He will soon be able to read the fairy tale I am reading, mamma," said Mary, "'The Golden Ram.' But first he must go through '*Toiles d'araignées pour attraper les mouches*,' Cobwebs to catch flies."

"Cobwebs! why must I go through them?" said Frank.

"Because I did," said Mary.

"It is not absolutely necessary that he should begin with the same book that you read first, Mary," said his mother ; "but it is necessary that he should learn the verbs."

"Always those verbs!" cried Frank.

"Yes," said his mother ; "you know how useful it is to learn the verbs, which are perpetually wanted in every sentence."

"I know it, mamma. Papa and Latin grammar taught me that long ago. Colonel Birch advised me to learn French, and told me that he was sorry he had not learned it early ; for once, when he was in France and Spain,

he was very near losing his life and many men's lives by not understanding French."

When they had rested after this walk, and when Frank had finished all he had to say, or to hear about Felix, Mary brought "*Cobwebs to catch flies*," and sat down beside him, waiting for the happy moment to catch his attention.

"Read the title-page," said Frank. Since Ferguson's Life they had regularly reminded each other to read title-pages.

"*Toutles d'Araignées pour attraper les Mouches, ou courts Dialogues pour l'Instruction des Enfants, depuis l'age de trois ans jusqu'à l'age de huit.*"

Mary translated this as she read on: "Short Dialogues for the instruction of Children, from the age of three years old to eight years old." Frank looked proudly down upon the book, and said, "Mary, it is too little for me—three years old indeed!"

"To eight!" said Mary.

"But I am past nine, you know."

"Never mind your age," said Mary. "The easiest things are the best to begin with. First let me read this bit to you about Tom and a horse."

"Tom and a horse! Oh! what is it?" said Frank.

Mary then read the following sentences, which she translated for Frank:

"*Ah voila un cheval, j'aime bien le cheval.—Allons monsieur, marchez, allez le trot.—Je ne vous ferai pas trotter dans les mauvais chemins.*"

"Skip to Tom at the top of the next page," said Frank.

"*Tom vous lavera les jambes et les pieds pour en oter le boue et le sable.*"

Mary translated, and then said,

"You see this Tom was very careful of his horse, quite different from your Master Tom. But, mamma, is not it very extraordinary that the name should be Tom, and about a horse!"

"No, Mary, I do not think it very extraordinary—Tom is a common name."

"But is not it very odd, that Tom takes care of a horse, *ma'am*?"

"Not very odd: many Toms take care of horses."

"But it is curious, mamma, that we should see it in the book to-day, just when we are thinking about Felix and Tom."

"That was what made you take notice of it," said her mother.

"That is true, mamma, for I have read it before, twice, and I never took notice of it till now. But it seems a sort of—I do not know how to express what I mean, mamma."

"It is like what papa observed yesterday," said Frank, "about something which you had been reading of in an old book, which was the first thing he saw when he opened the newspaper, just after you had done speaking. I remember papa said this is a *coincidence*: that was the word, was not it, mamma? and it means, for I asked him—but I don't recollect exactly."

"The happening of things at the same time, that seem to have no connexion, or that really have no connexion," said his mother. "But why does Mary look so wondrous grave?"

"I suppose she was thinking of something very wise," said Frank.

"I was not thinking of any thing wise," said Mary; "I was only thinking, mamma—but I know you will say it is so very foolish."

"And suppose I do, if it is not foolish, my saying so will not make it foolish; and if it is, perhaps my pointing it out to you may assist you to make it wise."

"Very true, mamma; then you must know, that a few nights ago, the very night before the day that Felix was hurt, I dreamt, and you know, mamma, I always tell the exact truth about dreams as well as about every thing else—"

"Come," said Frank, "do, my dear, make haste and tell the dream."

"Well," said Mary, "I dreamt exactly what happened to Felix the next day, that he fell down and hurt himself very much: so I think dreams have something to do with what is to happen, mamma."

"What do you think, mamma?" said Frank, eagerly.

"I think it is more likely that they have something to do with what *has happened*," answered his mother.

"But, ma'am, you know Felix did not fall down till the next day, so her dream could not have any thing to do with what had happened, but it might have something to do with what was to come. You will allow this is good reasoning, mamma. So, as grand people in books say, *we may conclude that*—"

"Stay, my dear Frank," interrupted his mother, "you must not skip to your conclusion so fast; we are not yet sure of the facts."

"Oh, ma'am," said Mary, with a look and tone of injured innocence, "can you doubt my telling truth?"

"Not in the least, my dear Mary."

"And yet you say you do not know the facts."

"I do not; I have not yet heard even the dream exactly. You say, Mary, that you dreamt exactly what happened."

"Yes, mamma."

"But I do not know exactly what ~~did~~ happen; if you do, Mary, tell me."

"Do not you know, ma'am, that Felix fell down," said Frank, "and sprained his shoulder."

"But it was not his shoulder that was hurt in my dream," said Mary.

"What then?" said Frank.

"His nose," said Mary.

"His nose!" repeated Frank, laughing: "that's very different."

"That is one difference," said Mary.

"And there were some others," said she, smiling.

"Mamma, in my dream, when he fell, he tumbled heels over head—and twice."

"Oh!" cried Frank, laughing, "there is another difference, indeed! did you ever see a horse tumble heels over head—twice, too?"

"Let her go on, my dear, and tell us the dream without interruption."

"Twice head over heels I saw him go, and it was on the grass-plot; and you, Frank, were upon his back the first time, and mamma called out to you, 'Take care of my roses,' which I thought very odd, because I was much more afraid of your being hurt than the roses, for you were under the horse; but he scrambled up ~~again~~ in the oddest way! he had hands something like yours, but more like monkey's paws; but you were not on his back when he got up again: you were changed to Tom, with his whip in his hand; and, when he slashed it, over went the horse, head over heels again, and Felix hit his nose against the oddest thing—the tea-chest, mamma! and when his nose began to bleed, I ran to him, like a goose, with my pocket-handkerchief; and Tom slashed him, and Frank tried to stop his hand;

Frank caught hold of the bridle, but Felix reared ; and then Felix changed into Squire Rogers's Stamper ; and as he put out his foot to knock Frank down, I was so frightened I wakened suddenly ; and I thought no more about it till after breakfast : the first thing I heard was, that Felix had tumbled down with Tom, and that he was very much hurt. So you see, mamma—"

"Yes, I see, my dear, that this dream was very far from being exactly what happened afterward : but almost all the parts of it you may trace back, by your own account, to things that happened before."

She reminded Mary that Frank had, the preceding day, been tumbling head over heels upon the grass-plot ; that she had said, take care of my roses ; and that Frank, showing his hands, said that they looked like monkey's paws.

"And a week ago," said Frank, "I fell down and hit my nose against Mrs. Catharine's tea-chest, and you ran up with your pocket-handkerchief ; and as to Tom's slashing, that was very natural ; it came from the description I gave you of his beating his own horse at the gate. As mamma says, almost the whole of the dream was from things that had passed, oddly put together, certainly ; but there was nothing foretold."

"Except the chief thing, Frank," said Mary, "which was the fall of Felix with Tom, and his being hurt—all that *came true* ! and this is extraordinary."

"Not very extraordinary," said Frank ; "because, if you recollect, papa, the day before, when he heard I had lent Felix to Tom, said, 'I should not be surprised if some accident happens, Tom rides so violently ;' and I recollect, now, that I tumbled heels over head just at that time, and said, 'No papa, I hope not.'"

Frank asked Mary if she was now convinced that things which had passed had made out her dream pretty well ; and she said she was. His mother observed that it was useful to look back, and to trace dreams in this manner, because it prevents our having foolish, superstitious fears or expectations, that they foretel what will happen. "Circumstances," as she observed, "do sometimes occur that are like what we dream of ; just as what happens one day is like what happens another ; and sometimes *coincidences* occur ; like Tom and the horse in the book being seen just at the time when Tom and the horse were seen in reality ; but though

it may be amusing to observe these odd coincidences, nothing can be learned from them for guiding our conduct."

"No, mamma," said Frank. "But we have run on a great way, from cobwebs to catch flies and the French verbs: mamma would you really advise me to begin to learn French?"

"Certainly, my dear, I advise you to begin if you mean to continue, but not else."

Frank said he did and he would; and Mary appealed to the proofs he had given of his perseverance and punctuality during the last six long weeks. Time and place were settled accordingly, and Frank began, *j' ai, tu as, il a, nous avons, vous avez, ils ont.*

"HERE is the engineer's carriage, Frank! come, come," said Mary.

"But there's nobody in it but himself!" said Frank. "His son is not with him, and yet he promised to bring Lewis."

"How do you do, sir? I am very glad to see you. I thought you promised to bring your son Lewis with you."

"I promised to bring him if I could, but I could not; and why, do you think?"

"I can't guess," said Frank, "for I am sure you have room enough in that carriage; besides, if he had a mind to come, he could sit anywhere, in ever so little room, as I do."

"But Lewis did not choose to come," said the engineer.

"Not wish to come here, and see Frank?" said Mary.

"I said, he did not choose to come," said the engineer; "I never said he did not wish to come, did I? Did I, my little lady? We must be accurate in these nice affairs."

"But why did not he choose to come if he wished it?" said Frank.

"Because he had a kind uncle, who was ill, and who wished that he should stay with him; and Lewis stayed because he thought it was right."

"Very right," said Mary.

"I like him all the better for it; but will he never come?" said Frank.

"Yes, he'll come on Tuesday by the coach. Will you be so good," continued the engineer, turning to Frank's father, "as to send a horse to meet him, wherever the coach puts up?"

"Oh my poor Felix! how glad I should have been to have lent him," thought Frank; but he said nothing; it was too tender a subject.

Other means were arranged for bringing Lewis, and other subjects were talked of, in which Frank and Mary had no concern. They took care not to interrupt the conversation, but Frank hoped that the engineer would not forget to question him about the ecliptic, and the uses of astronomy and trigonometry, which Mary was sure that Frank understood now, since he had explained them so clearly that even she could comprehend them.

At tea time, his friend the engineer turned to him, and laughing, asked him if he was or was not now in the situation of "*the triangle man*." Frank, who had grown a little more modest as his knowledge had a little increased, answered that he hoped he was not; he had read, and he believed he understood all that had been marked for him.

Upon examination, his friend found that he was now quite clear upon all the points to which he had directed his attention, and into which his vain attempts to make an orrery had led him still farther to inquire.

"I rejoice, my dear Frank," said his father, "that it is now in my power to give you pleasure, and a sort of pleasure which you have in some degree earned for yourself."

As he spoke, he took out of his pocket a printed paper, which looked like a play-bill. When he unfolded and held it before Frank's eyes, the first words he saw in large letters were *Orrery and Eidouranon*.

"Orrery! oh delightful orrery!" repeated Frank, seizing the paper, which his father let fall into his hands. Frank read, and learned that a man by the name of Bright had brought an orrery to the neighbouring county town, and that he would show it, and give an explanatory lecture upon it the following evening at nine o'clock: tickets of admission, &c.

His father told him that he would give him a ticket, and take him to see it.

"And Mary, papa?"

"And Mary, if it will be any pleasure to her—if she can understand it."

Frank answered for her pleasure and understanding; and she pointed to a line in the advertisement, which said that the lecture would be peculiarly adapted to the capacities of young people.

On Monday evening they all went to see the orrery. It was to be shown in the play-house. They were seated in the box opposite to the stage, and Mary and Frank were placed in the front row, beside his mother; his father and his friend the engineer, were close behind them, so that they could answer their questions.

It was the first time they had ever been in any play-house, and the sight of the lamps, the lights, the company, the boxes, the pit, and the great curtain before the stage, occupied their attention fully for some time. Presently they heard a noise made by the people in the pit, knocking with their canes against the ground. Frank's father told him that this was a sign that the people were growing impatient for the curtain to draw up. Frank and Mary, who had not yet finished counting all the lamps, wondered how the people could be so impatient. But while they were counting the row of lights which were before the stage, these began to sink down and the other lamps in the house were shaded, so that all were nearly in darkness; and at the same moment soft music was heard, and the curtain began to draw up. The music was from an harmonica, which was concealed behind the scenes. While this soft music played, the curtain drew up slowly, and they beheld two globes, that seemed self-suspended in air. One seemed a globe of fire, with some dark spots on its surface; a blaze of light issuing from it in all directions, and its rays half enlightened the other globe, of which half remained in darkness.

Frank and Mary, in breathless admiration, looked at these globes, which they knew represented the sun and the earth; and they began to watch the motions of these orbs, when a man in a brown coat came upon the stage, with a white pocket-handkerchief in his hand. As he entered he looked back and nodded to some one behind the scenes, and at that nod the globes representing the sun and earth stood still. He then blew his nose, which Mary thought he might as well have done before he came on

the stage; and then he bowed to the audience, and said he had the misfortune to inform them that he was only Mr. Bright's assistant, for Mr. Bright himself could not appear this night. At these words he was interrupted by loud cries of "*Off! off!*" from a great part of the audience, and of hisses and beating of sticks against the floor, while others in the pit and boxes clapped their hands, endeavouring to overpower the hisses. At last they were overpowered; and the man, who had stood bowing and looking very much frightened, could be heard; and he began again to speak in rather a trembling voice; he assured the gentlemen and ladies that Mr. Bright was really so ill in bed with a violent cold, that it would have been morally, and physically, and utterly impossible that he could have appeared this night, or that his voice could have had the happiness of being heard by the gentlemen and ladies, if he had attempted to do himself the honour of lecturing them this night: that he, Mr. Bright's assistant and unworthy substitute, was therefore under the necessity of presenting himself to a generous and humane public, whose favourable hearing he implored. The generous and humane public on hearing this, and being convinced that Mr. Bright was really ill, clapped with one accord; and Mr. Bright's assistant bowed his thanks, and quite reassured, he began again with "Gentlemen and ladies, this is an orrery, gentlemen and ladies, as I shall have the honour of explaining to you."

Frank and Mary sat forward and listened. But instead of explaining the orrery, he began to talk of *celestial harmony*, or *the music of the spheres*, which he told them they had just heard; yet which had never really existed, except in the fanciful systems of the ancients. But he forgot to tell what the music of the spheres was supposed to be.

Frank looked back in his distress to his father, who whispered that the ancients supposed that the heavenly bodies, in moving, made certain musical sounds. There was no time for more explanation, for the lecturer was going on to something new. He said much of the harmonic numbers, and of chaos; and so much about the Copernican and Ptolemaic systems, and the disputes of the learned, that Mary was nearly asleep before he came to the orrery. Frank, too, was quite tired, for he had strained his attention listening to a vast number of

words which he thought were all necessary, and of which nearly half were nothing to the purpose.

"I wish he would tell something about the orrery before I am quite fast asleep, mamma," whispered Mary.

"I wish he would leave out all about the disputes, or knock down at once all the men that were wrong, papa," said Frank, "and come to those that were right."

At last he came to the right, as far as we know at present: and then he gave his nod, and the earth and sun having been released, they resumed their motions. Frank stood up, and Mary wakened, and they were delighted with all they saw, as much as they had been tired with all they had heard. They saw the earth, as it turned on its axis, enlightened on the side next the sun, and dark on the other, representing day and night; and they saw, at the same time, the earth pursue its annual journey round the sun in its path aslant, with its north and south pole, each alternately turning to the sun, so as to produce summer and winter for the southern and northern hemispheres (or halves of the globe). And they saw the sun in the midst turning round slowly.* Mary observed the moving of the spots on his face, which made his motion more apparent. This scene was particularly interesting to Frank, from the pains he had taken, and the various attempts he had made to understand and to represent them. In the second scene they saw the earth and sun, with the addition of another globe representing the moon; and the object of this scene was to represent the changes, and the causes of, the changes of the moon. They saw the moon without any light of her own receiving light from the sun. They saw her journeying in her monthly course round the earth, sometimes showing more, sometimes less, of the enlightened part. Next they saw an eclipse of the moon, and they understood its cause. Whenever Frank found any thing above his comprehension, he was not ashamed to ask his father, or the engineer, who kindly explained to him what he wished, for, as they said, he deserved it.

"Are you tired, Frank?" said his mother.

"Not in the least, mamma, thank you."

"And you, Mary, are you awake or asleep?"

"I am awake now, mamma; I was very sleepy, but I am better since I saw the moon and the eclipse."

* In twenty-five days and a quarter.

By this time the lecturer had come to an explanation of the cause of the tides, which neither Mary nor Frank could comprehend. His father judiciously and kindly took them out, to rest their attention, and refresh themselves while this lasted. They went into a cool room, where they ate oranges and biscuits, and drank lemonade till the tides were over. When they returned to the box, they found that the last scene was just begun, and this was the most beautiful. It showed the whole solar system, as it is called, with every planet and satellite in their annual rotation: and there they saw bright Venus, and red Mars, and Jupiter with his satellites, and Saturn with his ring; and last, not least, they saw a comet with its bright tail. The curtain fell, and Frank and Mary were sorry, for they were now much more awake than they had been at first. It was very different with some of the other little children, who had not been awakened by the moon or by the eclipse, nor even by the comet, but were now in Mary's late condition, dead asleep, in various attitudes. Of some, only the hairy heads could be seen in the front of the boxes: others lolling on their mothers' laps, or propped against fathers' shoulders, or stretched at lubber length upon the benches, filled the places of those who had fairly given up, and had been carried home before the lecture was done. When the curtain fell, numbers of little bodies reappeared, and rose, stretching, gaping, writhing: and were pushed, pulled, lifted, or hauled over the benches and along the passages.

"Mamma," said Frank, as soon as they were all seated in the carriage, "do not you think it was a pity to bring such very little children to this lecture? Did you see that they were all asleep?"

"And I will tell you what, mamma," said Mary, "I should have been just in the same condition if Frank had not explained a great deal beforehand; and, after all, I was rather sleepy at first while the preface was speaking."

Frank, and his father, and mother, and the engineer, all agreed in expressing their dislike to long prefaces for young people: and Frank added, for Mary's comfort, that even he, after all his reading in Scientific Dialogues, had much difficulty sometimes in understanding both the machine and the lecture.

"And, besides, the man often lowered his voice so much that I could scarcely hear him," said Mary.

"You remember, mamma," continued Frank, "how I was puzzled at first reading Scientific Dialogues; and how much more difficult it would have been here, in the midst of all the lights, and noise, and new things, to have understood it all: I never could, I am sure, unless I had read the description and explanation beforehand."

Frank thanked his friend the engineer for the trouble he had taken to mark the passages for him.

His father and mother now began to talk about something that did not interest the children, and Mary fell asleep, and slept till Frank wakened her, saying, "Mary the moon is rising!" and Mary started up, and looked at the moon.

"How beautiful!" said she: "and how—sublime! she would have said, but she did not know the word well enough: she knew the feeling. She asked if she might let down the glass, which Frank accomplished for her directly; it was a fine, clear, frosty night, and she stood perfectly still and silent, enjoying the feeling of the fresh air, and the sight of the moon, the blue sky, and the innumerable stars.

"Mary," said Frank, "only think of that moon's being another world!"

"I do not know how to imagine it," said Mary.

"But it is really so," said Frank: "and all these stars are worlds! How wonderful! What is the orrery compared to this, Mary!" said Frank, in a very serious tone. "How grand! how different from any thing that the most ingenious man in this world can make!"

They were both silent again for a little while.

"What have you been thinking of, that has kept you so silent, Mary?"

"Mamma, I was thinking of a great many things—of the stars, and of the moon, and of—at the very instant you spoke I was thinking of some verses upon the moon."

"I know," said Frank—

"As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night—"

"Not those," said Mary, "but the others which I learnt from your book, Frank:—

"By thy command the moon as daylight fades,
Lifts her broad circle in the deep'ning shades;

Array'd in glory, and enthron'd in light,
 She breaks the solemn terrors of the night;
 Sweetly inconstant in her varying flame,
 She changes, still another, yet the same!
 Now in decrease, by slow degree she shrouds
 Her fading lustre in a veil of clouds;
 Now of increase her gathering beams display
 A blaze of light, and give a paler day;
 Ten thousand stars adorn her glitt'ring train,
 Fall when she falls, and rise with her again.

* * * * *
 Through the wide heav'ns she moves serenely bright,
 Queen of the gay attendants of the night;
 Orb above orb in sweet confusion lies,
 And with a bright disorder paints the skies.' *"

"Good morning to you, papa; do you know there is a man in the hall who is waiting to speak to you, sir?" said Frank; "a very hoarse man, papa."

"Coarse or fine, he must not be kept waiting, Frank," said his father, rising from the breakfast-table.

"Hoarse, not coarse, I said, papa: shall I ring, or go myself and ask him to come in."

"Does he look like a gentleman?"

"I do not know, papa; but he speaks like a gentleman."

"Then go and tell him we are at breakfast, and ask him to walk in, if he pleases; and if he does not choose to come in, I will go to him."

Frank went, and returned with a person who, as Mary thought, exactly suited Frank's description. It was Mr. Bright, the lecturer, to whom the orrery belonged, and who had been prevented from lecturing himself by having a severe cold. He was still so hoarse that he could scarcely be heard, but he hoped that he should recover his voice in a day or two; and his present object was to announce his intention of giving a course of lectures on natural philosophy, and of adapting some to the use of young people. He hoped for subscriptions and encouragement; and he particularly wished for advice, he said, from those who had children, and who knew what was likely to suit their taste and comprehension. Frank's father and mother were pleased with the modest, sensible manner in which he spoke: and, after looking over his prospectus, or view of the subjects on

* Paraphrase of Ecclesiasticus.—BROOME'S POEMS.

which he intended to lecture, they pointed out what they thought might be best adapted to different ages; they advised dividing the lectures into those fit for the younger and the elder auditors, and recommended that these should be given on separate days; and that those for the younger children should never exceed half an hour at a time.

Mary thought this an excellent regulation. She and Frank listened to all that was said, while his father and mother and the engineer advised with the lecturer upon what subjects and experiments should be chosen.

She was glad that some facts were to be told of the history of birds, and bees, and dogs, and elephants, and different animals. And Frank rejoiced that something was to be said of roofing houses, and of windmills, and of the sails of ships. And he was glad to hear that this gentleman had an electrical machine, for he wished exceedingly to feel the electrical shock, and to see the electrical spark, and an electrical horserace, and several entertaining wonders of which he had heard rumours. Mary was not very anxious to feel the electrical shock, but she was particularly happy to hear that there was to be an airpump.

She had been told that in an airpump, a guinea, in falling to the bottom, makes no more noise than a feather. She wished to see and hear if this were true. She had also read in one of her little books, a curious anecdote about a cat who had saved her life when put into an airpump, by stopping with her paw, the hole out of which the air was going. Mary wished to see whether any other cat would do the same: yet she hoped no cruel experiments would be tried—none such as even a mouse would petition against.

The lecturer smiled, and said he presumed the young lady alluded to "The Mouse's Petition," which Dr. Priestley found one morning on his table.

When the lecturer took leave, he said that he should have pleasure in showing Frank the orrery again, and in letting him see the concealed machinery by which it was moved. He said that he had heard from his assistant how very attentive Frank had appeared to the lecture; that without knowing who he was, he had taken notice of him as the most attentive of all the young auditors; and that he had afterward inquired, and had been told who Frank was. He had observed that al-

most all the other children were either inattentive or asleep.

Mr. Bright promised that the children's lecture should not last longer than half an hour; and with this agreeable promise he departed, after thanking Frank's father and mother for their advice and assistance, and saying that he wished that all the young people whom he had to teach, had had some previous instruction before they came to hear public lectures.

Frank was glad that the lectures were not to begin till Wednesday, because by that time the engineer's son would have arrived.

On Tuesday morning, just as they were going to luncheon, his father exclaimed,

"Here's Lewis!"

Mary, and, to tell the truth, Frank, felt a little afraid, for they had heard the engineer say that his son was translating Milton's Samson Agonistes into Latin verse, and reading Herodotus in Greek, and the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles: they fancied that he must be too grand and learned for them. They were agreeably surprised when they saw his good-natured, good-humoured face. Mary thought he did not look in the least conceited, nor too wise and solemn. He could stand, and sit, and speak like anybody else, but quite differently from Master Tom! His manner of speaking especially was very gentlemanlike.

The moment that luncheon was finished, Frank asked him if he would like to go out and walk.

Yes, he said he should.

Mary, who recollected that Master Tom had told Frank that he would be laughed at by schoolboys if he walked with little girls, did not offer to follow them, till Lewis, looking back in a very good-natured manner, said to Frank, "Is not your sister coming with you?"

"Thank you," said Frank. "Come Mary. She is not my sister, but it is just the same."

Lewis said he had sisters of his own, to whom he was always glad to go home in the holidays; but his home was a great way off—he never went there more than once a year. His sisters always took care of his garden for him when he was away, and he was very fond of it and of them. Frank and Mary were sorry that it was winter, because their gardens and island would not be worth looking at at this season; however, he liked

seeing them, and said that many things here put him in mind of his own home.

When they came in after this walk, Lewis went to his father; and as Mary was running up stairs to put by her bonnet, Frank called to her, and said, "Mary, how do you like him?"

"Very well," said Mary; "was not it good-natured of him to ask me to walk with you? and when I was following you through the wood, he held back the boughs for me. He is not at all a bear."

"No," said Frank. Mrs. J—— may say what she pleases, but all boys are not naturally little bears. No, nor even all schoolboys."

"But Frank," said Mary, "you did not ask him many questions about school and his schoolfellows."

"My dear, how could I, when most of the time we were here and hounds, or at the gardens? I had not time."

"But why do you not follow him to his room now?"

"Because his father is with him; and we must let him have his own talk with his father," said Frank.

"Certainly; but I do not think his father is with him. There he is, going down stairs. Now, Frank, run up, and do ask him every thing about school."

Frank found Lewis alone in his room, but not in a condition to answer questions about school, for he was finishing a little note for home: a candle lighted on the table, and a packet of letters open.

"I see you are busy," said Frank. "I only came to ask questions about school, but I will not talk to hinder you."

Lewis begged him to come in, and said that talking never hindered him; but that he could not be sure of his having any sense for answers, till he had sent off the letters for home, which his father had left him to finish and seal.

Before he sealed his little note he began to shuffle about the room in search of—

"What?" said Frank.

"My carpet-bag," said he.

Frank found it for him. It was stuffed so as never carpet-bag was stuffed before: yet that is a bold word. Out of it he dragged shoes, boots, shirts, books, trousers, jackets, innumerable little parcels, and strange things directed to different people, and all these he be-

gan to kick about, and tumble over, in search of something.

"What?" said Frank.

"A bit of yellow silk," said Lewis, rummaging on in the greatest hurry.

"Oh the *post* will be *too late*!"

And Frank tumbled over the things too to help him, but without well knowing what it was he was looking for; but, at last, turning one of a pair of new boots upside down, and saying to himself "Poor Felix!" out dropped something like a lock of yellow hair, upon which Lewis pounced, put it into his note, and sealed the letters.

"It is very well," said Frank, "you knew what you were looking for; I did not. I never should have known that was yellow silk. But how you burn your fingers with the wax, without minding it! Give me the packet, and I will run down and put it in the post-bag for you."

"And pray," said Lewis, "come back again."

He did so; and now Lewis had sense to answer questions.

The result of all the questions asked and answers given, was, that Lewis liked home much better to be sure than school; but he liked his own school better than any other.

Boys were never flogged there for making mistakes in Latin grammar, or for any thing about learning.

There was no flogging except for the most disgraceful faults, such as theft and lying.

He liked his master as well as he could like a school-master, though he had very little to do with him, he was a very clever man, a very good man; he was just, and had no favourites.

Frank begged that Lewis would tell him the names of all his schoolfellows.

Lewis answered that this would ~~not~~ be soon done; for there were some hundreds.

"Some hundreds!" exclaimed Frank. "All in one house! What a house it must be!"

Before Frank recovered from his surprise, the dinner-bell rang, and he went down stairs.

The long winter evening would have been a doleful affair to Master Tom, or *with* him. Mary remembering Tom's declaration, that he had "enough and too much

of books at school," and that schoolboys never touched one in the holidays, resolved that she would not mention any, or even look towards their bookcase; and she thought it would not be civil to read, and begged that Frank would not. But Lewis went to the bookcase of his own accord, and asked if they would lend him any thing entertaining to read. Then Mary quickly took down their *best* books, and spread them before him; and, far from looking at them with the disgust and disdain with which Tom had surveyed her pile of literature, he examined each. He knew them almost all, even Bingley's History of Quadrupeds. This was a disappointment to Mary; but then, if he had read them all, it was a comfort to find that he liked those best which Frank had preferred. There was one of her books on insects,* which he had not seen before, and she began to talk to him of butterflies, and caterpillars, and spiders. Frank whispered,

"My dear, those things are too little for him."

"No," Lewis said, "not in the least too little:" he confessed he knew scarcely any thing about them; he did know something, though, of silkworms; he and several of the boys at his school had some.

"Silkworms at school! and at a boy's school," said Mary.

"And at a school with hundreds of boys!" added Frank. "I never should have thought it."

Yet so it was. And, to Mary's astonishment, Lewis knew how they were to be fed with mulberry-leaves; and how the silk was to be wound from the cocoons. "And I have wound a great deal of it myself. I sent home some to my sister to-day." That was the yellow silk, Frank, which you saw."

He hoped that he had another bit left for Mary, and he ran up stairs to look for it, and Frank ran after him, and they again searched among the scattered contents of the bag, and at last found a card of silkworms' silk, which had been left as a mark in "Ali Pasha," a prize poem. Mary wondered how boys' great fingers could wind such delicate silk! Fine as the cobwebs in the telescope, she was going to say, but she changed it into "the finest cobweb I ever saw."

She was so much pleased with this, that she wished

* Dialogues on Entomology.

to have some silkworms to take care of herself, especially as their friend the gardener had a mulberry-tree; but Lewis advised her not. She asked why? He hesitated to answer; but when she pressed, he replied "that they were very dirty, had a disagreeable smell, and were apt to eat too much, and sometimes eat till they burst." Any one of these reasons, but particularly the last, would have been enough for Mary. To put the gluttonous silkworms out of her head, she opened one of her favourite books, and fortunately, this was one of which Lewis never had heard. It opened at the history of a canary bird, who could spell the longest word that could be required. For instance, *Constantinopolitanus*, not speaking, but picking out the letters one by one from a pasteboard alphabet laid before it on the table.

Mary seeing that Lewis was amused with this, could not refrain from turning over the leaf to other anecdotes in honour of horses, asses, tigers, lions, ants, robin-redbreasts, water-wagtails, and innumerable others.

Frank's mother smiled, and said, "My dear Mary, have mercy: though Lewis listens with so much good-nature, all these animals cannot be interesting to him: he must be tired."

Lewis however declared that he was not tired, and begged to have this book, and any which Mary could lend him about animals. As it happened, he had at present a particular interest on his own account in reading histories of animals; for he and all the boys in his class at school had a thesis to write, and it was to be in verse. Each was to choose for his theme any bird, beast, fish, or insect, which they liked best. Now his first difficulty was which bird, beast, fish, or insect he should choose; and an hour of this evening was merrily spent by Frank, Mary, and Lewis, in pleading in honour of insect, bird, beast, and fish.

Frank's father and mother, and the engineer and all, condescended to join in the pleadings. The engineer chose, or would have chosen, the half-reasoning elephant for his hero, and had Indian anecdotes, credible and incredible, to tell; and much to say about the elephant's judging of the strength of bridges by only putting his foot on them; and drawing cannon for armies, where no power of horse, or man, or mechanism could avail; but scarcely had the engineer pronounced the words, "I choose the elephant," when Lewis exclaimed,

"Oh, sir, you can't have the elephant, for he's engaged to young Little, one of my friends."

"Then I will take the beaver."

"But, my dear father, the beaver is engaged too, to George Ruddiman."

"Well—may I learn of the bee to build, the nautilus to sail?"

"No, you must not, papa; the nautilus and the bee were engaged three deep."

"The whale, then?"

"No, sir, Milliken has the whale."

The pelican Frank's mother would have taken, but the pelican belonged to a particular friend, Edgeware, and could not be had. She then chose the sea-bear, who so heroically defends her cubs: but Frank laughed her out of the sea-bear, by saying that she must leave that for Mrs. J——, who maintained that all boys are bears, and her own in particular.

Frank's father took the lion for his share, and, with the help of Androcles and Scipio Africanus, hoped to make much of him.

But he was obliged to give up the lion and Scipio; for Joe Thompson had made fifty-nine verses upon him already; and, after that, would it be fair to take him from Joe?

So many of the best beasts, birds, fishes, and insects being thus pre-engaged to particular friends, and others being objectionable as too common, and others as too difficult, and quite unmanageable in poetry, the choice, which had at first appeared almost impossible, from the infinite variety of the animal world, was now limited, and Frank began to complain that there was really nothing left.

His mother, however, was content with the eider-duck, who, robbed perpetually of the soft bedding for her ducklings, plucks herself at last, even to death, for her young.

Frank's father supported the bird of Jove, thunderbolt in claw, and would not give him up, though Lewis warned him that young Flaxman had a great mind to him.

The engineer was allowed to have the ant, because Milliken, who had had him, could make nothing of him, and gave him up as too old and commonplace. But the engineer's ant proved to be far from commonplace: he

was fresh from Africa, of the great family of the *termites bellicosus*, whose houses, palaces, or pyramids, are from twelve to twenty feet high; whose kings and queens, if travellers' reports say true, are lodged in *royal chambers*, well deserving the name, with gothic arches, fretted roofs, and long-drawn aisles, with subterranean galleries, water-proof and fire-proof, and magazines well stored with provisions, which to the naked eye seem but raspings of wood, or plants, but seen through a microscope, resemble tears of gum and amber, and some, still finer, sparkling like sugar about preserved fruits.

And when he came to the sparkling sugar, it appeared that the engineer had not laboured this part in vain, for Mary exclaimed,

"Beautiful!"

"Sublime, too, the poet may make the termites," continued the engineer. "When they march out of their palaces, their march is to be stopped neither by earth, fire, nor water. And if man makes war upon them in their fortresses, he is forced to bring out his cannon before he can dislodge or conquer them."

The cannon astonished Mary. "Cannon against ants! against an insect!"

Lewis thought that, according to his father's description, this species of ant would really make a great figure in poetry, and he had just decided to take the termites for his subject, when Frank produced a formidable rival, in the dog of Herculaneum.

Mary sprang up with joy when she heard this dog named by Frank, and from her own book!

"How could I forget the dear dog Delta! but I am glad that Frank remembered him."

Delta was a famous dog, whose skeleton was found in the ruins of Herculaneum, stretched over the body of a boy of twelve years of age.

Delta's collar, which is now to be seen in the gallery of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, tells, by its Greek inscription, that this dog belonged to a man of the name of Severinus, whose life the dog three times saved, and history informs us that he saved him once by dragging him out of the sea, when nearly drowned, once by driving off four robbers, and the third time by destroying a she-wolf, who was going to tear him to pieces.

Delta was afterward given by Severinus to his son,

and he grew so fond of the boy that he would take food only from his hand; and when at last he was unable to save the child, the faithful animal would not forsake his young master, but died along with him.

Frank's father observed, in favour of this subject for Lewis's poem, that it admitted of classical allusions, and wakened ancient associations; if he remembered rightly, the dog's master, Severinus, had attacked the she-wolf's little ones, in a grove sacred to Diana.

Frank and Mary did not quite understand this: but Lewis rejoiced in it, and the dog of Herculaneum had all voices, all hearts in his favour, till the dog of Athens was named by Frank's mother.

Mary found him, and his history was read, as follows:—

“A boy at Athens, of a very amiable character, had a dog that had been his playmate from the cradle; the animal was so fond of his young master that he scarcely ever quitted him; he accompanied him in all his sports, and whenever he saw him again, after a short absence, he expressed his pleasure by a thousand caresses. He always ate his meals with him, slept at his feet at night, rose with him in the morning, and both began their day by playing with each other.

“One day this young Athenian, looking out of the window at some exhibition that was passing along the street, overreached himself, and losing his balance, fell from the upper story of the house to the ground, and was killed upon the spot. Phileros (that was the name of the dog) immediately leaped after him, and broke his leg with the fall. But, occupied wholly with anxiety for his master, he crawled about him, licked him with a mournful howling, and crept under his body, as if to endeavour to raise him from the ground.

“During the preparations for the funeral, Phileros would not quit the lifeless body of his master, and followed the procession that bore him to the grave. When he came to the place of burial he set up a lamentable cry, and remained for five days lying upon the grave. Compelled by the cravings of hunger, he then returned to the house, ate a small quantity of food, after which he ran to the apartment which the child had inhabited, seemed to seek everywhere for his young friend, and in a short time died of grief.”

Whether from the manner in which it was read, or

from the really touching circumstances of the story, Lewis now inclined to the dog of Athens, for he said that Phileros sacrificed himself voluntarily, and died of grief for his master: but that Delta could not help being swallowed up by an earthquake, and that his being found near his master's body, was a proof only that he happened to be near him at the time of the first shock: he could not run away afterward. Frank, however, observed, that Mary's book, and other books, tell of animals who have escaped from earthquakes, by running away when they felt the first symptoms, as is frequently the case before they are noticed by man.

"Then," observed Lewis, "Delta was to blame for not having snuffed out the approach of the earthquake; this was a proof of his want of sagacity at least."

But Frank would not admit this, for he said that nobody could prove, that Delta did not smuff out the danger in time. It was most likely that the dog had warned the boy, and done what he could to make him understand, and to carry him away; but Frank supposed that Delta could not make the boy comprehend, or follow him.

Lewis answered, that this was supposing the boy to be stupid or obstinate; but why should they give up the boy, to make out that the fault was not in the dog?

Frank contended that this was very fair, because they knew nothing about the boy, and they might suppose him to be obstinate and stupid, rather than give up the character of the dog of Herculaneum.

"What good had the dog of Athens ever done in his life? He broke his leg, indeed, by jumping out of a window; but that did no good to his master; but the dog of Herculaneum had three times saved his master's life; and at last was he to be accused of not doing enough, because a foolish boy would not listen to him at the right moment? Was this just?"

"No, indeed!" said Mary. "Poor, poor Delta!"

Lewis, though he thought he could say more for the dog of Athens, took for his subject Delta, the dog of Herculaneum.

"Good night, mamma," said Mary, as she was going to bed, after the debate about the dogs. "What shall I do about the thumb of my glove? Look, ma'am, it is

burst quite across, I have mended it twice. I cannot go to the lectures to-morrow in such a glove, can I?"

"No, my dear: I observed that you had mended it as well as you could, and I have provided another pair for you."

"Oh, mamma, thank you. Are the gloves in this parcel?"

"Yes, and you may open it."

While Mary was opening the parcel, which had come from the neighbouring town, the engineer said that he must set off very early in the morning about his business, and that he should not return perhaps till night. Lewis had a great mind to go with him; but this could not be, his father said; and Frank inquired whether he would like to go with them to the lectures.

Frank's father observed that it was hard upon poor Lewis to force him in his holydays to go to lectures.

"Not lectures; only experiments," said Mary, looking up from her parcel.

"Your changing the name makes no difference to him," said Frank's father, smiling. "What does he choose?"

Lewis said that ~~as~~ he could not go with his father, he should like to go with Frank to-morrow. That he could not tell whether he should like the lectures or the experiments till he had seen them; and that if he found them stupid the first day, he would not go the next. He very much regretted that Felix was lame, it would have been so pleasant to have ridden to these lectures; but he hoped they might walk, which he liked much better than going in a carriage. Frank begged to walk with him; it was only five miles, and Frank had walked four the other day (which now grew to be four and a half), and back again, without being tired in the least.

"The gloves fit perfectly well," said Mary. "Look, mamma."

But her countenance suddenly changed as her eye fixed on the paper in which the gloves had been wrapped. It was a handbill or advertisement, which, in capital letters, announced the arrival of a juggler, who would the next day, at ten o'clock precisely, exhibit wonderful sights with cups and balls, and tricks with cards. He would tell any lady or gentleman what cards they thought of.

"Mamma," said Mary, "I wish we could see both the juggler and the experiments, but we cannot; how unlucky that they are both to be the same morning, and at the same time—we cannot have both."

"Frank," said his father, "would you rather see this juggler's tricks, or the experiments? You have heard a list of both."

Frank hesitated.

"Look neither to the right, nor to the left, my boy, but straight forward; the question is not which you think Mary would like, nor which you think Lewis would like, nor which you think we should admire you the most for choosing. I ask you to tell me, honestly, which you like best yourself."

"Honestly, then, papa, the juggler I would rather see, if I am to see but one, and for once—I know it is foolish, but I cannot help it."

"Besides, it is not so very foolish, I think," said Mary, "because we can read about Mr. Bright's experiments in books, cannot we, mamma? If we miss seeing the lecturer, we have the books; but we cannot see the juggler in a book."

"Well reasoned, little Miss Mary," said the engineer.

"So Frank is not foolish, is he, papa?" said Mary.

"He is honest, at all events," said his father, "and able to speak his mind plainly, which I like."

But Frank said he regretted the experiments, and he wished to see the electrical machine, and to feel the shock. Mary much regretted the airpump and the cat.

The engineer, who had been pleased with Frank's honesty, and with Mary's reasoning, said, that he hoped he could settle the business to their satisfaction, and manage so that they should see and hear all they wished. He should be up very early in the morning, and must go through the county town, where he could see the lecturer, and would persuade him to put off the experiments for the young people till the next day, which would be for his own interest; as it would be dangerous for him to come into competition with the juggler, as probably most children, if they were permitted to choose, would make Frank's choice.

This arrangement promised satisfaction to all parties. The next morning the ever good-natured engineer remembered their pleasure in the midst of all his own business, and sent back a little pencilled note, which

Frank received at breakfast-time, and which set all hearts at ease. It was as follows:—

"The philosopher has been wise enough to yield the first day to the juggler; secure that the second will be all his own."

And so it proved. The young people were at first extremely amused, by seeing the juggler play his feats with cups and balls, and his tricks upon cards; but when they knew that it was all deception, or when they were told how these tricks were performed, there was an end of the wonder and the pleasure.

The experiments shown by the natural philosopher were not so amusing, and did not appear so wonderful at first; but both Frank and Mary agreed that they liked them better and better as they went on, because, as they said, there was no cheating in these; they were true; might be of advantage to them afterward in conversation, in reading; and, as Frank observed, they might perhaps be useful to them in trying experiments afterward for themselves.

"For," as he said, "why should not we try experiments when we grow up, as well as other people?"

Frank was somewhat elated by perceiving that at this first lecture he understood as well, if not more quickly, than Lewis, who was a year older, and who had been at school. But at school his attention had been turned to other subjects, and he had never had an opportunity of seeing any experiments before.

It had often been proposed, he said, that they should have at his school, some lectures and experiments on natural philosophy; and, he believed, it was to be next half year. Now that he found these were entertaining, he was determined he would subscribe if the lecturer should come.

In their walk home, after the first of these lectures, Frank had a great deal of conversation with Lewis about school; that is to say, Frank asked Lewis a multitude of questions, some of which Lewis answered readily and clearly; but to others he replied with more caution and reserve. On all that concerned the lessons, and the plays, and the hours for work and play, and the laws and punishments, he was full and explicit; and this was, for the present, quite enough to satisfy Frank. The new plays, or the plays which were new to him, first fixed his curiosity; he wanted immediately to see

gan to kick about, and tumble over, in search of something.

"What?" said Frank.

"A bit of yellow silk," said Lewis, rummaging on in the greatest hurry.

"Oh the *post* will be *too late*!"

And Frank tumbled over the things too to help him, but without well knowing what it was he was looking for; but, at last, turning one of a pair of new boots upside down, and saying to himself "Poor Felix!" out dropped something like a lock of yellow hair, upon which Lewis pounced, put it into his note, and sealed the letters.

"It is very well," said Frank, "you knew what you were looking for; I did not. I never should have known that was yellow silk. But how you burn your fingers with the wax, without minding it! Give me the packet, and I will run down and put it in the post-bag for you."

"And pray," said Lewis, "come back again."

He did so; and now Lewis had sense to answer questions.

The result of all the questions asked and answers given, was, that Lewis liked home much better to be sure than school; but he liked his own school better than any other.

Boys were never flogged there for making mistakes in Latin grammar, or for any thing about learning.

There was no flogging except for the most disgraceful faults, such as theft and lying.

He liked his master as well as he could like a school-master, though he had very little to do with him, he was a very clever man, a very good man; he was just, and had no favourites.

Frank begged that Lewis would tell him the names of all his schoolfellows.

Lewis answered that this would not be soon done; for there were some hundreds.

"Some hundreds!" exclaimed Frank. "All in one house! What a house it must be!"

Before Frank recovered from his surprise, the dinner-bell rang, and he went down stairs.

The long winter evening would have been a doleful affair to Master Tom, or *with* him. Mary remembering Tom's declaration, that he had "enough and too much

of books at school," and that schoolboys never touched one in the holidays, resolved that she would not mention any, or even look towards their bookcase; and she thought it would not be civil to read, and begged that Frank would not. But Lewis went to the bookcase of his own accord, and asked if they would lend him any thing entertaining to read. Then Mary quickly took down their *best* books, and spread them before him; and, far from looking at them with the disgust and disdain with which Tom had surveyed her pile of literature, he examined each. He knew them almost all, even Bingley's History of Quadrupeds. This was a disappointment to Mary; but then, if he had read them all, it was a comfort to find that he liked those best which Frank had preferred. There was one of her books on insects,* which he had not seen before, and she began to talk to him of butterflies, and caterpillars, and spiders. Frank whispered,

"My dear, those things are too little for him."

"No," Lewis said, "not in the least too little:" he confessed he knew scarcely any thing about them; he did know something, though, of silkworms; he and several of the boys at his school had some.

"Silkworms at school! and at a boy's school," said Mary.

"And at a school with hundreds of boys!" added Frank. "I never should have thought it."

Yet so it was. And, to Mary's astonishment, Lewis knew how they were to be fed with mulberry-leaves; and how the silk was to be wound from the cocoons. "And I have wound a great deal of it myself. I sent home some to my sister to-day. That was the yellow silk, Frank, which you saw."

He hoped that he had another bit left for Mary, and he ran up stairs to look for it, and Frank ran after him, and they again searched among the scattered contents of the bag, and at last found a card of silkworms' silk, which had been left as a mark in "Ali Pasha," a prize poem. Mary wondered how boys' great fingers could wind such delicate silk! Fine as the cobwebs in the telescope, she was going to say, but she changed it into "the finest cobweb I ever saw."

She was so much pleased with this, that she wished

* Dialogues on Entomology.

to have some silkworms to take care of herself, especially as their friend the gardener had a mulberry-tree; but Lewis advised her not. She asked why? He hesitated to answer; but when she pressed, he replied "that they were very dirty, had a disagreeable smell, and were apt to eat ~~too~~ much, and sometimes eat till they burst." Any one of these reasons, but particularly the last, would have been enough for Mary. To put the gluttonous silkworms out of her head, she opened one of her favourite books, and fortunately, this was one of which Lewis never had heard. It opened at the history of a canary bird, who could spell the longest word that could be required. For instance, *Constantinopolitanus*, not speaking, but picking out the letters one by one from a pasteboard alphabet laid before it on the table.

Mary seeing that Lewis was amused with this, could not refrain from turning over the leaf to other anecdotes in honour of horses, asses, tigers, lions, and, robin-redbreasts, water-wagtails, and innumerable others.

Frank's mother smiled, and said, "My dear Mary, have mercy: though Lewis listens with so much good-nature, all these animals cannot be interesting to him: he must be tired."

Lewis however declared that he was not tired, and begged to have this book, and any which Mary could lend him about animals. As it happened, he had at present a particular interest on his own account in reading histories of animals; for he and all the boys in his class at school had a thesis to write, and it was to be in verse. Each was to choose for his theme any bird, beast, fish, or insect, which they liked best. Now his first difficulty was which bird, beast, fish, or insect he should choose; and an hour of this evening was merrily spent by Frank, Mary, and Lewis, in pleading in honour of insect, bird, beast, and fish.

Frank's father and mother, and the engineer and all, condescended to join in the pleadings. The engineer chose, or would have chosen, the half-reasoning elephant for his hero, and had Indian anecdotes, credible and incredible, to tell; and much to say about the elephant's judging of the strength of bridges by only putting his foot on them; and drawing cannon for armies, where no power of horse, or man, or mechanism could avail; but scarcely had the engineer pronounced the words, "I choose the elephant," when Lewis exclaimed,

"Oh, sir, you can't have the elephant, for he's engaged to young Little, one of my friends."

"Then I will take the beaver."

"But, my dear father, the beaver is engaged too, to George Ruddiman."

"Well—may I learn of the bee to build, the nautilus to sail?"

"No, you must not, papa; the nautilus and the bee were engaged three deep."

"The whale, then?"

"No, sir, Milliken has the whale."

The pelican Frank's mother would have taken, but the pelican belonged to a particular friend, Edgeware, and could not be had. She then chose the sea-bear, who so heroically defends her cubs: but Frank laughed her out of the sea-bear, by saying that she must leave that for Mrs. J——, who maintained that all boys are bears, and her own in particular.

Frank's father took the lion for his share, and, with the help of Androcles and Scipio Africanus, hoped to make much of him.

But he was obliged to give up the lion and Scipio; for Joe Thompson had made fifty-nine verses upon him already; and, after that, would it be fair to take him from Joe?

So many of the best beasts, birds, fishes, and insects being thus pre-engaged to particular friends, and others being objectionable as too common, and others as too difficult, and quite unmanageable in poetry, the choice, which had at first appeared almost impossible, from the infinite variety of the animal world, was now limited, and Frank began to complain that there was really nothing left.

His mother, however, was content with the eider-duck, who, robbed perpetually of the soft bedding for her ducklings, plucks herself at last, even to death, for her young.

Frank's father supported the bird of Jove, thunderbolt in claw, and would not give him up, though Lewis warned him that young Flaxman had a great mind to him.

The engineer was allowed to have the ant, because Milliken, who had had him, could make nothing of him, and gave him up as too old and commonplace. But the engineer's ant proved to be far from commonplace: he

was fresh from Africa, of the great family of the *termites bellicosus*, whose houses, palaces, or pyramids, are from twelve to twenty feet high; whose kings and queens, if travellers' reports say true, are lodged in *royal chambers*, well deserving the name, with gothic arches, fretted roofs, and long-drawn aisles, with subterranean galleries, water-proof and fire-proof, and magazines well stored with provisions, which to the naked eye seem but raspings of wood, or plants, but seen through a microscope, resemble tears of gum and amber, and some, still finer, sparkling like sugar about preserved fruits.

And when he came to the sparkling sugar, it appeared that the engineer had not laboured this part in vain, for Mary exclaimed,

"Beautiful!"

"Sublime, too, the poet may make the termites," continued the engineer. "When they march out of their palaces, their march is to be stopped neither by earth, fire, nor water. And if man makes war upon them in their fortresses, he is forced to bring out his cannon before he can dislodge or conquer them."

The cannon astonished Mary. "Cannon against ants! against an insect!"

Lewis thought that, according to his father's description, this species of ant would really make a great figure in poetry, and he had just decided to take the termites for his subject, when Frank produced a formidable rival, in the dog of Herculaneum.

Mary sprang up with joy when she heard this dog named by Frank, and from her own book!

"How could I forget the dear dog Delta! but I am glad that Frank remembered him."

Delta was a famous dog, whose skeleton was found in the ruins of Herculaneum, stretched over the body of a boy of twelve years of age.

Delta's collar, which is now to be seen in the gallery of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, tells, by its Greek inscription, that this dog belonged to a man of the name of Severinus, whose life the dog three times saved, and history informs us that he saved him once by dragging him out of the sea, when nearly drowned, once by driving off four robbers, and the third time by destroying a she-wolf, who was going to tear him to pieces.

Delta was afterward given by Severinus to his son,

and he grew so fond of the boy that he would take food only from his hand; and when at last he was unable to save the child, the faithful animal would not forsake his young master, but died along with him.

Frank's father observed, in favour of this subject for Lewis's poem, that it admitted of classical allusions, and wakened ancient associations; if he remembered rightly, the dog's master, Severinus, had attacked the she-wolf's little ones, in a grove sacred to Diana.

Frank and Mary did not quite understand this: but Lewis rejoiced in it, and the dog of Herculaneum had all voices, all hearts in his favour, till the dog of Athens was named by Frank's mother.

Mary found him, and his history was read, as follows:—

"A boy at Athens, of a very amiable character, had a dog that had been his playmate from the cradle; the animal was so fond of his young master that he scarcely ever quitted him; he accompanied him in all his sports, and whenever he saw him again, after a short absence, he expressed his pleasure by a thousand caresses. He always ate his meals with him, slept at his feet at night, rose with him in the morning, and both began their day by playing with each other.

"One day this young Athenian, looking out of the window at some exhibition that was passing along the street, overreached himself, and losing his balance, fell from the upper story of the house to the ground, and was killed upon the spot. Phileros (that was the name of the dog) immediately leaped after him, and broke his leg with the fall. But, occupied wholly with anxiety for his master, he crawled about him, licked him with a mournful howling, and crept under his body, as if to endeavour to raise him from the ground.

"During the preparations for the funeral, Phileros would not quit the lifeless body of his master, and followed the procession that bore him to the grave. When he came to the place of burial he set up a lamentable cry, and remained for five days lying upon the grave. Compelled by the cravings of hunger, he then returned to the house, ate a small quantity of food, after which he ran to the apartment which the child had inhabited, seemed to seek everywhere for his young friend, and in a short time died of grief."

Whether from the manner in which it was read, or

from the really touching circumstances of the story, Lewis now inclined to the dog of Athens, for he said that Phileros sacrificed himself voluntarily, and died of grief for his master: but that Delta could not help being swallowed up by an earthquake, and that his being found near his master's body, was a proof only that he happened to be near him at the time of the first shock: he could not run away afterward. Frank, however, observed, that Mary's book, and other books, tell of animals who have escaped from earthquakes, by running away when they felt the first symptoms, as is frequently the case before they are noticed by man.

"Then," observed Lewis, "Delta was to blame for not having snuffed out the approach of the earthquake; this was a proof of his want of sagacity at least."

But Frank would not admit this, for he said that nobody could prove, that Delta did not snuff out the danger in time. It was most likely that the dog had warned the boy, and done what he could to make him understand, and to carry him away; but Frank supposed that Delta could not make the boy comprehend, or follow him.

Lewis answered, that this was supposing the boy to be stupid or obstinate; but why should they give up the boy, to make out that the fault was not in the dog?

Frank contended that this was very fair, because they knew nothing about the boy, and they might suppose him to be obstinate and stupid, rather than give up the character of the dog of Herculaneum.

"What good had the dog of Athens ever done in his life? He broke his leg, indeed, by jumping out of a window; but that did no good to his master; but the dog of Herculaneum had three times saved his master's life; and at last was he to be accused of not doing enough, because a foolish boy would not listen to him at the right moment? Was this just?"

"No, indeed!" said Mary. "Poor, poor Delta!"

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"Good night, mamma," said Mary, as she was going to bed, after the debate about the dogs. "What shall I do about the thumb of my glove? Look, ma'am, it is

burst quite across, I have mended it twice. I cannot go to the lectures to-morrow in such a glove, can I?"

"No, my dear: I observed that you had mended it as well as you could, and I have provided another pair for you."

"Oh, mamma, thank you. Are the gloves in this parcel?"

"Yes, and you may open it."

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and to learn them all. Some of these, Lewis said, he could easily show him; marbles and ball, for instance, but others could not be played for want of more boys.

With ball Frank was well acquainted; but Lewis doubted whether he knew the last fashions of ball-playing at school. When the subject of the plays and games was exhausted, Frank went back to the books.

"But I am very much surprised," said he, "that you, Lewis, do not dislike our books. And I wonder you are so fond of reading English."

"Why should not I be fond of reading English? Am not I an Englishman?" said Lewis, rather bluffly. "What do you take me for?"

"I do not take you for any thing else," said Frank; and Lewis's bluff look went off, and with a good-humoured smile he said,

"Oh! well, go on."

"I was going to say," continued Frank, "that I was surprised, because Tom told us that schoolboys never read any thing but Latin; that they have no English books at school, nor time for them."

"Whoever Tom may be, he is mistaken there," said Lewis, "or he exaggerates; he may speak of his own school if he pleases, and perhaps he tells truth about that; but, at ours, I know the boys have a library of their own, of excellent English books, to which any subscribe who like it, and almost all do subscribe. We have above a thousand volumes, several entertaining, and I assure you, some very valuable books."

Lewis, after the first angry contradiction of Tom's slander against schools, was careful to tell the exact fact in his own case. He remembered, he confessed, that when he first went to school he had not had any time *for English*, or for thinking of entertaining books; it was as much as ever he could do to get through his Latin lessons and Latin grammar.

Now he had got over the first difficulty he had more time, and could read when the books were entertaining; on Thursday and Saturday evenings, which were holydays, he was always happy to have an entertaining book if the day was wet. But Lewis honestly confessed that on those holyday evenings, in general, he loved out-of-doors bodily exercise, riding if he could have it; because, said he, "we have so much to do of hard Latin and Greek work, bodily exercise rests us

best. By-the by, we have a workshop, and carpenter's tools, and two or three lathes. It is a reward to us to work in the workshop, and a great pleasure it is. The idle fellows can never get to the lathe. Now I know a boy who, when he first came to our school, was exceedingly idle, and hated Latin, because he had been flogged so often for not having his lessons, at the school where he was before he came to ours. But he loved turning particularly; and he was so anxious to get to the lathe, that he set about his Latin lessons in earnest, and now he scarcely ever misses one.

"At school," continued Lewis, "I like working in the workshop better than reading; but in the holydays I like reading best. In the Christmas vacation, in the long winter evenings, I am very fond of reading, especially when I have my sisters or somebody to talk to about books. Then all I knew before I went to school comes back again. That sister, or cousin, or whatever she is of yours, that good-natured little Mary, will be a great pleasure to you in the holydays, and she will love reading enough, and not too much neither; too much of a good thing, you know, is as bad as too little. So," cried Lewis, turning suddenly and catching hold of the branches of a tree, "what do you think, Frank, of climbing this tree?"

"With all my heart," said Frank.

And after this they had many climbing matches at home, Frank showing that he would not be outdone by his companion, either in spirit or dexterity.

But, alas! there could be no riding. Poor Felix was not able to contribute to their amusement, nor they to his relief. Judges, or at least doctors, had differed much as to the mode of his treatment; one advised that the lame leg should be hung in a sling, and that Felix should be kept in the stable; another was sure that he would never get well unless he were turned out to grass. The horse and Frank seemed to be of this latter opinion; therefore Felix was turned out into a paddock near the house, which he had all to himself, lest any other animal should hurt him. Tom and his groom came to see him once, but Felix showed such signs of dislike that they never repeated their visit. Every morning Frank and Mary used to go to see him; the moment Frank appeared at the gate of the field, the horse knew his voice, and neighed in sign of pleasure, and would try to come

towards him as fast as his sprained shoulder would permit. Mary gathered for him handfuls of fresh grass, and he always took them from her with the greatest politeness; though he had, as Frank observed, the whole field before him all day long. He would now, even rub his nose against Lewis, as if he knew by instinct, Mary said, that Lewis was Frank's friend. Something, perhaps, was to be attributed to the piece of bread which Lewis constantly brought him for breakfast. Colonel Birch came on purpose to see Felix; and cheered his young master with the assurance that he would certainly get quite well in time."

In the meanwhile the colonel was well pleased with both the boys for their freedom from selfishness, observing that their chief concern was for the horse and not for themselves. He would have lent them a horse of his own, but, as he could not offer two, the friends did not wish to accept of it. He did, however, what was still better for them; he allowed them to ride in the riding-house belonging to the barracks. There they had the advantage of some instructions from an excellent master, and were amused by seeing various feats of horsemanship, and all the exercise of the *manège*. Mary could not mix in any of Lewis and Frank's boisterous plays. Wrestling and boxing she knew were not fit for girls, though, as she heard, they were very good for boys; but she could not like such amusements. There were others, however, more tempting, where agility and spirit were more required than masculine force; for instance, there was a play called "Follow the leader," for which Frank was eager, and in which Mary longed to join. The leader is to lead the way as fast, and as far, and as long as he pleases, and wherever he chooses, and the more difficult and hazardous the path, the more glorious to follow him. An excellent play this is for boys, but, as Frank's mother said, not for girls, as prudence is more necessary for women than courage; it stands higher in their list of *must wants*. The slightest hint of what was right was sufficient for Mary, though she regretted that she could not now play so much with Frank as she used to do; yet, if it was for his good, she was satisfied; and, if it made him happy, she was glad; and often, though she did not play, she had as much pleasure in looking on. She sat by, the little judge of arts and arms; and she was a

very good judge, especially where Frank was concerned: she observed that Lewis was constantly fair and kind to him. Lewis did laugh, to be sure, sometimes, for no mortal could help it, as he said, at the odd way in which Frank made his first attempts at some of his school games; yet Lewis's way of laughing was never ill-natured; and he kept his word, and laughed no more than was quite good for Frank.

"He must learn to bear to be laughed at," said he, "before he goes to school."

Between the times of their boys' plays, they were glad to rest with other amusements and employments, and in these they were always anxious that Mary should share. After having once or twice tried *follow the leader*, they left it off; they said it could not be well played without more boys. Lewis did not want to have *every* thing in his school fashion or his own way; he readily joined in all that Mary and Frank had been doing *before* he came. He helped them in all their in-doors, and all their out-of-doors work. At their island, when Frank was Robinson Crusoe, and Mary Friday, Lewis was the savage who left the print of his foot in the sand; he would even be a cannibal if they desired it. At hare and hounds, he transformed himself at pleasure into hare or hound, and, whichever he was, he proved himself best of his kind. Who could have thought that he had translated Samson Agonistes into Latin, or read *Œdipus Tyrannus* in Greek?

During a clear hard frost of eleven days' continuance, they walked many miles a day: how many the total amounted to, at the end of the eleventh day, the prudent historian forbears to record: it is but justice to the accuracy of the pedestrians to state, that when the length of one of these walks was questioned, and when it was in consequence measured with the *engineer's* way-wiser, it was found to be a quarter of a mile and one furlong more than they had asserted it to be. Without insisting, however, upon the wonder and glory of the length of these walks, it is sufficient to say that they were liked by all, and contributed to health, gayety, and good-humour.

But frost cannot last for ever, or, if it did, we might grow tired of it. Snow, threatening to be a heavy snow, began to fall.

"And there must be an end of all our delightful walks!" said Frank.

But there was some pleasure, Mary thought, even at the moment he spoke, in looking at the feathery flakes as they fell thick and thicker, white on grass, tree, shrub, changing in a few minutes the appearance of all things. And Lewis saw, in the snow, the promise of snowballs of prodigious size, "if it would but continue long enough." It did continue long enough. The third morning all was snow as far as they could see.

When the snow was shovelled from the windows, and from the walk near the house, there was fine diversion in making and throwing snowballs, and Frank bore stoutly the pelting of the pitiless storm, proud to prove that he could stand as well even as Lewis, who had stood the snowballs of two winters at school.

The pelting over, the friends joined in making a ball of enormous size, which at last they could not roll, even with the help of any length of lever which they could employ: leaving it during the night, they next day found it frozen fast to the ground.

Frank next suggested the making a statue of snow, such as he had seen in one of the vignettes to Bewick: they set about it; legs, arms, trunks, and head they moulded:—

"They work'd, and wonder'd at the work they made."

But when they attempted to stick the limbs and body together, difficulties increased, and the limbs were distorted by every pinch or squeeze which impatience or awkwardness hazarded. One arm was shrunk to half the size of the other, and the neck absolutely melted away under the warmth of Frank's hands, before the head could be made to stand rightly upon the shoulders; the delicacy of the face, too, it must be confessed, was damaged in fruitless attempts to put on a becoming hat, which was necessary to hide something misshapen in the top of the head. At last the hat was fixed, and the head firm, the bridge of the nose repaired, and the wasted arm restored. When the whole was finished, the artists went to call their judge and admirer, Mary, who came out shivering, for it was ten degrees below the freezing point: yet, always kind, she came with the best intentions possible, to be pleased. But lo! the

statue was overturned, and in the midst of the fragments stood Frank's dog Pompey.

"Oh, Pompey! what have you done!"

Sir Isaac Newton's magnanimous conduct to his dog Diamond scarcely exceeded Frank's forbearance on this occasion.

He stood for a moment, in despair; then playfully pelted Pompey away with the man's head, renewing the charge with the legs and arms, as fast as he could mould them into balls.

"After all," said Frank, "the face of this snow man was frightful: we will make a better to-morrow." But a thaw came on in the night, and they were forced to abandon their design.

In the last week of Lewis's holydays, Frank and he were anxious to enjoy a pleasure, of which they had been deprived by the thaw—the pleasure of skating. Frank's mother had expressed some fears of the danger of this amusement: but his father, on the contrary side of the question, had observed, that boys must run some hazards, or else they would become cowardly. It was settled that they might skate when a certain watering-place for the horses should be *sufficiently* hard. It was shallow, and the boys could not easily drown themselves there, even if the ice should break. This general permission gained, there was but one point unsettled—when would the ice be *sufficiently* hard, and who was to judge of that?

One morning, very early for a winter morning, that is, soon after daybreak, Lewis rose and looked out of his windows, then wakened Frank, told him it was a hard frost, and bid him get up and come out and skate, for he was sure that at this time the ice was quite strong enough. Frank was eager to try his new skates; and though he had some scruples, for he was not clear that he ought to go without having had his father's express permission, he did not tell his friend his doubts, but dressed himself as fast as he could, and followed Lewis, accompanied by his dog Pompey. The dog contented himself with sitting by, watching his master sliding about. Frank had several falls, but he was up again soon, and but little hurt; and he was so much delighted with the exercise and with his success, that the falls went for nothing. One part of the ice was more exposed to the beams of the sun than the rest, and Lewis

warned him that he thought it was in that spot beginning to crack. Frank took his advice, and stopped, and began to try how soft and how hard the ice was in different places. In the spot on which the sun shone the ice cracked when he struck it, and a large piece fell in. Frank exulted in his own and his friend's prudence, in having stopped in time.

They took off their skates, and began to walk homeward, till suddenly Frank perceived that his dog was not following them: he called "Pompey! Pompey!" but no Pompey came in answer to the call. They went back to look for him, but they could not see him anywhere on the road or in the fields. They went to the place where they had been skating, and they heard a noise under the ice; Pompey had fallen into the hole, and had floated underneath the ice; they looked in at the hole, and saw him struggling: Frank, exceedingly alarmed, called to him, and stretched his arm as far as ever he could under the ice to reach him, and Pompey made fresh efforts; but he was somehow jammed between stones, or entangled in weeds; he could not get out, nor could Frank reach him, nor could Lewis. Lewis tied a stone in the corner of his handkerchief, and threw the heavy end into the pool, jerking it under the ice towards the corner where the dog lay, but in vain; Pompey could not reach it! once he just caught it, but he let it go when Lewis pulled; he had no longer strength to hold it.

At this instant they heard the bark of a dog in the field next to the road; and Frank, leaping up on the top of the bank, saw a woodman and his dog crossing the field. Frank called, roared to him, but he was walking away from them, and he plodded on without hearing any thing but his own whistling. Lewis happily recollected a whistle he had in his pocket, and he whistled loud and strong: the woodman looked back, and saw the two boys making signals with hats and handkerchiefs, and he came running as fast as he could. When he heard what was the matter, he jumped over the hedge to their assistance, and with his hatchet broke the ice in several places, Frank all the while calling, to beg he would take care not to kill the dog, and pointing with his stick to the spot under which Pompey lay. When this was uncovered, there he lay, indeed! quite motionless. The woodman took him up, but no signs of life

appeared. They held him with his head downward, the water poured from his mouth, but no breath, no warmth. The woodman offered to carry him to his hut in the wood, which was about a mile off, and to lay him before the fire. But Frank thought it best to carry him home to his own good Mrs. Catharine, and home they carried him with all possible expedition.

Mary, from her window, saw them from afar, and went down to the hall to meet them, eagerly asking what had happened to Pompey, and why Frank carried him. But when she saw his condition, and Frank's sorrowful countenance, she asked no more; she ran for Mrs. Catharine, and every remedy was tried which the Humane Society advise for the recovery of the drowned. Pompey was dried, rubbed with salt, and wrapped in a warm blanket, air was blown into his mouth and nostrils, but for some time no signs of life appeared; and Frank, Mary, and Lewis, by turns, exclaimed in despair,

"He is dead! he is quite dead! he will never move again!"

But Mrs. Catharine desired them to be patient: a slight heaving of the breast was seen; she held a feather to the nostrils, the feather moved; Mary clapped her hands with joy, and Frank exclaimed, "He breathes!" Convulsive twitchings in the legs followed, the eyes opened, and, by degrees, life returning, Pompey recovered sufficiently to raise himself up, to know Frank, to wag his tail, and to lick Mrs. Catharine's hand. In the course of an hour he was able to stand, walk, eat, and drink: he was pronounced by Mrs. Catharine to be out of all danger; and great was the joy of his young master and his friends on again receiving his caresses.

No sooner was the dog safe, than Frank's mother began to inquire how he had come into danger, and desired to hear every particular of what had happened. Frank was aware that she would be displeased at his having gone out to skate without distinct permission, and before the safety of the ice had been examined; but instead of endeavouring to excuse himself, he was anxious to take his full share of blame. His father decreed, as a punishment for their impatience and imprudence, that they should not skate again during the remainder of Lewis's holydays. Lewis seemed more sorry for Frank than for himself, for he thought, and repeatedly

said, that he had been the means of bringing him into this scrape.

But whatever disappointment or punishment young people suffer together for their faults, while they have the consciousness that they have spoken exactly the truth, have not attempted to shift the blame from themselves, and have behaved honourably, they are secure of one lasting comfort, that their confidence in each other and their mutual affection will be increased. Even in such slight trials as these, integrity is proved, and the recollection of these childish incidents often lasts through life, and strengthens the friendship of age.

"Well," said Mary, "though you cannot skate, you can walk, and I can walk with you."

"And mamma says she will walk with us to the woodman's, to thank him for saving Pompey," said Frank; "we will take Pompey with us, to thank him for himself. But first, Mary, I have something to say to you and Lewis about a plumcake."

Frank's mother had promised him a large iced plumcake for "twelfth-night." We presume that none of our young readers are unacquainted with the joyful rites of twelfth-night, with the drawing of lots for king and queen, and for all the various personages who are to support, through that evening, whatever character falls to their lot. The name and description of each character intended for their twelfth night, Frank and Mary had already drawn out; they had written them delicately on little billets, and each billet had moreover its motto, and each billet was rolled up and thrown into the hat, ready to hand round with the essential accompaniments of iced sections of plumcake.

That cake was not yet made; but Mrs. Catharine had this day looked out the materials; the sugar, and the plums, the citron, &c., were all on the table in her room, and she was just going to begin her work. But Frank now proposed to Mary and Lewis that they should give up this cake, and give the money which it would have cost to the poor woodman who had saved Pompey. The cake, as Mrs. Catharine had informed Frank, would cost about a guinea; and his mother told him she would give him this money instead of the cake, if he chose it, and if they all agreed to it. With one accord it was decided that the cake, even the iced plumcake, and the twelfth-night cake, should be given up; and Frank,

Mary, and Lewis ran to stop Mrs. Catharine's hand. She was much surprised, and at first disappointed, when she found her hand stopped, and heard that there was to be no cake; but her countenance recovered from its consternation when she learned that the iced cake was to turn into a warm coat for Pompey's deliverer. She much approved of this, however she regretted, for her own share, the pleasure she would have had in making it for them: and still she thought that there might be a seed cake, or a plain cake, for the young people on the twelfth night.

No; they would not consent to this. Frank said that whatever they did should be quite honestly done; they must give up something, or else, they said, it would be only pretending to be generous. Frank's mother, who had upon all occasions endeavoured to instil this principle, was glad to see that he applied it of his own accord. She put the guinea into his hand, and they walked to the woodman's: he was not at his cottage, but they found him at work in the wood, and Pompey carried him the guinea between his teeth, holding it very fast till Frank ordered him to surrender it. It is said, but we do not vouch for the truth, that Pompey immediately knew the woodman again, and wagged his tail and licked hands in token of gratitude. They forgot that Pompey had been more than half drowned when his acquaintance with the woodman first commenced, and that he had been quite senseless at the time when the essential service of his extricating him from the ice had been accomplished. But let this rest: for the honour of Pompey we wish to believe it if it be possible. We pass on to other matters.

Mary had now completely forgotten all she had formerly heard of Lewis's learning, for he never talked of his Latin or Greek; and whatever else he knew came out only when it could assist them, and just as much as they wanted, and no more.

One day, when Mary was looking at the prints of the French fairy tales with Frank, in the Cabinet des Fées, and was trying to translate the words which were at the bottom of each print, and when she came to one sentence of which she could make nothing, Lewis helped her, and then, for the first time, they found out that he understood French "better than she did, a great deal."

He had learned, he said, all he knew of it from one of his sisters before he went to school, and afterward kept it up in the holydays.

Another morning, after having shown him their Roman emperors, and British kings and queens, and taken him to look at the "Stream of Time," Lewis said he had never seen it before, but he quickly understood it, and soon assisted them in using it. They perceived that he knew a great deal more of history than they did, and they found that it was all clear in his head; he knew what empires and nations came first, and what followed in the history of the world. Whenever Frank and Mary were at a difficulty, he was ready to assist them, either in history or geography. He knew what people inhabited the different parts of Europe and Asia, in ancient and in modern times. He made Frank understand what often puzzles children—how the Romans seemed to turn into the Italians, the Gauls into the French, &c.; he helped them in making out how ancient and modern history follow, or may be made to follow each other, for this he knew better than is common with boys of his age.

He helped them to make for each century a sort of skeleton map of history, in which should be written at first only a very few of the principal names of the most civilized nations, and then of the celebrated men; each century should have its sheet of paper. Such maps had been made for him, and he had made some for himself, and had found them useful.

Frank liked to do this, provided Lewis would write the names, because he could write faster than they could.

"Shall we tell him," whispered Mary, "our play of *contemporaries*, or would he think it too foolish?"

Far from thinking it foolish, Lewis entered into it with great spirit, and made out some very entertaining parties of ancients and moderns, with droll appropriate dialogues; and whenever he found that he went beyond what Frank or Mary knew, he showed them where they could find all that he had learned.

"But how could you learn so much history?" said Frank.

"Very easily," replied Lewis, "for I was exceedingly happy when I was learning it."

Lewis paused, for, as they saw, some recollection touched him with pain as well as pleasure. Mary and

Frank stood silent while he went to his father's writing-desk, which was open on the table, and took from it a miniature picture in a black case. Showing the picture to them, he seemed as if he was going to say something, yet said nothing.

"It is a very good-natured, sensible countenance," said Frank. "I like it."

"So do I," said Mary: "it looks like a very old man."

"Yes," said Lewis, "he was past eighty when that picture was drawn."

"Eighty!" said Mary. "I love old people when they are good-natured, and I am sure, whoever this is, he is good-natured, for both his eyes and his mouth look smiling."

"Who is it?" said Frank.

"My grandfather, that *was*," said Lewis; "and he was the most good-natured, the kindest person in the world. I wish you had known him, you would have loved him so much, and he would have loved you; he was always fond of having young people about him, and we all of us used to be so glad to go into his room. He had always something ready for each of us when we went to him, either to read to us, or to tell us, of his younger days, or something or other that was delightful; and that made one wish to be as good and to know as much as he did. You asked me how I learned all I know of history. It was he who taught it to me; and that was what made me like it so much, and learn it, as I told you, so easily. Every morning, before breakfast, he let me come to him in his study. He got up very early, but he sat in his dressing-gown reading or writing till eight, and as soon as the clock struck eight, that was my hour, I used to run down stairs, and there I used to find him in his dear arm-chair; and he always smiled upon me when I came in; but I can never see him again!"

Mary held fast the picture which Lewis was going to shut. "Oh, do let me look at it a little longer!" said she.

"Who was he most like of anybody I ever have seen?" said Frank. "Was he like your father?"

"Yes, only so much older: his manner was different."

"Had he a slow or a quick manner?" said Mary.

"He was quick and lively—yet very gentle and gentlemanlike, and remarkably polite; not mere company

politeness, but every day and always, when at home and to everybody the same, even to us children, and to the poorest people more than to the grandest. The very beggars to whom he gave charity observed and felt that kind manner of grandpapa's. I remember a poor old beggar woman, after he was gone, too, saying, that she would rather have a penny from his hand than a shilling flung to her by another."

"How we should have loved him," said Mary, "should not we, Frank?"

"Exceedingly; and you really think he would have liked us," said Frank, "as well as your papa likes us?"

"I am sure he would," said Lewis, "for they always liked the same people, and for the same things; he would have liked your manners, for he liked good-manners particularly; and he would have liked your being fond of reading, and listening to all that is going on; but, above all, he would have liked you for loving one another; and he would have been glad that I should be here, because he would have seen that you have good principles."

"But he was not strict, was he?" said Frank.

"Strict about learning, or such things? No, not the least," said Lewis. "But he was very strict about principles—very strict about right and wrong."

"So is my father," said Frank.

"But was not your grandpapa a clergyman?" said Mary, looking again at the dress of the picture.

"He was," said Lewis.

"Then he was, I suppose, more serious a great deal than your father, or my father, was not he?" said Frank.

"I do not think he was more so, except as suited his age, and when serious subjects were mentioned. He was very religious, but that did not make him sad; quite the contrary. He was remarkably cheerful. He used to say good Christians ought to be cheerful, and he made us love religion and not fear it."

"Just what my father and mother think," said Frank.

"And what they teach us," said Mary.

After this conversation Mary told Frank that she had quite settled her mind about Lewis, that she was sure he would make him a good friend, and she begged he would make a friend of him as fast as possible.

Frank was well disposed to go as fast in friendship as

Mary desired; and considerable progress was made, even in the few remaining days of this first visit. But Lewis's father was obliged to take his son away, promising, however, that Lewis should return and spend with them his next Midsummer holidays.

"Midsummer!" said Frank, sighing. "How long it will be till Midsummer!"

MIDSUMMER!—Oh, how long it will be before Midsummer!" were, if we remember rightly, Frank's last words when we parted from him at Christmas; but spring did return, and bestowed fresh pleasures; and summer returned; yes, even *Mid*-summer, and Lewis's holidays and Lewis himself arrived. The two friends met with all the delight they had expected,—very uncommon with those who had expected so much. They compared all they had done, and seen, and heard, and read in the interval, and they talked, and Mary listened, for two hours without intermission. She, indeed, affirms it was three, and they were not tired at the end of that time, nor had they come to the end of their store of sense and nonsense.

Lewis inquired whether the time for Frank's going to school was fixed.

"Yes, after Midsummer, papa says it must be."

"He goes abroad in autumn," said Mary, "so it *must* be."

"And is it fixed to what school he is to go?" said Lewis.

"Not yet," said Frank, "but it is to be determined to-day, and I will tell you, Lewis, to-morrow. I am going this minute to ask papa something—I will not tell either of you what it is."

He left them, and, after some little time, returned, with raised colour and sparkling eyes.

"What do you think I have done, Mary!" said Frank.

"Tell me," said Mary.

"I have asked papa to let me go to the same school as Lewis, and papa had been thinking of it before, and he and mamma and the engineer went into the study, and studied about it, and it is all settled. Papa is writing a letter to the head-master about it this minute."

Mamma said she was very glad that I should have so good a friend as Lewis."

Lewis was exceedingly glad to hear this.

"Oh, so am I," said Mary; "he will be your friend at school, and I will be your friend at home."

"Yes, always," said Frank, "and all is well and happy."

"But when are you to go, Frank?" said Mary.

"At the end of Lewis's holydays, you know, we shall both go together."

"Both together," said Mary; "what shall I do when you are gone, Frank?"

"But it will not be for a great while yet," said Frank.

"There are a month and three days of Lewis's holydays to come."

"A month and three days! then we need not think of it yet, indeed," said Mary.

"And though I told you it was all settled, I recollect now," said Frank, "that it is not quite certain, because they are not sure that there is a place or a bed for me at the school; and, you know, if there is not room for me I cannot go."

"Then I hope," cried Mary; but she checked herself.

"No, I do not hope; for since you must go to school, as papa says, it is better that you should go with Lewis. When will the answer to the letter come?"

"Not till Thursday at soonest, three days, perhaps four, to wait, before we know how it will be. What a long time!" said Frank.

The first morning was, indeed, rather long; for Frank could not settle to any thing, but continually repeated,

"Mary, when do you think the answer will come, on Thursday or Friday? What do you think the answer will be, Lewis?"

Lewis was inclined to think there would be no place for Frank. It depended upon whether a new boy, whose name he did not know, for whom the place had been engaged, would come to school or not—this was a point which Lewis could not decide—therefore it was better to do something in the interval to lessen the impatience and pain of suspense. Lewis had, during these holydays, a theme to write. The subject: "Which of all the Roman and Grecian heroes in Plutarch's Lives do you prefer?" Here was ample room for thought and debate. Lewis consulted Frank, and Frank felt his

own ignorance, and Plutarch's Lives were now looked over with great eagerness; each took a volume, and each read aloud whatever struck him at the moment with admiration: Mary listening while she worked, or rather while she sat with her work in her hand. And now she inclined in favour of this hero, and now of that.

Lewis could not decide quickly, because it was a matter of great consequence to him. He had many competitors, who were very clever boys, and who would examine the merits of the hero of each theme; and he must look over Plutarch's Lives again and again more carefully another day. Frank desired to help his friend in examining the lives that were to be compared, and Lewis kindly accepted his assistance; they read, and gave their reasons in favour or against each action and character, and having an immediate object, their interest was kept constantly alive. Thus Frank's attention turned from childish objects to those that were more manly; and he was now as much interested in the real history of illustrious men, as he used to be in mere amusing tales. His admiration was excited by the great and good actions of which he read; and as he was pressed at the same time to determine which were truly good and great, many questions about right and wrong, honour and honesty, resolution and obstinacy, courage and rashness, occurred, which were debated between him and his friend Lewis; and though they were only boyish arguments, argued but imperfectly, yet Frank's understanding strengthened by this exercise, as his body strengthened by the wrestling, running, and climbing which they had out of doors.

Colonel Birch, who was always ready to contribute to their amusement, took them to see some of his men firing at a mark; he taught them how to prime, load, and fire a pistol themselves. Another day he took them to an archery meeting; he gave Frank a bow and three good arrows. These were a great delight, more especially because Mary could join in this amusement. The bow, though rather large, was not too strong for her to draw, and her dexterity supplied her want of strength.

The weather was cool enough to permit of riding; and, at Frank's and Lewis's age, it must be difficult to find the weather that can prevent a good gallop—Felix

had now quite recovered, and Frank's father had sufficient confidence in Lewis to trust him to ride his own favourite horse—confidence, of which neither he nor the horse had ever reason to repent.

During the very hot weather Frank took great pleasure in swimming, and now he could swim well enough to try the experiment of the kite, which he had so long desired to try. He found the passage in Franklin's essays, and Lewis and he read it together, with the eagerness with which people read that which they want immediately to put in practice.

"The ordinary method of swimming is reduced to the act of rowing with the arms and legs, and is, consequently, a laborious and fatiguing operation, when the space of water to be crossed is considerable. There is a method in which the swimmer may pass to great distances with much facility by means of a sail.

"This discovery I fortunately made by accident, and in the following manner:—

"When I was a boy, I amused myself one day flying a paper kite, and approaching the bank of a pond, which was near a mile broad, I tied the string to a stake, and the kite ascended to a very considerable height above the pond while I was swimming. In a little time, being desirous of amusing myself with my kite, and enjoying at the same time the pleasure of swimming, I returned; and loosing from the stake the string, with the little stick which was fastened to it, went again into the water, where I found that, lying on my back and holding the stick in my hands, I was drawn along the surface of the water in a very agreeable manner. Having then engaged another boy to carry my clothes round the pond, to a place which I pointed out to him on the other side, I began to cross the pond with my kite, which carried me quite over without the least fatigue, and with the greatest pleasure imaginable. I was only obliged occasionally to halt a little in my course to resist its progress, as it appeared that by following too quickly I lowered the kite too much; by doing which occasionally I made it rise again. I have never since that time practised this singular mode of swimming, though I think it not impossible to cross in this manner from Dover to Calais. The packet-boat, however, is still preferable."

In this last sentiment, Frank's mother most heartily

agreed. She now, however, consented that Frank should try his experiment, from which he had so long refrained in obedience to her, and to fulfil his promise.

His father, for further security, was present at the trial. It should be observed, that the part of the pond, across which Frank made this first trial, was not of greater width than he could have easily crossed by swimming in his usual manner. On this his father insisted. Frank, kite in hand, went into the water, and, exactly as Franklin directed, lying on his back and holding the little stick to which the string of the kite was fastened, was drawn along by his flying sail, and carried quite over, "without the least fatigue, and with the greatest pleasure imaginable."

How far this mode of sailing-swimming could be applied to use, was a question which was warmly discussed, and very differently judged, according to the age and experience of those who hoped or feared.

All this time no answer came from the master of Lewis's school! The delay was surprising! The suspense would have been intolerable but for the constant employments which filled every hour. Colonel Birch was almost as anxious as they could be for the answer to the letter: he was very desirous that Frank should now go to school.

"Well, boys, have you had a letter?" said he, coming in one morning about the hour when the post usually arrived.

"No, sir," said Frank, "the post has not come in yet, and we are going out with our bows and arrows to prevent us from being impatient. This was Mary's invention. Mamma will send for us if there is a letter."

And this morning they were sent for. They found their father, mother, and Colonel Birch, holding consultation over a letter which lay on the table. The letter began with an apology for the delay of the master's answer. This had been occasioned, he said, by his having been kept in uncertainty by the friends of a boy to whom the vacant place had been promised. They had, however, now decided to send him, and there was no place for Frank this year.

All stood round the table in silence, each reading the letter again by turns. But it could not be changed: and after having read it, each laid it down again. Colonel Birch first broke silence.

"My good friends, I see what the end of this will be," said he, "and I am very sorry for it! you will keep Frank at home another year, and if you do, it will spoil him. You cannot help it, my dear madam, you cannot help it—I know you would do every thing for him that the best of mothers can do for the best of boys; but that is not sufficient, I mean that it is too much. He is made a great deal too happy—every thing goes too smoothly and easily with him at home to make a man of him. If you have given him good *principles*, as I know you have, trust to them. He must see good and bad at every school, and wherever he goes in the world; and the sooner he learns to choose between them, and make his own way, the better.

"Very true, my dear madam. Yes, my dear sir," continued Colonel Birch, half listening to something Frank's father and mother attempted to say, to assure him that they agreed perfectly in these sentiments. "I know you agree with me in theory, but in practice, when it comes to the point, I doubt your resolution: you will make fine excuses to yourselves—you will say that you must find the best school possible, and the best friends possible for your boy, and so forth. I am sorry he cannot find a place at this best of schools," added he, looking at Lewis, "for I know the value of a good friend early in life, a friend a year or two older and wiser than one's self; I had one in your father, Frank. But still, my boy, you have your friend here, safe by the heart-strings; and whether you go to the same school for this year with him or not, matters little: your father and I, when we were boys, were separated for three long years—what did that signify? We met again, and found our hearts and heads the same, or rather better, if I remember right, for my own share, and we were as good friends as if we had never parted. Come, come, my boys, think no more about it."

Frank and Lewis tried to think that it was all for the best. Frank said that he was ready to go to any school his father and mother pleased, and as soon as they pleased: he was sure he should never find such another friend as Lewis. "But," added he, "I shall always, I hope—"

What it was that he hoped was lost in a choking in his throat; but, though the words were inaudible, they

were understood, it seems: for Colonel Birch immediately answered—

“That I am sure you will, my boy. So now to what school will you send him, and when?”

“I have two in view, under consideration,” said his father, smiling, as he spoke, at Colonel Birch’s look of impatience.

“Under consideration! toss up and decide. Any school is better for him than keeping him longer at home; especially as you are obliged to go abroad. Any, the worst public school, is better for a boy of his age than the best home.”

This was going too far—this could not be allowed; and, to do the good colonel justice, this was more than he meant; the assertion was made in the warmth of argument, in his zeal for what he thought Frank’s advantage. As he cooled, he found there had been no occasion for his heat. Frank’s father was not only willing, but prepared to do all that he wished.

It may be remembered that, in the preceding summer, Frank’s father took him to a beautiful park in the neighbourhood, called Bellombre. Lord and Lady Chepstow, the possessors of this place, who had been for some time abroad, were now at home, and so was their son Horace Granville, who had been at one of the principal English schools, and who had a party of his young companions with him to spend the holydays at Bellombre. Frank’s father and mother had delayed a long-promised visit to Lord and Lady Chepstow till this time, on purpose that they might give Frank an opportunity of seeing these young people; and now there was an additional motive, that they might judge by what these boys were, and by what they heard of their master, which school they should like best for Frank.

The party was quickly arranged. There were Miss Granvilles, and Mary was included in the invitation. They all went to spend a fortnight at Bellombre. The drive there, though neither by the wood nor glen which Frank had formerly described to Mary, was thought delightful, and the superb park was equal even to what Frank’s imagination had expected, from his first peep between the paling. The house was magnificent. They were shown to a splendid library, where they found Lord and Lady Chepstow, and, among several other people, a boy of about fifteen or sixteen, whom Frank

imagined to be young Granville, and was surprised to see that he was rather mean-looking; but Frank found his mistake, when Lord Chepstow turned and said to the boy, "Spellman, where is Horace?"

Spellman said that Mr. Granville had been out fishing; he was very wet—very late—very sorry—but he was sure he would soon be down.

In the meantime Spellman came forward to the young people; he showed Mary where to put her bonnet; he took them to the window, and pointed out the best view of the park; told how many miles the park was round, and told them the names of all the portraits in the room, and which was the first Lord Chepstow, and which the last, and which the present lord, and which was Horace. "Wonderfully like," said he, "only not near so handsome. Is not it?" Frank had never yet seen him, therefore he could not decide.

"Never seen Horace Granville!—but then you've a great pleasure to come. Only you must not be surprised to find him a little shy at first. It is a great pity; Lady Chepstow is always complaining of his being so silent—but it goes off; you'll like him amazingly when you know him—that is, if he likes you, which I am sure he will, for he told me his mother desired him to take you under his protection. People think he is terribly proud, but it is all bashfulness. Surprisingly bashful he is, considering how clever he is, and it is *so* odd, after his being at a great school, and every thing, but he goes back to it always at home, which is very provoking to his father—but I am a prodigious favourite, and must always be here in the holidays to talk for him, especially when *there's* strangers, as Lady Chepstow says, so we get on famously. Horace could never do without me!"

Spellman had not time to say more, for the door burst open, and in came, laughing at some jest unknown, a party of well-dressed men-boys, as Mary called them, who, except a bob of the head each to Lady Chepstow as they passed, seemed regardless of everybody but themselves. They herded together in a window! their merriment ceased, and they stood eying the company, the door still left open, till another followed, very gentleman-like, cold, and quiet; he was a boy of about sixteen, but he looked quite like a man, and a very serious man.

"Horace Granville *himself*," whispered Spellman. Frank and Lewis were presented to him, and he to them, by Lord Chepstow, who said that he was sure his son Horace would always be particularly glad to see Frank: but Horace did not look particularly glad to see him now. At once bashful and proud, he stood greatly distressed, and said nothing; but after a reconnoitering glance down upon Frank, he held out his hand graciously to him, bowed his head coldly to Lewis, but still said nothing. Lady Chepstow asked if there was not some hope that Frank would go to the same school with her son. This suggested an easy subject of conversation to Horace, but he did not take it. After standing a few minutes in this agony of silence, he turned short about, walked abruptly away, and joined the herd in the window, leaving Frank and Lewis again to Spellman's care. About this time Mary was carried off by one of the higher powers to some distant region, where, with the governess and the Miss Granvilles, she was to be invisible.

Spellman resumed his office of Granville's talker and flatterer. He whispered to Frank, "Though Mr. Granville said nothing, I know he liked your first look amazingly. I know his eye, if anybody does."

"Can you tell me," said Frank; "who *those people* are, who are standing at the window?" He was at a loss whether to call them boys or men, he therefore called them *people*.

"People! indeed," said Spellman, smiling. "One of them is Cressingham, son of Lord Cressingham, of Cressingham, or his hand would not be on Granville's shoulder. The other, with the broad back, is Power, son of the member—Oh! you don't know him. There is Power, the father, the old man with the great seals to his watch, and young Power is expected to be very rich—we are very fond of him. Then the other, the thin little fellow in the window with his hand on his hip, is Shaw; he is expected to be very clever. His father is here often, because he is known now to be the author of 'The Conflagration of Moscow;' and he is supposed to be the author of the 'Chit-chat Club;' and 'Bath Buns' and 'Bath Idols' are given to him too, but he denies them."

"I should like to see 'The Conflagration of Moscow,'" said Lewis.

"It's on the little table there," said Spellman, "and it's very fine, certainly; but, for my own share, I like the '*Chit-Chat Club*' better, it's so amazingly entertaining, for everybody in the world is in it. But you would not understand a word of it without the key."

"But what are Bath idols and Bath buns, sir?" said Frank.

"Oh, bless you! the bitterest thing and the sweetest!" replied Spellman. "But you would not taste it at all. It's nothing unless you know the people; and," added he, with a smile of superiority, "you are not come quite to the age for satire yet—I beg your pardon."

"Are all those in the window, schoolfellows of Mr. Granville?" said Frank.

"No: only one, Cressingham; the two others are from some other school, I forget which."

"And are you a schoolfellow of Mr. Granville's?" said Frank.

"No: I am his home-fellow," said Spellman, some slight embarrassment appearing in his voice and laugh, though not in his unblushing face. He added, "I am homebred, like yourself. But, dinner! dinner!"

At dinner Frank was desired to sit by Mr. Granville, who was at the head of the side-table, at which were all his companions, and some other persons. Granville was very attentive to Frank, more so than to anybody else, silently taking care that he had all he wanted. Officious Spellman seeing this, offered him continually this and that, and the other, and every thing he did not want: so that Frank had no piece till Granville said,

"Leave him to me, Spellman."

Frank hoped that he should now hear what other people were talking about.

Much was said about soups, and fish, and sauce; he was much surprised that boys, or young men, could know so much about different dishes. None of these schoolboys, however, gobbled like Tom. They all ate like gentlemen, but they talked more like cooks. Frank was not sure whether they were in reality, or only pretended to be, epicures. Certainly they were not ashamed, but proud of their love of eating, and their taste for wines. When hunger abated and plates stood still, there was much said by Power, and Shaw, and Spellman, of fish that had been caught by them, and of fishing and boating parties which they had or were to

have. Frank liked this, but each spoke of his own feats, and Frank thought they did not seem much to care for each other, or to expect to be cared for; they were companions, but not friends. Frank observed that Shaw and Power, though they were schoolfellows, as Spellman had told him, appeared to take pleasure in taunting each other—their characters were plain enough to him. Shaw was clever, anxious to show his wit, and make diversion of everybody. Power was tyrannical, rather stupid, and proud of his father's fortune.

Frank wished that they would not talk so much, that he might hear Granville, about whose character he felt more curiosity. But, though Granville had by this time got over his bashfulness, so far as to have regained the power of speech, yet he used that power but sparingly. Frank could not tell whether he was silent from timidity or from pride.

Of Cressingham he did not at first think much. Cressingham had a headache, and appeared cross, to Spellman in particular, who tried to please him in vain. Even when he spoke of the Cressinghams of Cressingham, he would not be pleased. Whenever Spellman praised Granville, or any thing at Bellombre, Cressingham always made some sarcastic answer. It almost seemed as if he disliked Granville, though he was said to be his friend. Spellman was a little too fond of flattering, perhaps, but Cressingham appeared unjust to him, and much too severe, almost rude. But of these things, and of the character of Granville especially, Frank changed his mind several times during the course of dinner.

In the silence between the first and second courses, Spellman feeling himself called upon to say something, asked Frank if he knew what was meant by a fag? Frank said that he did; Lewis had explained it to him.

"It is very lucky for somebody," said Spellman, "that little Drake died last month of the measles, for I have a notion that somebody will get into his shoes."

Frank looked puzzled, till it was explained to him that Drake had been Mr. Granville's fag at school, and that *getting into his shoes* meant succeeding to him, or standing in his place.

After Shaw had laughed more than sufficiently at the little *greenhorn's* ignorance of this expression, and then laughed again, until the back of his chair shook, at

Frank's not knowing what was meant even by a *green-horn*, Spellman went on,

"You will go to school under famous good protection," said he to Frank; "many a boy will envy you; a cousin of my own, in particular, I know would like to be Granville's fag, of all things, if he had been lucky enough."

"That cousin of yours must be very particular, in truth, if he likes, of all things, to be a fag. It is the best subject of congratulation I ever heard; I will write a Pindaric ode upon it," said Shaw.

"Would you rather be Granville's fag or Granville's flatterer?" said Cressingham.

"Not a fair question," said Shaw, "for one of the places is not vacant, you know, and you would not have him disoblige any of the present company by showing he wants to step into his shoes before his time."

Frank was a little confused, but he answered,

"I will never be a flatterer, if that is what you mean—I know I must be a fag."

"Must!" pursued Shaw. "But, you lucky little dog, do not you rejoice at being Mr. Granville's fag?"

"No," said Frank, "I do not rejoice at it; I would rather not be anybody's fag."

Granville's face clouded over, but the cloud passed off.

"Who would be anybody's fag if they could help it?" cried Power; "but you will find you cannot help yourself, my little fellow. There is fagging at all schools, my lad."

"Not at all schools, not at mine," said Lewis.

"No fagging at your school!" cried Shaw; "and pray, where is it situate, *lying*, or being!—Somewhere in the county of Utopia, I guess, or the parish of Lubberland.—Ha! ha! ha!"

Frank felt vexed at his loud laugh, but Lewis was not vexed; he waited till the laugh was over, which he knew could not last for ever, though it seemed unextinguishable, like the laughter of Homer's rude gods. When Lewis had quietly established his fact, Power took up the cause against him, and said;

"If there is no fagging at your school I would not go to it."

"No, because you are a great boy," said Lewis; "if you were a little boy, you would be very glad to go to it."

"I am sure I should," said Frank, sighing.

Granville's face clouded over again.

"Comfort yourself," said Cressingham, "for though you must be a fag, you need not be a flatterer."

"But why must there be fags?" persisted Frank.

"Because there must," said Power.

"The law of the lion, and good law," said Shaw.
"Hey, Granville!"

"For lions," answered Granville.

"What, are you against fagging, and you one of the great boys?" said Power.

"It is a fine thing to be a great boy," said Shaw, "but Granville looks as if he would have been more obliged to you if you had called him a great man."

"Which he will be," said Spellman, in a low voice, quite distinct enough to be heard.

"And if you were a great man," said Power, "would you put down fagging?"

"Stay till he is, and then he will tell you," said Shaw.

Power stuck to his question with little variation, repeating, "Granville, are you for or against fagging? do tell us."

Granville was against tyrannical fagging, he said, but in moderate bounds he thought it a good custom. It taught boys to bear and to obey; he had been a fag himself, and he thought it had done him good; it had made a man of him.

Some conversation followed as to what was tyrannical fagging. Upon the whole, Granville acknowledged it was difficult to prevent tyranny where there was power.

"A good pun against you, Power," interrupted Shaw.

Granville looked above a pun, and concluded, as Power bending forward would have his sentence, "It never can be abolished, and therefore there is no use in talking more about it."

Upon this last point Lewis differed from him, because, as he re-urged, fagging had been abolished at his school, and in others which he named.

Now Granville could not bear contradiction, at least he could not bear it at home; he had been forced to bear it at school. But when Spellman was by, and ready to assent to, and support all he said, and to wonder that anybody could be of another opinion, his first fault of temper returned. The moment Lewis differed

from him, he looked down, proudly displeased that a little boy, or at least a boy who was not of his age, or of the first *forms*, should venture to contradict him, to reason, and to reason better than he did. This was too provoking: Granville reasoned no longer, but repeated dryly, that fagging never would be abolished.

Lewis observed, that if people had thought so about the slave trade, probably that never would have been abolished.

"We must keep clear of politics," said Spellman. There was a pause, and then Frank, with some hesitation, said, "I don't quite understand Mr. Granville."

Granville did not explain.

"You will quite understand when you go to school," said Shaw; "meantime, take some sauce to your pudding."

"While you can get it," added Spellman, laughing.

"I thought you had been on the other side of the question," said Frank, looking up in Granville's face.

"You thought wrong then, my little gentleman," said Granville.

Frank said he was sorry for it, and he wished to say more; but not used to speak before so many boys, was overawed: however, he ventured to say that he did not see why fagging should not be abolished; he did not see why great boys should trample on little boys.

"You may not see why," said Power, "but they will always do it."

"Not always, not with us," said Lewis; "they are not allowed."

"Who can hinder them, I want to know?" asked Power.

"The master, the laws, and ourselves," answered Lewis; "fagging is abolished with us, and I hope it will be so everywhere soon."

"You may hope, but it will not," said Cressingham, "though I am not sure but it ought."

"I am sure it ought not," said Power; "that would be too hard upon me, too bad, just come up last year to be master, after being fag so many years."

Frank looked at him, and felt that he should be sorry to be his fag. Shaw quickly interrupted the look, nodded to him, and said,

"You are right there, my little lad."

"What do you mean?" said Power.

"You know very well what I mean—the hot poker and the eyebrows. Remember your fag Simpson."

"Oh, tell us, will you?" said Spellman.

"Oh! we must not tell tales out of school."

"Tell what you will," said Power, "but do not forget what you did to Hamilton when he did not clean your shoes to please you; or rather what you could not do, for the little spirit got the better of you, I think."

"I beg your pardon," said Shaw, "I made him lick the shoe at last; I bent the proud Hamilton back to it, or I would have seen why; and a good joke it was, and horrible faces he made; and he said it was poison. If the shoe was not clean, it was his own fault, you know. But the hot poker was too bad, and the flogging you gave him for not lying still under it."

"It was his own fault—if he had lain still as I bid him, he would not have been burned or beaten either," said Power.

"For shame! gentlemen," exclaimed Granville, in a tone so much louder than usual, that some of the heads of the large table turned to see what was the matter.

"Was that Horace's voice?" said Lady Chepstow.

"It was, ma'am," replied Horace.

"I hope Horace is taking care of the gentlemen at that table," said Lord Chepstow.

"Excellent care, my lord," answered Spellman.

In the same instant Granville held up his glass to Shaw, who answered by a nod, and holding up his glass, it was filled, swallowed, returned to its place, quick as *ready, present, fire*.

Frank, who had very much liked Granville's loud "for shame," and who thought he was now sure of his opinion, looked up to him again, the moment he put down his glass, and smiling, said, "Now you are convinced Lewis was right."

Granville was silent, and coloured, but whether from shame or anger Frank could not be certain.

Granville exerted himself afterward, and talked more than usual, and very well, on various subjects; but he never addressed one word to Lewis, to whom he seemed to have taken a dislike, Frank could not conceive why. He could hardly imagine that he was offended merely by Lewis's differing from him in opinion, and by his having dared to contradict and conquer him in argument.

After dinner, when the ladies left the room, Frank and Lewis rose to go with them.

"You are going, I see," said Granville, coldly and ceremoniously, to Lewis; "you will always do as you please in this house, I hope." He nodded more graciously to Frank, adding, "Spellman will follow you soon, and *show you the lions*."

Spellman, though he would rather have stayed with the gentlemen, followed Frank directly, for which Frank was very sorry, as he wanted to walk in the park alone with Lewis.

Frank was taken by Spellman to the stable, and the kennel, and the pheasantry, and the armoury; and he would have been entertained, but that fagging lay heavy at his heart. The walk in the park, however, was refreshing after the hot dinner; but Spellman kept on talking and flattering, and he was such a flatterer that Frank grew sick of him. Spellman was probably equally tired of Frank, for when they had finished their walk, when he had lodged them in the drawing-room, and furnished them with coffee, he left them; and as the window was open, Lewis heard him calling out, "I'm off duty now, stay for me—hard duty it was—it's fair I should have some fun."

Frank was glad to have got rid of him at any rate. Lewis was called by some one to play at chess. Frank stood by, wishing he could play at any thing, listening first to what one lady said, and then another, and heard a great deal of talking, but nothing interested him. His mother was at a distance with Lady Chepstow, who spoke in a whisper. Nobody knew that Frank was standing there, till Granville and his party came into the room. Shaw, as he passed, laughed at Frank's doleful face, and said, "There's a fish out of water—no, a tame bird dying of the pip."

Before Frank could guess what sort of death this was, Mr. Power followed. Power neither heard the wit, nor saw the object; but stumbling over Frank's feet, wondered how his feet came there, begged his pardon if he had hurt him, but took coffee without hearing Frank's reply.

Cressingham was saying something about Spellman, and could not attend to any thing else. Granville, however, stopped, and said to Frank, "Have you ever seen Egypt?" Frank, bewildered, was uncommonly stupid,

and looked in his face without answering. Lewis interrupted his game of chess, and answered for him, "No, Frank, you have not seen the Travels in Egypt, that great book on the table."

What a blessing it is to have a friend who has some sense, when we have none of our own! a friend, who will even lose a game at chess to serve us. Lewis lost his game, and went with Frank to Egypt. Frank thought he should now be comfortable, and he only wanted Mary to join them, but Mary seemed as if she could not stir: she looked uncommonly stupid too. The Miss Granvilles, who saw Frank beckoning, were so obliging as to go to the table with her, but they had seen Egypt several times before, that is to say, had turned it over. They were very polite about the pyramids, and every thing; but their standing by and talking, as he thought, a little affectedly, disturbed Frank. He looked at the pyramids almost without seeing them, or knowing what they were, and the young ladies, he was conscious, must think him nearly a fool. He whispered, "Go back to your seat, will you, Mary?" The Miss Granvilles went with her; but Spellman came in, and seeing him alone, would help him to turn over the leaves; though Frank thanked him, and said he could turn them over for himself. But Spellman began to tell him the book was very valuable, that it cost so much; Frank gave it up, and longed to go to bed, but dared not, because he was afraid Spellman would go with him to show him the way to his room. At last he saw his mother get up and leave the room, and he darted after her. He had a great deal to say, but he could say little, he was so excessively sleepy. While his mother was taking his goods for him out of the chaise-box, he stretched, and yawned, and said,

"Poor Mary, I hope she has been asleep this hour."

But she answered from a little room within her mother's—

"Oh no, I am not asleep. I cannot get to sleep. Do not you wish we were at home again, Frank?"

"That I do," said Frank.

The next morning Frank came into his mother's room. "Good morning to you, dear mother," said he. "I am sure Colonel Birch was right, and that you have made me too happy at home."

"I am sorry for it, my dear child," said his mother, "if you are to suffer for it."

"No, mother, I will not suffer, nor shall you. Frank is himself again this morning," said he, smiling.

Mary, hearing Frank's voice, came out of her little room ready dressed; but looking mournfully, she said,

"I am very sorry we are to stay here a whole fortnight."

"Do not be sorry, Mary," said Frank, "for though it is disagreeable, I am sure it will do me a great deal of good."

After a night's refreshing sleep, he had recovered his sense and his spirit. He had been up above an hour with Lewis, who had settled his mind, he said, on those points which had disturbed him most, *fags* and *fagging*. He was exceedingly sorry that he could not go with Lewis to that school of his, where neither fags nor fagging were allowed; but since he could not abolish the vile custom by any thing he could say or do, all that remained was to do his duty, if he was ever called upon to be a fag. Frank was determined he would bear every thing well, unless, said he, it should come to red hot poker, or any such tyranny as ought not to be borne.

"But what would you do then if it did?" said Mary.

"I would," said Frank, "boldly, before my tyrant's face, and before all his school-fellows, come forward, and ask his school-fellows and my school-fellows, and his master and my master, whether this ought to be borne or not."

Frank acted the coming forward, as he spoke, with great spirit; and looked, as he felt, like a little hero.

"Bravo, Frank!" said his father, looking at him from his dressing-room door: "you would do what was quite right: but I promise you that I will inquire into the facts, and you shall not be sent to any school where I know that such tyranny is practised. I do not say permitted, for were it known, I am sure it would not be suffered."

"Thank you father," said Frank, "then, if I have a tolerable master, I will be as good a fag as ever was seen; you shall find, and Colonel Birch shall find, that I am not spoiled, though I have been so happy, my dear mother, at home; I will not be lazy, nor cross, nor a telltale; but one thing I am resolved upon, if it comes to the trial, I will tell no lie for anybody; I will speak

the truth always ; and I am able, I hope, to bear the consequences."

His father came out from the inner room while Frank was saying this, and he laid his hand upon Frank's head, and said,

"God bless you, my dear son ; and if you keep to this resolution, and hold to such principles, you will be a blessing to your mother and to me."

Frank, when he heard these words, thought he was able to bear any thing, and to do any thing. He saw his mother's eyes fixed fondly upon him, and Mary again looking bright and happy. In high spirits, he ran down stairs to see whether breakfast was ready. In the hall which he was to cross, to go to the breakfast-room, Granville, the whole schoolboy party, and some others were standing, and as Frank passed, Shaw tried to catch hold of him : "Ah, tame bird, are you alive this morning ?"

"Not a tame bird," said Frank, escaping from him, "not to be caught by you."

"He will be tamed soon, though," cried Power, seizing hold of Frank's arm.

"May be so, but not by you, Mr. Power," said Frank, standing still, but steadily, under his grasp.

"Let the boy go, if you please, Power," said Granville, calmly.

And Power let him go, saying disdainfully, "Who wants to hold him ?"

"One moment, I beg your pardon," said Spellman, setting himself with his spread arms before Frank, to stop him as he was springing forward : "May I ask you one question ?"

"Any you please," said Frank ; "but," added he, in a playful tone, "I'm to choose whether I'll answer it or not."

"Then tell me," said he, winking over Frank's head at the by-standers ; "Tell me, my little man, if you were to choose, of these four gentlemen, whose fag would you be ?"

Frank paused, considered, and answered, "I shall say the name you wish me to say, but not because you expect it, not to flatter anybody : I should choose Mr. Granville."

Granville smiled.

"Well said," cried Cressingham ; "but tell us why—why did not you choose me ?"

"I don't know enough of you, sir," said Frank.

"As much as of Granville," said Cressingham.

"Not *quite* so much," said Frank.

"Why! What do you know of him?" said Cressingham.

"Something," answered Frank; "something that he said."

"Said!" repeated Shaw, "When?"

"Yesterday, at dinner, Mr. Granville said, 'For shame, gentlemen.'"

They all laughed. "He has caught Granville's indignant tone too," said Shaw; "I like the voice particularly."

"I like the feeling better," said Cressingham.

"I like the boy," said Granville, drawing Frank closer to him; "for the future, my dear little fellow, you may call me Granville or Horace, and I will call you Frank."

"Thank you, sir, but I would rather call you Mr. Granville, if you please," said Frank.

"Why? you call your friend Lewis, Lewis, don't you?"

"I do; because he is my friend, sir."

"Well, sir, and I intend to be your friend, sir," said Granville, in a tone of familiarity unusual to him.

"Thank you, sir," said Frank, still without changing his manner.

"He does not understand," said Spellman.

"He does," said Granville, "and I understand him."

A servant came to say that breakfast was ready. Mr. Granville again placed Frank beside him, telling him this was always to be his place.

This day Frank was much happier than he had been yesterday. In the first place, his father ~~this~~ day, in consequence of all he saw and heard of Messieurs Shaw and Power, and of the abuses of the flogging system that prevailed at their school, determined that Frank should never go there. Relieved from this dread, Frank felt happier, because he became more accustomed to the new things and people, by which and by whom he was surrounded. He considered that he was to be at Bellombre only a fortnight, and that what was to happen afterward at school was the point of most consequence to him; therefore, Mr. Granville, whom he began to look upon as his future master and protector, was the only person whom he need be anxious to please.

Frank attended to all he said and did, and talked much of him and his character to Lewis, and to his mother and Mary, whenever, ~~he~~ could speak to them, but that was seldom. Some things he could not understand nor like. He could not understand why Mr. Granville was sometimes so bashful, and at other times so haughty; and he could not bear his letting Spellman go on flattering him. He found that Spellman was the son of some vulgar person, and was vulgar in his manners, mean in his habits, and without information, or any quality to recommend him except good-nature.

The fact was, that he had been Granville's first companion before he went to school, and Granville had then early acquired the habit of liking his flattery, which he mistook for affection, and was glad to have Spellman to speak for him, which relieved his natural bashfulness. At school, and when he mixed with other boys, his shyness was conquered: competition and emulation called out his abilities; his pride of rank and wealth were obliged to give way to a better sort of pride; he exerted himself, and excelled in talents; he kept company with his equals and superiors, and formed a friendship with Cressingham, who was a boy of honour. Whenever he returned home, however, the habits he had formed before he went to school recurred, and Spellman was as necessary at Bellombre as a fag was at school. He now considered Frank as completely under his protection, believing that it was settled that he should take him back with him to school, and have him for his future fag. For some days Frank found him very kind, and eager to secure for him his full share, and, in truth, more than his share, of every pleasure or diversion. In the mornings, there was fishing, boating, riding, driving. Granville mounted Frank well, and was, as he said, surprised to find "how admirably the little fellow rode." Spellman was not only surprised, but pretended to be perfectly astonished; Frank was ashamed, and disliked this coarse flattery, but he was not insensible to the general admiration which he thought he saw, that his horsemanship and his cleverness excited; especially Granville's silent nod in reply to the praises was gratifying. However, his mother and Lewis had put him upon his guard against vanity; he knew his own foible, and he behaved with great propriety. Cressingham liked his modesty.

Shaw and Power did not care about him, when they had not an opportunity of laughing at him as a tame boy or a greenhorn. Frank became quite at his ease, and sometimes rose in high spirits, though still he was not so happy as at home. It was quite a different thing. Mary was never with him; he was scarcely ever with his father and mother, and he had none of his own employments. It was diversion or idleness all day long; and every night, when he went to bed, he was either tired of doing nothing, or his head was in a sort of puzzle, from the variety of things he had seen. His father and mother had left him as much as possible to himself; they never watched him. At the end of every day, when he came to wish his mother good-night in her dressing-room, it was his delight to tell her all that he could recollect of what had happened to him; and he sometimes stayed for half an hour after he had begun by saying he was so tired he could scarcely speak. Mary went to bed early, and was generally asleep when he came, but sometimes he awakened her by his late talkings, and of this she was always very glad, when she could hear from her little room what was said: she used to leave her door open on purpose, but she generally found it shut in the morning. Frank's mother, at length, limited his chattering time to ten minutes, after which she was inexorable; and he was obliged to march off.

One advantage which she hoped from his visit to Bellombre was, as she told him, that it would wean him from the habit of expecting sympathy such as he had enjoyed at home. She thought it was good for him to be separated from the friends with whom he had been used to live, especially from Mary, of whose kind and constant sympathy he would much feel the loss at school. Besides the having been accustomed to too much sympathy, he had, perhaps, been too much nurtured by the fostering dew of praise; he had been led even by his affection for his father and mother, and by his respect and admiration for them, to make their praise and their approbation the object and motive of all his actions. His parents now spoke to him very seriously upon the danger of this to his future character.

They told him, that when he should be separated from them, as he soon would be, he must depend entirely upon his own principles, and upon the conscious-

ness of doing what is right, when perhaps nobody in this world would know it, and when he would have neither sympathy nor praise.

Frank had some slight trials of this kind while he was at Bellombre.

Several little boys, the sons of gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and some the sons of officers who were quartered in the adjacent country-town, were frequently invited during his visit there, chiefly for his amusement. One day Frank proposed to play at *follow the leader*, which he had long desired, and there were now boys enough. Their spirits rose as they went on. One leader vied with another—no one would be left behind. Till at last, when Frank was leader, he, eager to distinguish himself by noble daring, vaulted over certain network fences of the pheasantry, and, as he thought, cleared them without doing any damage, and pursued his way straight across the pheasant-yard; others followed, pushing headlong through the network, which they kicked down level with the ground. The birds, alarmed at this sudden invasion, ran from side to side to their territory, and at last found and flew out of the gap in the network. Much alarmed, the boys now pursued the birds, but pursued in vain. Some of them could not be recovered. Lady Chepstow, who was particularly fond of her pheasantry, was much displeased when she heard what had happened. And who did the mischief? was the question. Some thought Frank had given the first kick. He was quite sure that he had not, and that the damage had been done by his followers; but then he was leader, and had brought them into the scrape. He took the whole blame upon himself, and a great deal he had to bear. But what vexed him most was, that some of the boys, who did most mischief, behaved shabbily, and did not give him any thanks or credit for his truth and generosity. Lewis was not of the party. Frank could not even tell Mary how well he had behaved, but he knew it himself, that was his only comfort.

Many slighter, and some larger instances of a similar kind occurred, where Frank, more strict in truth than some of his companions, suffered by it at the time. But this strengthened his mind, and he felt proud of being able to do without praise, or even the dear reward of

his father and mother and Mary's sympathy and approbation.

One evening the little party had been amusing themselves by playing at cards. Frank, who did not know how to play, was only a stander-by, and he had been rather mortified at not being able to take any part in the diversion. When the elder boys had finished their game, and were gone to billiards, he took up the cards and began to show off to the little boys some of the tricks which he had seen played by the juggler, which, for the moment, made him, in their opinion, a man of consequence. General surprise and admiration were excited, when he declared that he could undertake to tell what card in the pack any person in company might choose. This could not be believed! they defied him. Frank presented the cards to one of the little boys, and bid him choose one and take it from the pack; he did so: then Frank desired him to replace it, and then to whisper to his neighbour the name of the card he had chosen. This was done accordingly; Frank then examining the cards with great gravity, threw one after another upon the table, saying, "It was not this, it was not that, nor that, nor this; but it was this," said he, putting his finger on the king of clubs.

How wonderful! it was the very card the boy had thought of. Frank was looked upon with astonishment by all the little spectators. "Well, you are indeed a conjurer!" cried they.

Frank enjoyed their surprise, and was not a little elated by the superiority which his being able to perform this feat gave him over those who had lately looked down upon him with pity, if not with contempt, for his ignorance of all games at cards, even of "*beggar-my-neighbour*." One of the spectators, however, more incredulous, would not believe what he had seen, and though the others asked if he would not believe his own eyes, he persisted in thinking that what had appeared to have been done had not been done fairly. Frank asked what he meant by fairly? The boy answered, "I mean that I think you overheard the whisper, and so knew the name of the card fixed upon."

"Assure you that I did not," said Frank; "that indeed would not have been fair."

"Well, then, somebody made a sign to you which told you when you came to the right."

"No: I have no friend here but Lewis; and, Lewis, will you go out of the room while I do it over again!"

His friend Lewis went out of the room to oblige him, while a new card was to be fixed upon. Frank retired to the farthest end of the apartment while the name of the new card was whispered, that he might this time be free from all suspicion. The doubter and all the judges acknowledged that it was impossible he should this time have overheard. And yet this time, as before, the moment it appeared, he told the card which had been pitched upon. It was the *knife* of diamonds. All were in admiration except the obstinate doubter, who now looked not only incredulous, but vexed, in the midst of his delighted companions. "What do you think of him now, *general*?" said they. They called him *general*, or the little *general*, because he was the son of an officer, and had often said he would be a *general* when he should be a man; he was an honest, generous boy, but he was too fond of laying wagers, and betting upon all occasions in favour of his own opinion.

"I will lay you any wager I know how you do it; if it is not by the ear, it must be by the eye. You guess by the countenance. I saw you look at your sister, or your cousin, is she? and I dare say she made some sign to you the moment she came near the table."

Mary, who had joined the circle of spectators, now blushing, declared that she had made no sign to Frank; she would go away, she said, and they might try it over again. She withdrew. Frank assured the little *general* that he was mistaken in his suspicions, but he exclaimed,

"You must have some way of doing it—I know there's some trick in it."

"I do not deny that," said Frank; "I have some way of doing it, certainly, but you have not found out my secret."

"Well, I will lay you any wager you please," said he to Frank, "that if your friend and this young lady are both out of the room, and if you stand so that you cannot see our faces, you will never be able to tell the card I choose."

Frank said he would lay any wager that he could tell it.

"Come, then, I'll lay you this silver pencil-case of mine to that ivory rule you showed me, that you cannot."

"Done!" said Frank, hastily.

"Done," said the other; but Frank recollecting himself, drew back, and said, "No, I will not lay any wager about it."

Upon which all, and the little general the loudest, exclaimed that he could not draw back—that this was not fair. "I draw back because I think it would not be fair to go on," said Frank; "I am quite certain that I can do it."

The little general laughed rather sneeringly, and said, "This is a fine way of getting off;" but Frank persisted that he would not lay any wager about it; but he would prove to them that he could do it. He stood with his back to the spectators. Lewis and Mary went out of the room. The knave of hearts was the card which the little general chose; and to secure himself from that wonderful quickness of hearing which he suspected Frank to possess, he would not even whisper it; he wrote it down on a slip of paper, and put it into the hand of a friend, which closed upon it instantly, so that it could not have been seen. Frank, however, without hesitation, named the card which had been thought of, and the moment it appeared said, "That is it, the knave of hearts."

"I give up," said the officer's son; "I am quite convinced that you do it fairly." He ran to call in Mary and Lewis, and repeated the same to them; adding, that he begged Frank's pardon, and theirs for having doubted them.

"But what a fool you were, begging your pardon, Master Frank," said Spellman, "not to stick to your bet; you would have fairly won his silver pencil-case."

"He has shown that he can both play tricks and be honest too, I think," said Cressingham.

Several of the little boys expressed a great desire to know how the trick was played, and Frank said he would explain it to them. He showed, that the person who was to play the trick began by first fixing upon a card, suppose the three of hearts; then he lets you choose what card you please, and in the meantime he keeps his three of hearts at the bottom of the pack; makes you put yours under it, keeps the three of hearts and the card chosen, close together in shuffling, and then he is sure that they must be found together. Afterward, in looking over the pack, he knows that the card

next the three of hearts must be that which was chosen. "That is all, you see," concluded Frank; "the trick is very simple."

"Very simple, indeed," said the little general, "now that we know it."

"And very simple of you, Frank, to show it to them," said Power; "you might always have made yourself a man of some consequence in the world, with this juggler trick, if you had kept it to yourself."

Power walked away as he spoke; and Cressingham, looking at Granville, said, "Who knows but Frank may make himself of some consequence in the world; without the assistance of any juggler's trick!"

Granville gave his approving nod with unusual energy, which pleased both Lewis and Mary very much.

Granville and Cressingham then walked away together, and Spellman following, looked back and said,

"For all that, I would have kept my secret to myself, if I were you, Master Frank."

"So would I, if I were you, Mr. Spellman," answered Frank.

The little general, and Lewis, and Mary, all smiled and thought of the same thing. "Alexander's answer to Parmenio, was not that what made you smile?" said the little general. "It was," said Lewis. The rest of the young people looked as if they wished to understand, but did not. Since they came to Bellombre, scarcely any allusions had ever been made by Lewis, Mary, or Frank, to any thing they had been reading at home. Not that the young people there did not read; they read history more than Frank and Mary ever read for lessons; but either they thought it pedantic to talk of such things, or they had no pleasure in thinking of them. They never listened with interest to any of the conversation of grown-up people upon literary subjects, so that they had little opportunity of feeling the advantage or pleasure of what they had read.

This officer's son, whom we shall call James, was very sprightly and entertaining; his mother was fond of reading, and from her he had learned to like it. He began to give Frank and Lewis a very entertaining account of what had happened to his father in Spain, and the different countries where he had been with his regiment. But Lord Chepstow was heard to say something about franking letters, and Lewis was obliged to go

away to finish a letter for home—the old story. Frank said he would remember, to tell him all that he might hear while he should be away. Frank found that this little general's father was one of those officers whom he had met with at Colonel Birch's the morning of the review, and the boy knew, and loved Colonel Birch, so that there was another subject of agreeable conversation, and reason for liking one another. But while they were talking very happily, all the little party came to ask them to play at some game at cards. The officer's son answered that he could not play with them to-night.

"Oh, I am glad of it!—thank you," said Frank; "do stay and tell me entertaining things, and do not go to those stupid cards."

"Stupid!" exclaimed one of the boys, who, as Frank observed, had a bad countenance. "You say stupid, because you cannot play any game, and *that is* very stupid indeed."

Again he pulled the little general's elbow, saying, "You are not stupid, and you must come to us. Look, we are all waiting for you, general."

"Well, only one game," answered James, following, but as if he was led away against his will. "Only one game, for I want to talk to my friend here," said he, drawing Frank along with him.

"And why cannot your friend there play with us, like other people?" said another of the party.

"I do not know how," repeated Frank, feeling ashamed, he could not tell why, for there really was nothing to be ashamed of in not knowing how to play at cards.

"If that is all, we will soon teach you how," said one of the boys. "Commerce is the easiest game in the world—anybody can play at commerce. Sit down with us, and I will sit beside you and teach you. Come, now, sit down, you have no excuse." Frank thought that he had no other excuse, and he forgot that no excuse was necessary; he need only have said that he did not choose to play. He sat down, but he said he would not play for money. The officer's son said, "Certainly not, till you know how." Frank repeated to himself, "I will not play for money when I do know how." The boy who undertook to teach him, now showed him what cards to play every time when it came to his turn, and, in short, taught him the game, in which no skill, or

very little, seemed necessary ; it was all, or almost all, chance. Frank at first wondered how everybody could be so eager about it; for, thought he, "it is no merit of theirs whether they have or have not what they call *good luck* or *good cards* dealt to them." This was very true; but Frank soon felt that he began to grow eager like the rest, and was pleased and proud when he had good luck, and vexed and mortified when he had ill fortune; though there was nothing to be lost or gained by it, since they were playing for nothing. Frank had *good cards* dealt to him two or three deals running, and he was delighted; his colour and his spirits rose, and now he was extremely eager to go on.

"Now you know the game, Frank, and play as well as any of us, let us play for something; it is so stupid playing for nothing."

"As little as you please; a penny, if you will," said the boy, whom Frank had before observed had a bad countenance.

Frank was not quite sure that it was right to play for money; he had a mind to go to ask his mother, but he was ashamed. He half got up, but the little general whispered, "Have not you a penny? if you have not I'll lend you one."

"Oh yes, I have a penny: I have plenty of money," replied Frank.

"Then sit still, can't you? what signifies a penny—are you afraid to run your chance of losing a penny?" said one of the little boys, laughing.

"Not a bit afraid of that," said Frank.

"What then, must you go to ask your mamma about every penny?"

Frank blushed, drew his penny from his pocket, and laid it in the middle of the table along with the other pennies, in what was called the pool. They played, and Frank played very ill, for his mind was disturbed by the doubt of whether he was doing right or wrong, and he knew but little of what he was about, and scarcely knew one card from another, as his adviser pulled it out of his hand. He did not know how it happened—certainly not by any care of his own, perhaps by the skill of him by whom he was directed, or perhaps by chance—but he won frequently; and at last, all the rest of the party having lost, except himself and his new friend, they two were to play for the whole pool, that is, for all

the halfpence which had been staked, and which were now in the middle of the table. Frank did not care for the money, but he wished to be winner, or, as he called it, to be victorious. He won, exulted in his victory, and consented to play again for one other penny, as he thought; but after he had dealt, an operation, which, as it was new to him, took up all his attention, he saw that there was silver instead of pence in the middle of the table; and he was told that they were now playing for silver, for that it was too vulgar, too stupid, and too miserly to play for halfpence. Frank would have liked to have stopped, but he fancied that he could not do so now that the game was begun; besides, he was afraid of being thought "too vulgar," "too stupid," "too miserly," particularly as the boy with the bad countenance remarked that Frank had won halfpence enough already from them all to pay his stake now, if he lost, "and therefore," said he, "you need not look so anxious about your pence."

Frank said he did not care at all about the pence, and went on playing; and still, though he was really not in the least anxious about either the pence or the silver, he became, as before, excessively eager to win. He was also proud to be able to play entirely for himself. The little general was the most eager of the whole party, and his temper seemed quite altered, as Frank observed, and he became not only anxious, but quite ill-humoured and agitated as the game ran towards the close, which was to decide who was to win or lose. Some disputes occurred, many cross looks, and some cross words. Frank did not like this at all; and he wished it was finished, and once he had a mind to throw down his cards, and give it up and go away. The same thought passed in his mind while his neighbour was dealing; but Frank happened to have such good cards this time, that he saw he should win the game if he did not give it up, and he stayed and played, and, to his surprise and joy, again won, and won the whole.

"And is all this mine!" cried Frank.

"Ay, pocket it," said the boy with the bad countenance, in a surly tone, pushing it towards him. No one took pleasure in Frank's pleasure, no one rejoiced in his success, that was impossible, because all lost by what he gained. The two youngest boys looked disconsolate, but the little general was the most vexed; he bit his

nails, and stamped about, quite in a passion, declaring that he had always the worst luck of anybody in the whole world: and yet he wanted to play one other game. But there was not time; the little boys had not been invited to stay to supper this night. The carriage, which was to carry them home, was at the door waiting, as Spellman had twice told them; and Granville himself now came from the billiard-room to say that they must not keep the horses waiting; off they must go, all but the officer's son, James; he was to go home with his father, who was at billiards, and not yet ready. The boy with the bad countenance said to Frank, as he passed to go away, "Remember, you must give us our revenge to-morrow night."

"Revenge!" said Frank.

"Ay, you must play again, to be sure, to give us losers a chance of winning back our own." Before Frank had time to reply, the boy turned away to claim from James the money he had lent him for his last stake. James answered, "we can settle that another time," and he put his silver pencil-case into the other boy's hand, adding, "take that for the present." Frank did not hear this, nor did he see the disturbed countenance of James, for he was intent upon far other thoughts of his own. He had spread his treasure on the green table, and counting it, and portioning it out, was settling what he would do with it. "With this," said he to himself, "I can buy for Mary the magnet which she wished for, and with this a knife, such as Lewis wanted, and I can buy a pencil-case for myself."

He looked up, and asked the little general the price of his pencil-case. James answered hastily, "I do not know—I did not buy it, it was given to me." Then he began to spin a tetotum which lay on the table; and a sudden thought seeming to come into his head, he took out his watch—a small one, indeed, but it was a real watch.

Frank looked at it, and observed that it was very pretty.

"Frank," said James, "did you ever play at tetotum?"

"Often," said Frank, "with Mary, when she was a very little girl."

"Oh! but I do not mean child's play—I mean men's play, betting. Look at this T on the tetotum, that T stands for 'take up all.' If it comes up first to you, you

win—if first to me, I win. Now, we will play for this watch, if you please; I will stake this against all the money you have won there on the table.”

Frank, in much amazement, looked at him and said, “Would you run the chance of losing your watch—that nice watch?”

“I would,” said James, “because I think I shall win this time. Come, shall I spin the tetotum?”

“Stay,” said Frank, stopping his hand, “I do not think it is right.”

“Right! I have a right to do what I please with my own; the watch is mine. But you are afraid to hazard your treasure there.”

“No,” said Frank, “I am not—I would rather have the watch than all this, or twice as much. So, if you think it is not wrong—”

The other spun the tetotum without waiting to say or to hear more. He spun the tetotum; but the T for ‘take up all,’ did not come up to him—Frank won.

The watch was put into his hands. He was glad—he was sorry—he was amazed. His feelings were like those of one in a dream. He felt some one touch his shoulder, and looking up, he saw not the boy with whom he had been playing: he was gone, but Lewis stood before him.

“How comes this here?” said Lewis, taking up the watch. “Is it yours? How came you by it? What have you been doing?”

He pronounced these questions rapidly, and the anxiety of his manner so alarmed Frank that he had only power to answer—

“It is mine, I’ve won it—I’m afraid I’ve done wrong—what shall I do?”

“Won it! Have you been gambling?—Return it—return it as fast as you can,” cried Lewis.

“That I will,” exclaimed Frank, starting up, “but he is gone!”

“Who do you mean? James?—I met him going out as I came in.”

“Oh, stop him, find him for me,” said Frank.

“Come with me, then, and bring the watch.

They both went in search of James, but they could not find him anywhere, yet his father’s carriage was at the door. What could have become of him unless he had gone away on foot. Frank became very much

frightened. Lewis asked all the servants in the outer hall, but they knew nothing of him. One, however, thought he had seen him pass by a few minutes before. Lewis ran out, guessing that he might have got into his father's carriage. One of the servants would have followed to open the carriage door, but Lewis forbade him, saying, they would rather open the door for themselves. Frank followed; the blinds were up. Lewis went round to the side that was farthest from the hall door, and opened the carriage without making any noise. James, with his face downwards, and stretched on the floor of the carriage, was sobbing violently: he started up, and cried, "Who is there?"—"A friend," answered Lewis; "Go into the carriage, Frank, and I'll wait for you."

Frank jumped in, and without speaking, put the watch into his hands.

"What do you mean?" said James.

"I mean to give it back to you again," said Frank.

"Are you in earnest?"

"Yes, yes, take the watch out of my hand," said Frank.

James took it, and thanked Frank vehemently, again and again, and shook his hands, repeating, "you have saved me, you have saved me—you can't conceive how miserable I was." He was in such agitation he hardly knew what he said or did. The carriage door was open, and by the moonlight Frank saw his face plainly. It was quite pale, and smeared with tears. James kissed the watch several times, exclaiming, "My dear watch! my dear, dear mother. My mother gave it to me, and I promised her never to part with it. Oh Frank! I broke my promise! and to have gone home to her without the watch—Oh, think what shame it would have been. How lucky I was to lose to you instead of to any of the others, they would never have given it back to me. Oh, thank you!—thank you, generous Frank. Now I am resolved I will never get myself into such a scrape again. I will never play for money again."

"Nor I either," said Frank; "I wish you would take back all this which I won. I cannot bear to keep it." Frank emptied his pocket of all that he had won. "Pray do give it back to them, you will see them again, perhaps I shall not. I shall never be happy till they have it all again—I had not the least idea how misera-

ble you were. How very unhappy you must have been when you lost it, and when you recollected that you had broken your promise! How could you do that?"

James looked exceedingly ashamed. "Oh, Frank," said he, "this is the first time you ever gambled, you don't know what it is; but I do—you cannot think how it leads one on to forget every thing. What noise is that in the hall!—Is my father coming?"

"No, only the servants passing backwards and forwards."

"See," said James, "see to what it brings me, to be ashamed to meet my own father and mother. But, good-night, good-night, Frank," continued he; "do not say a word to anybody about the watch, for *they* would be very angry if they knew about it. Keep my secret, and I shall be obliged to you as long as I live. Go, now, my dear Frank, do not let my father find you here, or he will wonder. Only don't tell—promise me that."

Frank would not make this promise, though it was difficult and painful to refuse James in his distress; he stopped on the step of the carriage, and said steadily:—

"I cannot promise you not to tell what has passed to anybody; my friend Lewis knows it already; and I tell my father and mother every thing about myself whenever I think I have done wrong, therefore I must tell them what I have done now, for I think I did very wrong; but I will not mention your name. Will this do?"

James, looking again very much ashamed, paused, and said, "I do not know what I shall do."

"Take my advice," said Frank; "tell the whole to your father and mother."

"I would," said James, "but that I am afraid."

"Afraid!" said Frank. "You a general, and afraid?"

The general changed countenance, and after a moment, exclaimed—

"I am determined I *will* have the courage to tell them the whole truth. Go in, Frank, and tell my father, when you hear them ask for me, that I am sitting in the carriage waiting for him, and that I have something to say to him. Good-by; I wish I had always had such a friend."

This night, when Frank went into his mother's room, he shut Mary's door, for all this, he thought, was not proper for her to hear; and he then told his mother all

that had passed. His father came in, and listened to him while he was speaking; and when he ended by saying, "I hope you will not ask me the name of the boy whose watch I won," his father and mother assured him they would not ask him that, or any question which he felt bound in honour not to answer, and his mother rejoiced to see that he had entire confidence in them.

"Now, Frank," said his father, "young as you are, you have seen something by which you can guess at the meanness and misery to which a gambler may be reduced. Those who acquire the habit of gambling when they are boys, continue it when they grow to be men; and to this terrible passion for gaming, they sacrifice every thing they have in the world—their friends, their family, their honour: just as you saw that boy break his word, and pledge the watch which he had promised to keep for ever. I am glad you have had this lesson early in life, it will make an impression upon you; and now you have another opportunity of trying your own resolution; which do you think best, you are a boy of sense, and I leave it to you to choose. I will either take you home to-morrow morning, or stay with you here to the end of the time I had proposed to remain. Will you go home or stay here?"

Frank answered that he would certainly much rather go home; but yet he chose to stay, that he might try his own power of withstanding persuasion and ridicule.

And his resolution upon this subject did not fail. The next night, when the young party returned, the boy with the bad countenance tried to persuade him to play again, but he steadily refused; and this was the more easy, because James having returned to each of the boys the money which Frank had won, they could not suppose that he refused to play for the mere fear of losing what he had gained.

He kept the little general's secret faithfully, as he had promised; all that he heard about him was, that his father had been ordered away with a detachment of the regiment. When he had repaid the boys their money, he had charged them to give his love to Frank, and to tell him he had taken his advice, and that he hoped and believed that he should be the better for it all his life.

MR. BERKELEY, the curate of Bellombre, was an excellent, amiable man; he usually came every morning to read an hour with Horace Granville, who loved him, and always treated him with the greatest respect. But Messieurs Power and Shaw did not follow this good example. When Granville was not by, Power sometimes showed his vulgar insolence of wealth, and Shaw played off his impertinent wit against this reverend gentleman. Power viewed with scorn the rusty black coat which was worn by him, who gave all he denied himself, to the poor. Shaw, in speaking of him, sometimes called him Parson Adams, and Mr. Primitive, and was very angry with Frank because he would not understand who he meant, except when he called Mr. Berkeley by his proper name, nor would he ever join in their odious merriment.

One Sunday, Lord Chepstow's seat at church was so crowded that some of the company were sent to a pew underneath. Power, Shaw, Lewis, and Frank, were of the number. Power and Shaw, thinking perhaps that they were screened from observation, talked and behaved in a very unbecoming manner during the service; and during the sermon they amused themselves with doing all that they could to distract the attention of Frank and Lewis, but in vain. Frank and his friend had behaved with the most steady propriety. After church, Shaw ridiculed them, and remarked Frank's face of attention, and called him a hypocritical little quiz; and Power added as much wit or abuse of the same kind as he could muster; but Frank was sure he was right, and bore it quite unmoved.

After church, Frank's mother was going to walk to the parsonage with Mrs. Berkeley, and Mr. Berkeley asked Frank and Lewis if they would accompany them; he said he would show them his garden, as they were fond of gardening, and Mary could see what she had long wished to see—a yellow rose in flower.

Power and Shaw whispered to each other, and determined that they, though uninvited, would be of the party, for Shaw was in hopes that he should find something to laugh at in the parsonage and its inhabitants; but they could find nothing to ridicule in its neat content and cheerfulness; besides, they were kept in awe by Granville, who came in soon after them, and before whom

they dared not venture to quiz Mr. Berkeley, or to laugh at any thing belonging to him.

One of the prints in Mrs. Berkeley's sitting-room caught Frank's attention particularly; it was from a picture of Wright—under it were written these words:

"Miravan—A young nobleman of Ingria, breaking open the tomb of his ancestors in search of wealth (incited by this equivocal inscription—'In this tomb is a treasure greater than Cræsus ever possessed'), found, on entering it, the following:—'Here dwells repose.—Sacriligious wretch! searchest thou for gold among the dead? Go, son of avarice, thou canst not enjoy repose!'"

Frank called Lewis to look at this print, and to read what was written beneath it.

Lewis wondered that the story was told of a young nobleman in Ingria, because he recollected, in the first volume of Herodotus, which he had just read at school, a similar story told of Darius, and of a princess who had been buried over one of the gates of Babylon.

Mrs. Berkeley took down the Greek Herodotus, and gave Frank the translation, that he might look for the story. Frank found it, and eagerly read it aloud, happy to do honour to his friend Lewis. Mr. Berkeley asked his daughter to copy the print for Frank, which she kindly promised; of which Frank was very glad; but he still more enjoyed the praises of his friend, whose excellent memory pleased all present—all except Shaw, who could not bear the praise of any talents but his own. He had first asserted that he was sure there was no such thing in Herodotus; looked mortified when Frank found it, and tried to comfort himself by disparaging Herodotus, who, as he said, was known to be the father of lies. He attacked his translator too, and endeavoured to fix the attention of the company by his own superior knowledge of Greek, in detecting some small error; but this failing, he looked excessively mortified. Frank observed that Power seemed more interested than he had ever known him before in any subject of literature. He seemed really to admire Lewis, and Spellman continued to question him in various parts of the book, keeping Mr. Berkeley in admiration of his memory, till Shaw at last took up his hat and walked off. Then Power laughed, and said to Granville, "We have fairly driven Shaw off the field; he could not stand our praises of Lewis with all his wit; he is the most envious crea-

ture alive. Think of his envying a boy so much younger than himself!"

Granville made no answer but a look of high disdain. Frank, who did not know the feelings of envy, was really surprised, and could scarcely believe it possible. He had observed, indeed, that Shaw always found fault with whatever was praised, especially with an excellent prize poem of one of Lewis's schoolfellows; but this, Frank had attributed to a party-spirit, of the nature of which he had lately acquired some knowledge. He had wondered that he never admired any of the periodical papers written by his own schoolfellows, which he had always criticised with great severity. But still Frank, in his simplicity, had thought that this must arise from Shaw's superior cleverness, which made it so difficult to please his taste and judgment. At first he could not suspect envy, but his eyes were now open to the truth. Power, with brutal mirth, told several anecdotes in confirmation of the truth, and said he would lay any wager he could make Shaw envious of a child of four years old. Frank, instead of joining in his mirth, looked grave and astonished.

"Is it possible," said he, "that so clever a boy as Shaw can be envious, and that you, who are his friend, can laugh at him?"

"Why not," said Power; "does not he laugh at me and at everybody? He is fair game, if anybody is, and one is glad to have a shot at him."

So saying, he took Spellman by the arm, who, with his acquiescing "very true," walked off.

"Lewis, you are a different sort of friend," thought Frank. Mr. Berkeley, as if he had read his thoughts, said,

"What a happiness it is to you two to be such good friends. This will last not only through your school-days, but through life."

"Certainly," said Frank; "only, do you know, sir, there is one great misfortune, we cannot go to the same school!"

"That is a misfortune, for which I pity you," said Mr. Berkeley; "but, to whatever school you go, your friendship will continue, and wherever you are you will make friends, if you preserve this kind, generous temper, untainted with envy."

"If?" repeated Frank, and he stood silent. "Surely,"

thought he, "it is impossible that I could ever become envious."

The rest of the company now began to talk on different subjects. Some gathered round a table to look at Miss Berkeley's beautiful drawings. Many went to a hortus siccus, a collection of dried plants. Lewis to a mineralogical cabinet; but Frank, more interested in what his father and Mr. Berkeley were saying than in flowers or stones, followed them to a window, where they were talking apart.

He asked if he might listen to what they were saying; his father nodded assent, and went on, eagerly speaking of the difference between emulation and envy. Emulation being a generous desire to raise ourselves in excellence; envy, a base wish to lower others.

Mr. Berkeley admitted the possibility of keeping these distinct. "Certainly, in careful private education," he said, "this could be done effectually."

He opened a volume of Cowper's Poems, and pointed to some lines, which Frank read along with his father.

These describe emulation as a compound

"Of envy, hatred, jealousy, and pride."

and give a terrible picture of the spirit of competition among schoolboys.

"Each vainly magnifies his own success,
 Resents his fellow's, wishes it were less;
 Exults in his miscarriage if he fail,
 Deems his reward too great if he prevail;
 And labours to surpass him day and night,
 Less for improvement than to tickle spite.
 The spur is powerful, and I grant its force;
 It pricks the genius forward in its course,
 Allows short time for play, and none for sloth;
 And felt alike by each, advances both;
 But judge, where so much evil intervenes,
 The end, though plausible, not worth the means.
 Weigh for a moment classical desert,
 Against a heart depraved, and temper hurt;
 Hurt too, perhaps for life; for early wrong
 Done to the nobler part, affects it long."

As he finished these lines, Frank sighed.

"Do not be afraid, my dear," said Mr. Berkeley, smiling; and, laying his hand on Frank's head, added, "I am sure that you will never become envious."

"How can you be sure of that?—or how can I be sure

of it?" said Frank; "for, if it happens to others when they go to school, why should it not happen to me?"

His father answered "that he had been at a public school himself—that he had felt emulation strongly; and that he could answer for it that envy is not the necessary consequence of school competitions; he had been excelled by many, but he never recollected having felt envious of his successful rivals, nor," added he, "did my winning many a prize from my friend Birch ever diminish his friendship for me."

Granville and Cressingham were passing by at this moment, and Frank's father appealed to them, and asked their opinion. They supported his evidence with their own; said, that they thought they had seen more envy and jealousy between boys bred at home than among those at school; because at home, the applause and affection of the father and mother became part of the reward, and the boy who does not succeed in scholarship, is then more mortified than he could be by losing any school-prize: but, they agreed, that much in either case depended upon the impartiality of the parents, and the justice of the schoolmaster.

Frank was of opinion that parents could not be partial—as to schoolmasters, he did not know, but he was willing to believe, that they could be sometimes unjust, and perhaps often mistaken. But the general argument, however, did not interest him so much as his own particular case: he hoped that he might feel like his father, or like Colonel Birch, or like any of those generous boys who had been free from envy; but he wanted to know how he could make sure of this.

Granville walked off, saying, that a boy who was not naturally base, he supposed, was not likely to become envious.

Frank blushed at his own doubts of himself; but his father and Mr. Berkeley told him that he need not be ashamed of them; that these doubts would probably prove his best security, as they would make him watchful over his own mind. "But," added Mr. Berkeley, "there can be little dependance upon good feelings, unless supported both by good habits and good principles."

"Principles!" said Power, as he came up behind Frank and heard the last words.

"They are at principles, and such fudge still," whispered he to Spellman.

"Remember, it is Sunday," said Spellman, with a sort of double face and tone, which was meant to appear respectful to Mr. Berkeley, and which Power was to understand as mockery: "you forget it is Sunday."

"Sunday or not, I hope there is no harm in going to the stables, so come off—with Mr. Berkeley's leave, we will go and take a peep at his stud."

"I have no stud, young gentlemen," replied Mr. Berkeley, mildly. "I have only one horse, and he is not at all worth your seeing."

"We shall see that," said Power, and with an insolent nod he left the room, followed by Spellman, with a mock-respectful bow, which it was very well for him that Granville did not see.

Mr. Berkeley, quite unmoved, resumed what he had been saying.

"My dear young friend, if you will allow me to call you so—"

"I will, sir," said Frank, eagerly, "thank you."

"A boy accustomed, as you have been, to appeal to his own conscience, without looking always to the praise of others, or to the opinion of by-standers, will be well enough satisfied with himself when he is sure that he is right in essential things. Mere learning, or any attainment, or any talent, as you know, are far inferior in value to honourable, generous feelings and conduct. Even if you should meet with an unjust schoolmaster, or should fail in school competitions, the consciousness in your own mind of being free from all envy, will support you under that mortification; besides, I am sure, that you would have too much spirit to give up; and you would know that if you did not succeed in one instance, you might do so some time or other; and this hope will secure you from envy. It has been well observed by those who know human nature best, that people of strong minds are never envious; weak minds only are subject to that unhappy infirmity."

Frank thanked Mr. Berkeley, and felt particularly gratified by his manner of speaking to him.

In support of the truth of what Frank's father had asserted, "That under judicious guidance, strong emulation may be excited in young minds without any mixture of envy, Mr. Berkeley related an anecdote which had fallen under his own observation, in a school in his neighbourhood. At this school, the sons of several

wealthy farmers, and of the poorer class of peasants, received instruction together.

It happened that the sons of a rich farmer and of a poor widow came in competition for the monitorship of their class; they were so nearly equal that the master could scarcely decide between them: some days one, some days the other, gained the head of the class. It was to be determined by seeing who should be at the head of the class for the greater number of days in the week.

The widow's son, by the last day's answer, gained the victory, and maintained his place the ensuing week, till the school was dismissed for the holydays.

When they met again, however, he did not appear, and the farmer's son being next in excellence, might now have been at the head of his class; but instead of seizing that vacant place which had devolved to him by the nonappearance of his rival, he went to the widow's house to inquire what could be the cause of her son's absence. Poverty was the cause: she found that she was not able, with her utmost endeavours, to continue to pay for his schooling, and for the necessary books; and the poor boy had returned to day labour, as it was his duty, for her support. The farmer's son, out of the allowance of pocket-money which his father gave him, and without letting anybody but the widow and her son know what he did, bought all the necessary books, and paid for the schooling of his rival, and brought him back again to the head of his class, where he continued to be monitor for a considerable time, at the expense of his generous rival.

Frank clapped his hands at hearing this story. Mary came up to ask what pleased him so much, and he repeated it to her with delight.

On taking leave of Mr. Berkeley, they were sorry to hear that he was going away for several days, to visit some distant parts of his parish, and he was not sure that he should return before they were to leave Bellombre.

"So, master!" said Shaw, stopping opposite to Frank one evening, and setting his hand on his hip, contemplating him as he was standing alone, while the other little boys were playing at cards—"So, Master Frank,

you seem to be left out of every thing that is going on there."

"I was not *left* out, I *took* myself out," said Frank.

"Took yourself out—very good—but you look mighty like a person *sent to Coventry*," said Shaw. "Do you, in your simplicity, know what is meant by being *sent to Coventry*, pray?"

"Yes," said Frank, "you see I do."

"And how do you like it, my lad?" said Shaw.

"I do not like it, but I can bear it," said Frank; "one must bear many disagreeable things, and disagreeable people too."

Shaw passed on, took his hand off his hip, and rubbed it over his mouth, as was his custom when he had no pun ready, or when he was discomfited.

Frank had observed, that at the same time every evening Lewis always disappeared, and reappeared about an hour afterward. Frank had often thought of going to see what he was about, but something or other had always put it out of his head. But now that his declining popularity left him leisure to think more of his friend, he went in search of Lewis, whom he found in his room, quietly writing.

"What, letters! letters for ever!" cried Frank.

"Not at letter-writing, but at letters, *Belles-lettres*," said Lewis; "I must learn to pun from Shaw. I am getting on with my theme: you know I have no time to lose."

"I see you lose no time," said Frank. "What! you have chosen Epaminondas. My dear Lewis, how can you go on here just as if you were at home?"

"Why not?" said Lewis; "nothing disturbs me here, in my own room, you know."

"And yesterday, I saw you reading in the room with us all, when there was such a noise I did not know that two and two made four," said Frank. "I do not think I could have said my alphabet. I could not have attended to the most entertaining book in the world, in that buzz of voices, and din of billiards."

"Oh, we are used at school to read, and write, and get our lessons, in a much greater din," said Lewis; "so it is easy to do the same anywhere; that is one great advantage in having been at school."

"Shall I ever be able to do so?" said Frank.

"Oh, yes, you will; necessity is a hard master, but

you are sure to learn from him, as my master said, who, by-the-by, is not a hard master."

"I wish he was to be mine," said Frank.

"He would tell you to say, '*I wish he were* to be mine,'" said Lewis, laughing, 'for he is very exact about the subjunctive mood, and I am sure would not let a fault pass even in a compliment to himself."

"So exact! and yet you seem to love him."

"I do; some people say that no boy ever loved the man who taught him Latin, but that I deny," said Lewis.

"So do I," said Frank, "for I love my father, and yet he taught me Latin. But how Shaw would quiz and laugh at us, if he heard what we are saying this minute," said Frank, looking as if he was a little afraid that the walls should hear.

"The walls have not ears," said Lewis; "and if they had, and if Shaw were to laugh at us, what matter?"

"I should not mind it *much*," said Frank; "but," continued he, returning to what Lewis was writing, "is it possible that you have done all this? How could you do it in so little time? I scarcely ever missed you out of the room. How long were you at it every day?"

"Just one hour every day," said Lewis, "and at a time when nobody wanted me, nobody missed me, you see; perhaps I lost some of the diversion below stairs; but without doing this, I could not have finished my theme, so I am content."

"Shall I ever do as much, do you think?" said Frank.

"That you will. Consider how much older I am than you, Frank; I am growing quite an old man."

"So you are, really," said Frank.

"Now I am come to the delightful word *finis*," said Lewis, "and very glad I am; I worked hard, that I might have the few days afterward for you and Mary, when we go home."

"How very well thought of, and how kind," said Frank; "but you know how to be kind, and you think of every thing, though one would not guess it, because you never look solemn." He now seized upon Epaminondas, sat down, and said he would read it before he stirred; but Lewis, though he was very anxious to know what he would think of it, would not let him stay; he took the MS. out of his hand, and went down stairs with him.

If any young or old author should ever chance to read

this, he will feel, perhaps, that there was some difficulty in the sacrifice, and will pronounce Lewis to be a good friend.

They went to the billiard-room, where the young people were assembled. Granville, Cressingham, Shaw, and Power, were at the table, which they had to themselves, all the elders being at this time, happily or unhappily, engaged in talking politics.

Frank liked very much to see billiards played. This is more a game of skill and address than of chance; and his father, whose advice he had asked, had no objection to billiards; on the contrary, he liked them much as excellent exercise, good trial of the eye and hand, and pleasant amusement, *provided that they be not played for money, or turned to gambling by betting on the players.* Shaw and Power had desired to play for money, but to this Granville would not consent; he had refused to play if they betted on his head. This was the more extraordinary, Shaw observed, because Granville played better than anybody.

"The more honourable, you mean, not the more extraordinary, I hope," said Cressingham; "he does not want to win all Power's money, which he could easily do, you know, if he let himself be provoked to bet."

Power said something about his not valuing money, and not valuing those who were so mighty careful of their own or other people's.

Granville said that Mr. Power might do what he pleased anywhere else, he did not pretend to have any right to control him; but that, for his own part, he would not let his father's billiard-table be turned into a gaming-table.

This, which was pronounced not only proudly, but steadily, put a stop to all further discussion; and, to Frank's great satisfaction, it was settled that there should be no bets. They went on playing for *nothing*, a phrase perhaps invented by those who think money every thing, and who forget that playing for health and amusement may be considered as playing for something. Frank now stood beside Granville, whose address he watched with great eagerness, observing the care with which he aimed, and the skill with which he struck the ball, to make it go to whatever point he desired. Frank's eye followed his ball constantly, and he wished that it should always succeed. This sym-

pathy and wish for his success were evidently agreeable to Granville, who twice said, "Thank you, Frank!" and once stopped to let him have a stroke at the ball himself, putting the cue into Frank's hand, and guiding him in his first aim.

"I never saw Mr. Granville half so fond of anybody, I mean of any boy of his age, before," observed Spellman, in a tone intended to be flattering, but which, at the same time, betrayed that he was, for his own part, a little mortified. Well might he be mortified, for all the exaggerated praise that he continually bestowed on Granville's "wonderful fine play!" never made Granville turn his head, or move a muscle of his countenance; "and yet he certainly must hear what Spellman is saying," thought Frank: "I wonder he lets him flatter in this way." Granville, though ashamed before others to appear to accept this adulation, yet from a mixture of habit and belief in Spellman's being attached to him, and from weakness, suffered him to go on. Frank could not endure it; he went as far from him as he could, to the opposite side of the table, and forgot to *mark*, and was so absent that at last Granville called to him to mind his business, and reached across and gave him a little tap on the head with his cue. Frank started, and drew his head from under the stick; he did not like it, because he had seen the same thing done to Spellman. However, he obeyed directly, marked twice for Granville, and begged pardon for his carelessness.

"What could you be thinking of?" said Spellman. "Pray do tell us, what were you thinking of?"

"I would rather not tell you," said Frank.

"Oh, you must tell us!" cried Power, seizing hold of him in his rough manner.

Frank repeated "that he would rather not, that he would not tell him;" and at last added, "that Mr. Power had no right to force his thoughts from him."

"True," said Granville, in his deciding voice. "Let the boy alone, if you please, Mr. Power; he is under my protection."

"Happy for him," said Spellman.

"Very likely," said Shaw, "yet he does not look remarkably happy at this moment. Did you see how he rubbed his head when Granville gave him that little rap just now? A delicate fag he will make."

"He must be delicate, indeed, and more delicate than

I have any idea of, if he did not like *that*," said Spellman. "Is it possible, Frank, that you did not like *that*?"

Frank acknowledged that he did not. Spellman repeated his astonishment, and Granville coolly looked at Frank for explanation.

Frank did not attempt to give any, and Granville went on playing without noticing him more. "You will never do at school, little gentleman, I can tell you, if you are not good-humoured," said Cressingham.

"Never," said Granville.

"Good-humoured," cried Lewis; "you will find Frank one of the best humoured boys you ever saw."

Granville looked at him, as much as to say, "Who asked your opinion?" and still went on playing. He lost the game, and Spellman was again very much surprised, and questioned whether Lewis, who was the marker on the opposite side, had marked rightly. Frank was quite sure that Lewis had marked rightly, for he said he had seen him.

"How is this, Frank! I thought you were on my side," said Granville.

"So I was, and so I am," said Frank.

"Then why do you speak on the other side?" said Spellman.

"I speak the truth," said Frank, "without considering about sides."

"Very right, my little fellow," said Cressingham.

"But that will never do in this world, or at school," said Shaw.

Frank said he was sorry for it.

"Do not believe it," said Cressingham; "the truth will do at school and everywhere else, if you speak it properly."

"Pray see if I have cast this up right," said Spellman, turning to Frank. "Look, I noted down here the number of games at billiards, which everybody won this week past, and see what a prodigious number Mr. Granville won. It is quite surprising, is not it! Am not I right?"

No, there was an error in the casting up, which Frank corrected. "There should be a nine in place of this naught," said he.

"Frank is right," said Granville, going over the sum. "Thank you, Spellman. But, Frank, you should not call it *naught*, you should say *ought*."

This Cressingham doubted. It was said, with what truth we know not, that all Cambridge scholars call the cipher *aught*, and all Oxford scholars call it *naught*. Shaw was intended for Oxford, Granville for Cambridge, and a dispute concerning aughts and naughts arose between them. They neither of them produced any decisive arguments, and both began to grow warm. Frank ran for Johnson's great dictionary, and looked for the two words in dispute, and he found that *ought* is there explained to mean *any thing*, and *naught*, nothing; so that he was inclined to think he should call the cipher, which means nothing, *naught*. But he did not this time speak till he was asked; when Granville turned to him and asked what Johnson decided; Frank read it, and Granville looked vexed, and said people were not obliged to submit to Johnson always.

Spellman had been going on the whole time saying, "Granville's for aughts, I am for aughts—who is for aughts? What, Frank! you against Granville?"

"Yes," Frank acknowledged; and this time he spoke very modestly, though steadily, that as far as he had heard and as far as he could judge, he was for naughts.

"You, sir, are for naughts too, I think, are not you?" said Granville, looking haughtily towards Lewis. Lewis said he was.

Shaw and Power were impatient to go on playing at billiards, and there the matter dropped for the present; but this slight difference about *aughts* and *naughts* had put Granville out of temper.

Spellman now perceiving that Granville was not pleased with Lewis, took every little opportunity he could find of saying something taunting against him, his school, and his schoolmaster. As there was no other boy present who was of the same school, Lewis had to defend himself alone, which he did with great spirit and good-humour, till Spellman vanquished, told him that one of the Miss Granvilles was waiting for him to play at chess, and Lewis left the billiard-table. As soon as he was gone, Spellman confessed he did not like him much; it might be his fault, but he *could* not like him. "Why?" asked Frank. To this he answered that he could not tell what it was he did not like, but really he could not like him. If that was all, Frank did not care. Spellman, however, proceeded to attack him for being too good rather *quizzical*—not like other people. Frank

defended his friend with all his might. Shaw and Power, partly to provoke him, and partly for diversion, joined Spellman in ridiculing Lewis; and Frank, far from giving way, became more zealous and eloquent. So eager was he in this cause, that he forgot every now and then his duty of marker for Granville; Cressingham, however, noted whatever he omitted, and Granville never called upon Frank, or seemed to notice his omissions, but proudly continued playing and naming his own hits, without taking any part either in attack or defence.

When the game ended, Frank left half finished some sentence in praise of Lewis, and ran to his post to tell *how much* Granville had won.

"Pray go back and finish your sentence," said Granville, putting him aside; "we can do without you."

"I beg your pardon," said Frank, "but I was fighting for Lewis."

"Lewis is obliged to you," said Granville.

"And I am sure you will not be angry with him," said Cressingham, "for defending his friend behind his back."

"Angry! who is angry?" said Granville. He laid down his cue, and began to twirl a billiard-ball round and round in silence. Shaw and Power now fell into a conversation about blacking for boots.

"But," said Spellman, pursuing Frank, and speaking so that he was sure Granville heard what he was saying, "do tell me, would you really rather go to Lewis's school than with Mr. Granville?"

"To be sure I would," cried Frank.

"That to be sure, and the emphasis upon it, is not over and above civil," said Spellman, "in my humble opinion; nor, after all, over and above grateful."

"If it is uncivil, I am sorry for it; I did not mean to be uncivil," said Frank, looking towards Granville, whose face he could not see, but he saw the deep crimson colour of his ears. "Mr. Granville has been very kind to me ever since I came here, and I am sure I am very much obliged to him."

"Spellman, do let the boy alone. I cannot bear to have thanks forced from people," said Granville, looking up for a moment, and then spinning his billiard-ball with increased energy.

"He did *not* force my thanks from me. I hope, sir,"

said Frank, laying his hand upon Granville's arm, "that you don't think me ungrateful!"

"I do not think about it," said Granville, slightly shaking off his hand.

"Surely you believe me to be sincere?" said Frank, in a very melancholy tone.

"Only a little too sincere," said Cressingham.

"Too sincere, that's impossible, surely," said Spellman.

"How could I do otherwise," said Frank, appealing alternately to Cressingham and to Mr. Granville.

"When Mr. Spellman asked me the direct question, of which I would rather go with, I could not answer him any thing but the plain truth."

"Who blames you?" said Granville. "Not I, I am sure."

"No: but I was afraid you were angry with me, and you have been very kind to me, and I should be exceedingly sorry to displease you," said Frank, again putting his hand upon Granville's arm; and this time Granville did not shake it off.

"Ah, I do not wonder," said Spellman, "that you are anxious not to displease him. When you go to school, you would be in a fine way indeed without his protection!"

"I am not thinking of his protection—I do not want that," said Frank, indignantly, with an emphasis expressive of the contempt which he felt for Spellman's meanness. "I do not want his protection," repeated he.

"Then you shall not have it," said Granville, thinking, in the confusion of his anger, that the contempt was thrown upon his protection. "Henceforward you shall not have it;" and he walked away, followed officiously by Spellman. Frank stood looking after him, at a loss what to do next; and he laid his head down upon his hands on the billiard-table, to try to think.

"Never mind," said Cressingham, who stood beside him.

"But I must mind," said Frank; "for he has been very kind to me."

"And he will be so again; never mind, he will come to himself again. In the meantime take my advice—whatever happens to you never complain."

"That, I should scorn to do" said Frank.

"You have a great deal of spirit, and I like you the better for it. But mind you keep your temper, my little lad; it may be tried, but do not give any hasty answers. Do not fly off from Granville."

"I fly off! I have no intention of flying off, I am sure," said Frank.

"Well, well; but what I mean is, you must bear a little injustice now and then."

"Must I?" said Frank; "that's very hard; I have never been used to it."

"Hard or soft, it must be in this world, as you will find. Pray, is it quite settled that you go to school with us?"

"Quite, quite settled," said Frank.

"Then I like you the better for defending your friend Lewis as you did."

Spellman here returned to say that Granville was asking for Cressingham, to settle about to-morrow's ride. Cressingham went away with Spellman, but turned back to say, in a low voice to Frank,

"Take care you do not go and repeat to Lewis any of the things that were said against him."

"I will not—indeed I should never have thought of it," said Frank. "But thank you, I will follow all your good advice."

The next day, from Granville's morning face, Frank could not guess whether he was pleased or displeased; but he certainly was not familiar or kind to him as formerly. Spellman was more flattering even than usual, and seemingly in high favour. He asked permission for some of his relations, an aunt and a cousin of his, to see Bellombre this morning. It was permitted to strangers to walk in the grounds two days in the week, but this was not one of them; however, Granville obtained permission for Spellman's friends, and Spellman would not be of the riding-party; he would stay at home, to show the beauties of Bellombre to his relations—this was such a delight to him, as he said. In all this there was one, and but one thing that interested Frank; he was glad that the flatterer was not to be of their riding-party. A very pleasant morning, and a delightful ride it was expected to be through the glen to the race-ground, where there were to be races, which Frank was particularly curious to see. But when the saddle-horses were brought to the door, and when the boys and gen-

men all began to mount, Frank was panic struck; he saw and said, "he feared there were not horses enough for all."

"Enough for you, as usual," said Granville, beckoning to his father's groom to bring forward the pony which Frank had usually ridden; but there was no horse for Lewis.

"Now," thought Frank, "as Spellman stays at home, there is his horse surely for Lewis."

"Well, up with you, what are you fumbling about?" said Shaw.

Lewis, who knew what passed in his mind, came behind him and whispered, "Do not say any thing; go without me, pray."

The groom fancying, from the earnestness with which Frank had fixed his eyes on the horse, that there was something in his opinion wrong about stirrup or girths, altered them, and Granville dryly said,

"Come, all's right now; up with you, Frank, if you please."

But Frank did not please. "Thank you, sir," said he, "but I would rather not go."

"Please yourself," said Granville, "only be sure you do so."

Frank repeated, in a very gentle voice, but quite steadily, that he would rather stay at home.

"Take this horse back to the stable," was all that Granville said; and, mounting his own horse, he coolly gave some directions to Spellman about sending one of his dogs after him, and rode off without looking again at Frank. When they were thus left, Lewis was beginning to say that he was very sorry, but Frank put his hand before Lewis's mouth, and stopped the word. "Do not say sorry, for I am glad; we shall be very happy together, and if Granville's angry for nothing, I can't help it. Come up with me to your room now, and give me your Epaminondas."

The manuscript was produced, and Frank rolled a large, huge arm-chair to the table, and established himself in it, leaning on his elbows, frowning and looking as he said he fancied great critics always look, when they are reviewing. He made the author read his theme. His young brow unbending as he listened, he forgot to play the critic's part, and satisfied the author with what

alone, it is said, can satisfy an author, "large draughts of unqualified praise."

"Now, was not I right, Lewis," said Frank, "to stop the word *sorry* from coming out of your mouth? I am sure I have been happier this morning than any morning since I came to Bellombre."

BETWEEN sense and nonsense, talking and laughing, the hours passed so quickly that they could hardly believe that it was luncheon-time, when a servant came to summon them down stairs.

Frank and Lewis had made themselves general favourites, by their attentive, polite manners, and by their being always able to employ themselves, so that they were never burdensome to others, especially to the mistress of the house, as idle schoolboys, in the holidays, always are. The ladies invited them to accompany them in a walk which they were going to take in the park, and Frank was delighted to have the pleasure of a walk in company with his mother and Mary too. But as Mary was walking in form, with a Miss Granville on each side of her, and as his mother was listening or talking to Lady Chepstow, there appeared little hope of her ever listening or talking to him. Frank soon grew tired of keeping in a line with them, or of marching in file through narrow passes of the shrubberies.

"Come, Lewis, let us go on before," said Frank.

They went on, but in the midst of a lively conversation Frank stopped short.

"What is the matter? What stops you?" said Lewis.

"Don't you see those people who are going round the Temple of Fame?" said Frank.

"Only Spellman's party, to whom he was to show the lions," said Lewis. "You know what showing the lions means now?"

Frank made no answer, but kept his eyes fixed till the people, who were on the farthest side of the temple, again became visible.

"It is Tom! Tom and his mother!" exclaimed Frank; "I thought I could not be mistaken, but I am very sorry I am right."

Lady Chepstow and the sober walkers having by this

time reached the top of the hill, saw Spellman's party, and her ladyship turned into another path to avoid them.

"We must give up the Temple of Fame for this morning," said she, "and take the lower walk. It is a terrible thing to have a *show-place*, where one is always exposed to meeting people."

They took the lower walk, and Frank hoped that they should never meet Tom and his foolish mother again.

That hope was vain. It was not Lady Chepstow's fault; she left them free course and time to depart, but after pursuing the lower walk, and leaving the upper to Spellman and his party, and after making the grand tour of the park, she was compelled to meet them again at the lower gate, where, at the joining of the paths, full they stood before her. How they had managed to walk so slow was inconceivable, but so it was. Mrs. J— came forward, and was surprised and delighted, and delighted and surprised, to see Frank and his mother; and her Tom was so charmed too, she was sure, to see his friend Frank; he could not speak, of course, but tucking his whip under his arm, he gave Frank such a shake of the hands that Mary shrunk for him.

Why he is so overjoyed to see me I do not know, thought Frank, withdrawing his squeezed hand; but I am sorry to see him, though I am afraid this is ill-natured. I wonder he does not ask for Felix. "You will be glad to hear, Tom, that Felix is quite well again," said he.

"Lord! so I suppose he is *by this*; he has had time plenty. How long do you *stop* here?"

"I do not know," said Frank; "I suppose till your mother has done talking."

"But I ask you *how long* you are to be at Bellombre!"

"Some days, I believe."

"And do you go to school? And when, and where?" And a number of other questions Tom abruptly asked, for now he seemed determined to talk to Frank, and he would have seized upon his arm, but that Frank retreated between the two Miss Granvilles, whom Tom dared not approach. Lady Chepstow had been obliged, as Frank heard her say in a low voice to the governess, to ask them in to rest and take some refreshments, as they seemed friends of—

There her ladyship's voice was lost. "Of ours perhaps," said Frank to himself. "What a mistake!"

Spellman kept up the mistake, however, by rejoicing as he did to find that his aunt (for Mrs. J—— was his aunt), and Tom (for Tom was his cousin), were so well acquainted with Frank and his mother; and it was so lucky that they had the pleasure of meeting at Bellombre.

With Mrs. J—— and her Tom was her sister, a travelled lady, fresh from Italy, but who by her travels had only added new affectation to old vulgarity. In the course of half an hour, while they rested themselves and took some refreshments, Lady Chepstow perceived her mistake, saw that Tom was no friend of Frank's, and that Mrs. J—— was no favourite of his mother's.

Notwithstanding Mrs. J——'s admiration of every thing she saw at Bellombre, and her travelled sister's desire to see the cascade again, which had so much put her in mind of the *Acquapendente*, that fine fall of water in Italy, on which she had doted; and though Mrs. J—— declared that she had actually bought a place in the neighbourhood of Bellombre, and was quite determined to settle there, Lady Chepstow showed no further disposition to cultivate their acquaintance. When their stay had been protracted to its utmost decent length, Spellman was quietly suffered to ring the bell for their carriage; but as they were departing, he asked and obtained permission for them to see the Italian pictures in the great drawing-room, and he extended that permission to showing them the whole house. As soon as they had left the room, Lady Chepstow observed that Spellman was an excellent creature, but that really he had a sad horde of vulgar relations, with whom they must not be overrun.

One of the Miss Granvilles sat with Mary near the window, and from time to time looked out at the carriage, which waited long at the door. "Here's Horace and the gentlemen come back from their ride," said Miss Granville.

"Now Mrs. J—— is getting into her carriage," said Mary. A minute afterward Miss Granville came to her mother, and said in French,

"Mamma, my brother is bringing back that boy."

"Oh, my dear, impossible! he would not be so barbarous either to me or the boy."

"But I assure you, ma'am, I saw Spellman say something to Horace, and he touched the boy on the back with his whip as he was getting up into the barouche-seat, and took him down. There, the carriage has driven off, and without him!"

So Frank and Mary saw to their sorrow.

Horace came in, and whispered to his mother something ending with, "Spellman did so wish it," to which she replied,

"You can refuse Spellman nothing, that is the truth, my dear Horace; but really I do not wonder at it, for Spellman is the most attached creature, and has ever been so from his cradle."

"Tom will sleep in Spellman's room, ma'am, and shall be no trouble to you," said Granville.

"The boy will be miserable here, I am sure; but that is his affair and yours, my dear Horace."

Miserable and miserably awkward Tom looked when he reappeared in the drawing-room during the trying five minutes before dinner. He stuck close to his cousin Spellman's pocket, but Spellman forcibly took the beloved whip from his hands; and, bereft of that, Tom did not know what to do with his hands; and first one clinched, as if he was going to box with it, stopped his mouth needlessly; and when that hand was pulled down by fidgety Spellman, Tom took to buttoning and unbuttoning one and the same button of his waistcoat continually. Frank recollected his own trick of buttoning and unbuttoning the sleeve of his coat when he was a child, and was glad he had cured himself of it. Now good-naturedly pitying Tom, he once thought of speaking to him; but he guessed from what he had seen that this would only increase his embarrassment, or expose him to the danger of giving some gruff, brutal answer.

Lady Chepstow, who, as she said afterward, was really curious to hear the sound of Tom's voice, asked if he had been amused with the pictures, to which he answered, "I don't know."

Spellman, very judiciously, hauled him off into the ante-chamber, to look at some picture which he had not seen, and which he was sure Tom must like.

When they were going to dinner, Lady Chepstow said to her son, as her eye glanced at Tom, "That young gentleman is under your protection."

"And he shall have it," said Horace, taking Tom by

the hand, and as he passed by Frank, he added, "unless he disdains it."

At dinner Tom was placed on one side of Mr. Granville, and Frank took his usual seat on the other side. All dinner-time the conversation, unhappily for Frank, turned upon the joys of the races, which he had not seen. Tom could take some part in what was said; for though he had not been at the race to-day, he had seen races in his life often. Squire Rogers had taken him to the races last week; and with this superiority over Frank, and with the assistance of some, we dare not say how many, glasses of wine, he got over his bashfulness famously. He talked of horses, he thought, almost as well as anybody.

Frank did not hear all that was said; he only heard now and then, at the beginning and end of every sentence, the word *horse*—"Your horse," "my horse," "his horse."

Fond as Frank was of horses, he might have been a little tired during this dinner by hearing of nothing else.

But, in fact, Frank was thinking chiefly of Granville's altered manner towards him. Frank had been in hopes that his displeasure, of which he did not clearly know the cause, would have worn off, but it seemed to be coldly fixed. Frank, who was quite unused to a capricious or a jealous temper, who had never before seen the eye of kindness alter towards him, except in consequence of some fault of his own, now not only felt unhappy, but feared that he must have been to blame. This was what he was considering, when Tom, much elevated by the notice which had been taken of him, turned to him at the time of the desert, and said, in an insulting tone.

"You do not eat, man—you don't drink, man—you don't speak, man; you seem to be *quite down at the mouth*."

"Come, we must get up your spirits again," said Spellman, immediately offering to fill his glass; Frank drew it back, thanked him, but refused; adding, that his spirits could do without wine.

"The English of which is, I suppose," said Shaw, "that he is not allowed to drink wine."

"True," whispered Spellman, loud enough for Frank to hear; "Tom tells me he is kept as tight as a drum at home."

"Not true!" cried Frank, indignantly, "as you know, Tom." Cressingham gave him a look that reminded him of his resolution to keep his temper, whatever happened, and Frank, restraining his indignation, stopped short.

"It is not very honourable to listen to whispers in company," said Spellman.

"I did not listen, Mr. Spellman," replied Frank, in a carefully calm voice, "but you whispered so loudly that I could not help hearing you."

"Little pitchers, as mamma always says, have long ears," said Tom, laughing at this great effort of wit.

"Little pitcher," said Shaw, addressing Frank, "you look, methinks, as if you were too hot to hold."

"He only wants to be seasoned," said Cressingham, "and if I am not mistaken, he will stand the seasoning."

"That is to be proved," said Power. "Here is to you, cool Captain Drinkwater!"

"Captain Drinkwater's, cool Captain Drinkwater's good health!" Power, and Shaw, and Spellman, Tom and all, insultingly drank.

Frank took this with the utmost good-humour, but he was sorry that Granville did not, as formerly, say to Spellman, "Let the boy do as he pleases;" or to Shaw and Power, "Let him alone, if you please."

Tom, feeling himself backed and encouraged by others, and having an old envy of Frank, pursued his polite mode of questioning. "After all, pray why, Frank, were not you at the races this morning with the others?"

Before Frank could answer, Shaw answered for him—

"Because, as I understand, he quarrelled with his bread and butter."

"No," said Spellman, "only because he did not know on which side his bread was buttered."

"You have not hit it yet," said Cressingham, "and no wonder: it was a cause you would never think of, Spellman."

Spellman looked curious.

"Simply because he would not desert a friend when out of favour," said Cressingham.

Granville coloured, and casting his eyes down upon Frank, who was looking up anxiously in his face, moved a dish of cherries towards him.

"Do you wish for cherries?"

"No, thank you, sir."

There was a tremulous sound in Frank's voice, which touched Granville; but, turning abruptly to the other side, he heaped Tom's plate with cherries, which Tom began to devour, saying, "More fool you!"

Granville, disgusted with Tom, turned back to Frank, but felt a bashful difficulty in recovering from his fit of illhumour. On one side, he was ashamed that his friend should see his injustice; on the other, that his flatterer should think he gave up his dignity. He had said to Spellman in private that he would make Frank feel the difference between having and not having his protection. From this resolution he fancied that he could not recede. His countenance, which had relaxed, again grew rigid; he turned away from Frank, and sunk into haughty silence.

Frank sighed once, but sighed no more. The ladies at last rose to leave the room, and Tom, rising with a cherry in his hand, and another in his mouth, swallowed hastily and exclaimed, "I swallowed a stone! I don't know what other folk think, but I think cherries should have no stones."

When Frank followed the ladies into the drawing-room, he saw Mary and the Miss Granvilles in a recess at the farthest end of the room, with Mademoiselle de Cambrai, their governess.

Coffee came, and Frank and Lewis stood with the ladies, who were drinking coffee, but Frank's eyes turned anxiously towards the young party.

"They are capping verses, I believe," said Lady Chepstow. "Young gentlemen, would you like to join them?"

"Like it! oh yes." Frank and Lewis thanked her ladyship, and joined them instantly.

"Quick as the needle to the magnet!" said Lady Chepstow—"not of the repellent class of schoolboy savages." Her ladyship walked to the recess, stood for some minutes listening to what was going on, and observed that Miss Mary was quite expert, and seemed to know a great deal of poetry. No, Mary knew very few verses, the Miss Granville's knew a great many more.

Mademoiselle de Cambrai remarked that it was not always those who know the greatest number, but those who could recollect most quickly, who in this trial of

skill would be likely to conquer. Lady Chepstow, taking a rose from her bosom, put it into Mademoiselle de Cambrai's hand, to be given to the conqueror, whoever she or he might be. The contest went on briskly for one quarter of an hour, but in due time letters grew scarce. Some people were put to their *p*'s and *q*'s, some were in straits for *r*'s, some for *c*'s; but at last, unexpectedly, all were non-plus'd for a *d*. Such an easy letter!—Everybody thought they had hundreds, yet could produce none to save their lives, till Frank, at the last gasp, cried—

“Die of a rose in aromatic pain.”

All the Miss Granvilles exclaimed that they were angry with themselves for not having recollected this common, easy line. It was like Columbus's egg, and a hundred others, provokingly easy when found out. When the victor rose was presented to Frank, he doubted whether he fairly deserved it; for he acknowledged that he had never read the line, and did not even know where it came from; he had only picked it up that morning, from having heard Mademoiselle de Cambrai repeat it: he added, that he believed it had been fixed in his memory by his surprise, on hearing a French lady pronounce English so well.

The gentlemen came into the drawing-room soon afterward; Lady Chepstow said something to Frank's father, with which he seemed pleased, and Mary thought it was about Frank. Her ladyship beckoned to her son, and seemed to repeat the same thing, ending with the words, “so intelligent, and so well mannered.” Mary, observing that Mr. Granville turned coldly away, then thought, that his mother could not have been speaking of Frank. She next saw Spellman and Tom come in after the gentlemen. Tom regularly grew sulky the moment he came among *girls* or *women*. Mademoiselle de Cambrai not knowing this particularity, and seeing a young stranger looking forlorn, thought it civil to speak to him. But, unluckily, she took it for granted that he had heard what everybody was talking of; she therefore asked Tom if he ever capped verses. Tom first looked angry at being spoken to, then upon the question being repeated, replied—

“I don't know.”

Mademoiselle took the trouble to explain what she

now imagined he had never heard of before ; and Tom at last said,

"As if I didn't know all that!—But I cap Latin—only girls cap English."

Mademoiselle, thus repulsed, retreated.

Lady Chepstow's eye fell upon Tom's vulgar figure, as he stood moving from leg to leg ; and Spellman carried him off to a distance. Lady Chepstow then turning to her son, who stood by her, said, "I wish people would teach their children to speak and to stand, before one is expected to bear them."

"It is only for a day or two, madam," said her son, "and for me."

"For Spellman, you mean, my dear Horace : any thing for you ; but Spellman must not ask this again. Really your sisters are not used to see at Bellombre such an uncommonly vulgar object."

"Half of it is bashfulness, ma'am, for which you make no allowance."

"And for which, no wonder, you make too much, my dear Horace ; but, thank Heaven, there is some difference between plebeian and aristocratic *mauvaise honte*."

With this thanksgiving, Lady Chepstow walked away. Her excessive severity against faults of manner in Tom, and her exaggerated encomium on what deserved but slight praise in Frank, confirmed her son in his obstinate wish to see the one abased, and to raise the other by his protection. He knew that Shaw was prepared to quiz Frank, and in the noble art of quizzing, Shaw was, for his age, a distinguished proficient. There was one point on which Frank, in common with most boys who had been bred at home, and happy at home, are uncommonly tender, and apt to lay themselves open to ridicule. He was disposed to think that what he had seen or done in his own family was better than what could be seen or done anywhere else. Lewis had warned him not to talk of home at Bellombre, and Frank thought he had been particularly guarded on this subject, but it was a topic to which he involuntarily recurred. He was at this instant talking away to Mademoiselle de Cambrai, who had won his confidence, and who was questioning him, with sincere interest, concerning all he did at home. Shaw posted himself beside her, and listened with a mock interest, by which Frank, unused to irony, or what is called *persiflage*, was deceived.

When Mademoiselle de Cambrai rose to retire with the young ladies, the eldest Miss Granville was permitted to stay, to play at chess with Lewis—a favour which excited no small envy. Frank and his friend were one in the opinion of this little public, and he shared the stroke of envy. Shaw carried him off to the billiard-room; but there was to be no billiards this night, for Power had cut his thumb. Granville took up a book, Cressingham did the same; and Shaw, apparently in a most good-natured manner, went on talking to Frank, whom he said he had never known really well till now.

"So I find," continued he, "that this Tom was quite wrong in telling us you were kept as tight as a drum at home—what were you saying to Mademoiselle de Cambrai? Do tell me more of your ways of going on in your own family."

This was to Frank an irresistible temptation. Shaw led him on from one thing to another, while Power and Tom joined them to listen. Frank believed that Shaw was really as much interested as he pretended to be; and he went on for some time without suspicion, till at last, when he stopped to take breath, Shaw, in a voice which he now perceived to be the tone of mockery, began to sum up all he had heard for the derision of the by-standers.

"So," said he, "let me count how many trades you are to have:" he counted them upon his fingers: "you are to be a cobbler, and a carpenter, and a turner, and a tanner, a basket-maker, and a bricklayer, a surveyor, an astronomer royal, and a tallow-chandler."

"Jack of all trades, and master of none," said Power.

"You are to learn Virgil from your gardener, and spinning from darling Mrs. Wheeler; and what are you to learn from the other charming old woman, dear Mrs. Catharine?"

"Boxing, I suppose," said Tom, bursting into a horse laugh.

"The most useful of all," said Power, "the only useful thing he has learnt for school."

"How can you say so?" cried Shaw, in his ironical tone. "Don't you know that Frank, the incomparable, has been preparing for school for this last year, and that best of friends, Lewis, and his papa, and his engi-

neer, and his colonel, have all been helping; strange indeed if he were not preciously prepared."

"Ay, ay, prepared for Lewis's model-school may be," said Power, "but he will soon see the difference."

"Beg your pardon, Power," said Shaw, "depend upon it we shall see the difference between him and all other boys that ever were bred or born," and Shaw sung from Midas,

"'Cock of the school,
He bears despotic rule!'"

In this style they went on for some time. Frank took the jest, all unprepared as he was, very well, and stood being their laughing-stock steadily enough for some time, even to Cressingham's satisfaction, and to Granville's surprise. Cressingham looked up often from his book, to mark how it was going on with Frank; and frequently and hastily turned over a new leaf. Granville did not move his eyes from his book, but never turned over the page.

The jest was carried on too far and too long; and presently Power audaciously asserted, that all Frank had ever learned was stuff and nonsense, that all that had been done for him had been ill done; and that it was a shame his father and mother had not more sense than to make such a fool of a boy.

Power pronounced that Frank would be the butt of the whole school, to whatever school he went; and with Power, Shaw, Spellman, and delighted Tom, loudly joined in full cry.

Imagine Frank's astonishment; the confusion into which all his ideas and feelings were thrown, when thus, for the first time in his existence, he heard every thing questioned which he thought unquestionable, every thing he had been taught to respect, every person he held dear turned into ridicule. If it had not been for the surprise into which he was thrown by these questions, he knew he could easily have answered them. The attacks he did not know how to parry, because he was assailed on subjects which seemed to him to require no defence, or which he had deemed invulnerable. He was attacked on so many points at once, that he ran backwards and forwards, and to opposite sides, and before he knew where he was, or which was feint or which was real war, he heard the shout of victory, and

found himself trampled upon by the meanest of the enemy, even by Tom.

"I may go to bed now," said Tom, "Frank has not a word to say for himself. I believe he is going to cry for papa and mamma, as he did for the horse."

"You meanest of creatures!" exclaimed Frank, his eyes flashing indignation.

"Hey-day!" cried Granville, in a loud voice, putting down his book.

Frank saw his enemies encompassing him. Shaw with hand on hip, and with his provoking air and insolent tone. Spellman with his mean smile and perfidious pity. Tom making his vulgar grimaces behind backs, and Power full in front, Colossus-like, stood bullying.

Thoughts of vengeance rose in Frank's soul as he looked upon them—thoughts of oversetting Power, boxing Shaw, kicking Spellman, and turning Tom out of the room. But, as his hand rose, and his foot stepped forward, he saw Cressingham's eye upon him; his promise to keep his temper smote him.

He rushed between Tom and Spellman, made his way through the crowd, ran out, gained his own room, and bolted the door. His agitation was great. He threw himself, face downwards on the bed; he struggled; he swallowed; he conquered. He shed not a tear. In a few minutes some one knocked at the door. "Who is there?" said Frank.

He was answered "a friend." But it was Spellman's voice, and Frank replied "that he could not let him in."

"I've brought you a candle," said Spellman.

"I do not want one," said Frank.

"He is crying," said another voice, which he knew to be Tom's. Frank flung open the door directly, wide as the brazen hinges could fly.

"I thought you were crying," said Tom.

"You thought wrong," answered Frank.

"I went to your mother's room first; I thought you were there complaining of us," said Spellman.

"You see you were mistaken," said Frank, holding the door against them.

"But I have something to say to you," said Spellman, in a fawning tone.

"I have nothing to say to you," said Frank, closing the door.

They lingered for some minutes, till they heard his

mother coming along the gallery, and then quickly retreated. Frank went out to meet her, and said,

"Mother, I cannot come—do not ask me any questions—good-night."

"Good-night, my dear Frank," said she, "I ask no questions; I have the most perfect confidence in you."

Spellman stayed to listen, he must have been vexed to have heard only these words. From a few remarks he had caught in going through the billiard-room, Lewis had a general guess at what had been passing, and hearing Frank give his mother this answer, he retired to his own room, without going near him.

Frank lay awake nearly two hours, which, at his age, seems a prodigious length of time, really the whole night. He thought over all that had passed, perceived the answers he should have given, wondered that they had never occurred to him at the right moment, and in the midst of an eloquent reply, such as he was determined to make next time to Shaw and Power, he at last fell asleep.

AFTER some hours sound sleep, Frank awakened in the morning, and, stretching himself, recollected that something painful had happened the preceding evening. As he put back the curtain, he saw Lewis sitting in the room reading, waiting till he awakened. Lewis told him, that though he did not know the particulars of what had passed yesterday evening, he had learned, in general, that Frank had been talking a great deal of his own home, and that Shaw had been laughing at him, and quizzing him.

"I remember," said Lewis, "the first time I left my own family, I was quite surprised, just as you are, at finding things different from what I had been used to. I thought that nothing could be so well done as at home, and I said so upon every occasion; I was laughed at for this, and then I learned to keep my thoughts to myself."

"So will I next time," said Frank.

"And when I found," continued Lewis, "that nobody cared what I did at home, I left off talking about it."

"But," said Frank, "Shaw made me believe he did care about it, and that led me on last night, and made

me forget your advice; he deceived me—he cheated me, only to laugh at me afterward.

“That kind of cheating is called quizzing, by men and schoolboys,” said Lewis, “and is thought a good joke, and very witty.”

“I see no wit in it,” said Frank, his anger again rising at the recollection of his having been laughed at; “but the joke cannot do again, because, now I know that people mean to deceive me, I shall not be taken in another time. ‘Once to deceive be his, but twice were mine.’”

“Cressingham told me,” said Lewis, “that you got through it very well, considering it was the first time of quizzing.”

“The first time! I hope it will be the last,” said Frank.

“Oh, do not flatter yourself with that hope, my dear Frank,” said Lewis.

“What? Is this to go on for ever?” said Frank. “If they laugh at me continually in this way at school, I am afraid I shall be very unhappy.”

“That you will, indeed, my dear Frank, if you mind such things,” said Lewis. “If once the boys find that they can vex you by laughing, you will have no peace, they will only laugh the more. I remember hearing a story of a boy, who was afterward a very celebrated man, whose hair had been shaved off in some illness, and who was forced to wear a wig when he first went to school; and his schoolfellows plagued him perpetually, pulling it off, till he began to laugh at it himself, and snatching it off his head one day, he threw it up to the ceiling, and was the first to kick it about; from that time they never laughed at him. I recollected this for my own benefit when first I went to school; I don’t mean that I had a wig, but I happened to have a brown hat, when all the other boys had black hats, and they ridiculed me for my brown hat, till I laughed at it myself, and then, when they found they could not vex me, they let me and my hat alone.”

“That was well done of you,” said Frank, “and I will remember the hat and wig, if I can, the next time I am laughed at. But Lewis, though this will do for trifles, it will not do when we come to be serious.”

“But you must not be serious; you take the matter too gravely,” said Lewis.

"Indeed, I think it grew serious," said Frank, "when they said that all that had ever been taught me was quite wrong."

"Pooh! what signifies what they say," cried Lewis. "Can their saying it is wrong make it so?"

"Certainly not!" said Frank; "if they had given me any reasons, I could have answered them, but they only said the same thing over and over again. And when it came to laughing at me for loving my mother so much—my dear Lewis, I could not get out a word, I had so much to say, and I felt—"

"Oh, you felt too much, a great deal, about it. You are not used to quizzing schoolboys," said Lewis.

"What I felt most of all was Mr. Granville's unkindness in not saying a word to help me," said Frank.

"I think he was very ill-natured," said Lewis.

"Oh, my dear Lewis," continued Frank, "the more I see and feel, the more I am sorry that I am not to go to school with you, for with you I should have a good friend, who would advise me in every difficulty."

Lewis was exceedingly sorry, too, that he could not have Frank; but since it could not be, it was in vain to regret it.

"I see Granville is so capricious, I cannot understand him," said Frank. "He will never be satisfied unless I flatter him, and I never will flatter him. He wants to show me, I believe, that I cannot do without his protection."

"Just so," said Lewis, "and do you show him that you can. He will respect you, and like you the better for it; at all events, I am sure Cressingham will be a good friend to you, and I say to you, as he did, 'keep your temper, and I will stand by you.' And as to school, do not be afraid of the quizzing, either for trifles or serious things; remember, you may always have fair laugh for laugh, or fair reason for reason, or fair boxing for boxing."

"Fair boxing! oh, that is what I want to come to," said Frank. "I must learn how to box. You must teach me."

"You will learn it easily, that is, when you have been beaten half a dozen times," said Lewis, laughing; "but you cannot begin to learn it this minute. Finish dressing yourself, for the breakfast-bell has rung. All

you have to do here is to go on as you have begun. Do not let them put you out of humour."

"I will not, if I can possibly help it," said Frank; "but Power is so rough, and Shaw is so teasing, and Spellman is so mean, and Tom, now he has jumped out of his bashfulness, is so impudent."

"True, but ~~never~~ mind all that," said Lewis. "You have only a few days more to spend with them, and it signifies little what they think of you, or your education, or your father and mother. And as to Granville, if he does not behave well to you, depend upon it your father is attending to all that goes on, and he will see it without your complaining."

Fortified in this manner by his good friend Lewis's advice, Frank did keep up his spirits, did not mind their foolish laughing at him, and was steady in his own right way. In vain Shaw and Power teased and quizzed him; he took it all in good part, and with great good-humour. One trial he had, which it was indeed hard to stand, particularly as it was on a point, the right and wrong of which he had not determined to his own satisfaction. By what he had accidentally heard from Shaw and Power, he was afraid he should not know how to make honour and good-nature to his schoolfellows always agree with his obedience to his masters and with truth.

One day he chanced to come into the room, when Messrs. Shaw and Power, and some of the young people were talking together very eagerly, but all the voices ceased the moment he entered; he heard only from Shaw the words "the boat!" and "Hush! here's Frank coming."

"And what harm shall I do you?" said Frank.

"I don't know," said Tom, "but I know I would not trust you."

"Not trust me?" said Frank, "that is very unjust."

"That's like him," cried Power, "always talking of injustice, as if anybody cared what he thinks unjust—a little hop-o'-my-thumb like him."

"My being little has nothing to do with the business," said Frank; "but since you don't like to go on with what you were saying before me, I will go away."

"O let him stay," said one of Shaw's sisters, a pretty young lady, who was present; "he will do no harm."

"Only he tells his mamma every thing he sees and hears," said Shaw; "you know he acknowledges he

does not rightly understand *our* points of honour; and I will engage that he cannot keep a secret."

"I understand what I think honourable," said Frank, "and I can keep a secret as well as anybody, when I choose it; but I don't want to know yours, so I shall go away."

"Ho, ho! grandissimo!" cried Shaw, setting his back against the door, to prevent Frank from going out. "Stay, now: pray now, you who know every thing, do you know how to make good excuses for a friend in need! for I assure you that's part of the business of a fag at school; else how could he keep his master's secrets! Come, try your skill, let us see what sort of an excuse you can make. Suppose now thus: I have gone down to the boat, and nobody is to know it, you understand, and you are asked where I am gone—"

"I cannot tell a lie, if that's what you mean," said Frank.

"Ah, you see," said Tom, "didn't I tell you? didn't I know him?"

"If my fag were to give me such an answer at school," said Power, "I'd soon settle him, that's certain."

"One comfort is, I am never to be your fag," said Frank.

"You cannot conceive, then, that there may be a difference," said Shaw, "between telling a fib to save your friend when he asks you, and a lie to save yourself?"

"I know there is some difference," said Frank.

"But," said Shaw, "you would not save your friend—is that it? You would not stick to him, you would betray him."

"That I am sure I never should," cried Frank: "I never shall betray anybody."

"But if you always tell the truth, you must."

"I do not understand you, Mr. Shaw; you only want to puzzle me. I will never betray anybody, but I will always tell the truth, and that is all I have to say, so let me go."

"Here is our boatman," said Power. "We shall have better sport now than plaguing this foolish boy;" and Shaw opening the door, Frank ran off, seized his hat, and darted out, hoping to have a pleasant walk with Lewis; but as he ran down the sloping lawn, Shaw called to him, and, on his turning back, said,

"Remember, my little man, you said you could keep a secret: don't say any thing to anybody if you guess what we are going to do."

"Not unless I am asked," answered Frank.

"And if you are asked, cannot you say you don't know?"

"No, I cannot, because I heard some of you say the word *boat*, and I guess what you are going to do."

Shaw muttered something like an oath; Frank did not stay to hear it, but ran down the sloping lawn to the river side, where he expected to find Lewis. As he went on in search of him, he met two boatmen, who, talking to each other, said, "There is coming on a squall; if these young chaps go out without us, they will repent it."

"True; I shall go in and smoke my pipe with you at the lodge," answered the other.

Frank could not find Lewis, but he pursued his walk alone through a grove to a high bank, from which, between the trees, he could see the river, and presently he saw a little pleasure-boat coming along with several people in it, Shaw, and Power, and Tom. Two ladies were in the boat, two Miss Shaws, who were fond of being in every adventure and party of pleasure, or, as Shaw said, were up to any thing. Lady Chesham had forbidden the using of this boat, which even her lord said was a dangerous little cockle-shell. The boatman's prophecy was not accomplished, no squall arose; but by their own awkwardness, by Power's obstinacy, as Shaw said—or by Shaw's conceit, as Power would have it, they ran the boat too near the shore; then shoving her off again, they tilted her so much, that the ladies, terrified, caught at some branches of trees which hung over the spot; and to these they clung screaming, while the boat went from under their feet. The branches to which they hung stretched to a great distance from land. The boat overset; Power and Shaw were plunged into the water. Tom, at the first symptom of danger, jumped on shore. Frank ran down the bank; his first thought was to call the boatmen, but he saw the imminent danger of one of the ladies, who, clinging as she was to a weak bough, seemed weighed down by her cloak, the hood of which had filled with water. Frank threw off his coat, and knowing well how to swim, swam round till he got opposite to her,

untied the cloak, and the moment she was free from its weight she rose again. By this time Shaw and Power had swam and scrambled to the bank, from which Power would not again stir, but he held out an oar, which was of some service. Shaw, seeing his sisters' peril, swam to their assistance, while Frank, regaining the bank, ran to the porter's lodge for the boatmen. Tom, to whom he had repeatedly called, begging him to go for them, stood quite disabled or obstinate. The boatmen came, the two ladies were released from their perilous situation, and brought safely to land. All drenched and fatigued as they were, they had to walk home, a mile by a back way, to avoid being seen from the windows of the house. No sooner did the ladies recover from one danger, than, in the midst of their gratitude to Frank, fears of another nature rose, and Shaw whispered, "He will never be able to refrain from boasting how finely he has saved you." Frank took no notice of these whispers, but went home, took off his wet clothes, gave them to Shaw to have them dried with his own, reappeared in the drawing-room, and never said one word of their adventure. No questions were asked him: he left the rest of the party to say what they pleased for themselves, and despised them for the false excuses they made. One of the Miss Shaws, who had been too much drenched to reappear this evening, sent word that she had gone to bed ill with a headache, and her sister, who, as most people said, had great sensibility, stayed to nurse her. Stupid Power, half asleep, when called to billiards, let out something of his arms being too much tired with rowing. The word *rowing* caught Lady Chepstow's ear, and turning, she immediately asked who talked of rowing.

"Power talked of it, ma'am, in his sleep," said Shaw; "I suppose he was dreaming of rowing."

"But," added Spellman, in his courtly tone, "he never would dream of disobeying your ladyship's orders, I am sure."

"Frank looks very guilty," said Lady Chepstow.

"Perhaps I look guilty, but I am innocent," said Frank.

"Have you been out in the boat, Frank?" said Lady Chepstow, eagerly.

"I have not, I assure you, ma'am," said Frank, and he quietly went on with his game of draughts

But Lady Chepstow, following the hint which Mr. Power had let out, rang for her own man, and sent him with such instructions and such silver tokens to the boatmen, as soon put her in possession of the principal fact, that a party had been out in the boat; this, indeed, could not be denied, from the place in which it was found by the servant, at a considerable distance from its natural home in the boathouse.

Lady Chepstow now said that she had a beautiful new boat, which she had intended the young gentlemen should have had the pleasure of launching the next day; but she declared she never would permit this boat to be launched by them till the mystery was cleared up by some one of the company, concerning the boating-party of this morning. "And," added her ladyship, "whoever clears it up shall have the launching of the boat. Frank, what say you?"

"I say nothing, madam," said Frank.

Power and Shaw, as soon as Lady Chepstow was out of hearing, observed, that they did not care, as they should go away so soon, and they had had boating enough for this season.

Frank was exceedingly sorry to give up boating in the new boat: it would have been a pleasure, and the launching it would have been glorious; but he was steady. Never by word, or look, or sigh, did he betray them; and without departing in the slightest degree from the truth, he kept their secret. He refrained from claiming the honour of having saved the ladies, and never told what he had done, to his father, mother, or Mary.

The ladies were satisfied and surprised by his secrecy. Power acknowledged that the little fellow had shown he was no telltale. But Shaw, in his depreciating tone, said only, "It was lucky I warned him well beforehand of the danger of blabbing."

Frank thought this the unkindest cut of all. But his own conscience was satisfied, and that was enough. The steadiness with which he stood this trial made them all respect him, and the good-humour which he showed when they laughed at or plagued him, conquered all but Shaw. Power said he would let him alone now he found that he was a noun substantive, and could stand by himself. And Shaw, the day he left Bellombre, was heard to observe that Frank was sharp enough; so that

really it began, he said, to be diamond cut diamond between them.

"How glad you must be that I am going away!" said Shaw, as he stepped into the carriage after his father.

"Glad! no," said Frank; "you never did me any harm; you have done me a great deal of good—you have cured me of minding your wit."

The more Granville perceived that his little protégé could do without his protection, the more his attention was fixed upon him; and several circumstances soon contributed to raise Frank still higher in his esteem.

The day on which Mr. Shaw and his son left Bel-lombre, there came in their place a naval officer, a well-informed gentleman, who had seen many different parts of the world; in China, in India, in Russia, and in the north seas. He related, in an entertaining manner, what he had seen or heard; and Frank, eager for knowledge, listened to him with the greatest attention.

Parts of various books of voyages and travels, which Frank had read, supplied him with such general information on these subjects, that he was able to comprehend and take a lively interest in all that he now heard.

The conversation turned on an expedition to the North Pole, which was at this time setting out.

Our captain spoke of the former voyage of Commodore Phipps, of the wonderful exertions which he and his men had made to save themselves from being destroyed by the drifting masses of ice: Of the dock which he scooped out in the solid rock for his vessels: Of the manner in which, with their poles, they pushed away the masses of ice: Of the joy with which they effected their deliverance, and saw land again from the mast-head: Of the pleasure with which, when they felt themselves out of danger, they looked upon the various forms of the broken ice that they had sailed through: In particular one magnificent arch, through which a sloop might have sailed without lowering her mast.

Frank longed to hear him speak of the people who first discovered Spitzbergen—of the three ships and the sailors who were frozen up, and who were found long afterward by the wandering Laplanders; but our captain did not go back to those old times, and as he was a stranger, Frank did not venture to ask him any questions. He listened in silence. He had now learned discretion enough never to attempt to display his little

knowledge. His pleasure was now in adding to his stock. But the captain, whose eye was caught by Frank's intelligent countenance, and who observed the extreme attention with which he continued to listen, sometimes turned to him, and told him such anecdotes as he thought suited to his age. In particular, he mentioned, that in the Expedition which was now fitting out for the North Pole, "some kind-hearted person, a stranger to Captain Parry, sent to offer him fifty pounds, for the purchase of any thing which might amuse the crews of his ship during the ensuing winter. A magic lantern was the thing chosen, whose scenes might entertain them with views of different countries, or remind them of their own, and thus furnish them with a sort of home, while they were lingering on the shores of the Polar sea."

Frank very much liked this idea; and the company began to entertain themselves with considering what pictures they would have put on the different slides of the magic lantern. One said, London Bridge, with carriages and passengers. Another, the London crane. Another, a rowing-match on the Thames. Great variety was suggested; at last, Frank was called upon by the officer to furnish a slide. He recollected a scene which he thought would divert the sailors; but he was not sure whether it would do, whether it would be possible to represent it.

"Tell it to us, my little fellow, and we will try and help you out."

"You were speaking of Phipps's voyage, sir; do you remember the captain, who was too fat to run, but who was such a coward that he did one day run away fast enough, and too fast from the bears; he dropped his gun, and stumbled against the nest of a goose, who was sitting on her eggs; then was attacked by the enraged gander, who flew about his head, and pecked at his nose; and was at last saved from gander and bears, by his sailors firing for him just in time?"

Some of the company laughed at this story, and applauded Frank's proposal; others thought it impracticable; others wished to see exactly what was said about it in the book; and Power was pretty sure it could not be true, and that Frank had either mistaken about the goose, or that he had *embroidered*, a cant expression, meaning that he had exaggerated. Frank did not know

what was meant by his ~~considering~~ a goose; which ignorance of his exposed him to much derision from Tom, who laughed as much as he dared to laugh in company, with both hands stopping his mouth, and slipping down to hide his head under the table. Lewis went to look for Phipps's voyage in the library; and Granville—yes, Granville himself—rose to show him where it was. But before Granville, to whom Lewis resigned the book, could find the passage in the quarto volume, Miss Granville, with Mary's assistance, found, in a little book of hers, "Winter Evenings, or Tales of Travellers," 3d volume, in the "Adventures in the Arctic Ocean," the anecdote to which Frank alluded; and it was read aloud by Cressingham.

"The captain endeavoured to follow his men, but, unfortunately, he was very fat, and consequently, running did not suit him, and he was soon quite out of breath. He saw that the bear, which came in the water, had just reached the shore, and now he thought of nothing but of becoming the prey of this formidable animal. His hair stood on end. He looked behind him, and saw the bear but a little way off, advancing with his nose in the air, as if he was snuffing the scent."

"But not a word about the goose or her nest," said Power.

"Read on," said Granville.

"Just at this moment the captain unfortunately dropped his gun; and stooping to pick it up again, he stumbled against the nest of a goose, who was sitting on her eggs, and down he fell flat. He had hardly time to get up again, before the enraged gander flew to the assistance of the half-smothered goose; he darted at the eyes of the officer, but luckily missed his aim, and only injured the poor man's nose. The gander prepared for a second attack, which might have had worse consequences, if the sailors, seeing their commander so beset, had not come to his relief."

Lady Chepstow observed that Frank had remembered and stated the facts quite accurately. This time Granville did not listen with his former coldness to his mother's approbation, but smiled when she added, in a whisper, "I always told you, Horace, that *this* protégé of yours would do you credit."

Frank's mother observed with pleasure, that upon this occasion he said no more than just the thing he ought,

and that he was not thinking of attracting notice, but quite intent upon acquiring fresh knowledge from the naval officer, who was now so kind as to talk to him.

Tom, from the beginning of this conversation, had become uneasy in his chair, and in the progress of it had fidgeted continually, and fiddled with every thing within his reach, and made such teasing noises with every thing he touched, that Lady Chepstow looked as if she could not endure it any longer. He now relieved her ladyship by darting out of the room. He fled, seized with a panic fear that *his turn would come next*, that the officer might put to him some *posing* question, or perhaps might ask him for a slide in the lantern. His fears were groundless; that gentleman never once thought of him; but Tom fled as if he had been pursued by the bears, nor stopped till he found himself safe in Spellman's room.

Power next withdrew himself; and, having stretched and yawned long and loud, pronounced, that in his humble opinion, though that navy fellow was a relation of Lord Chepstow's, he talked too much, and for his part, he declared he could not pretend to follow him. Indeed, it would have been a vain effort, for he was so ignorant, that if report say true, he was found at a map searching for Spitzbergen somewhere near Spithead, and afterward at Bergen-op-zoom. When Lewis endeavoured to set him right without exposing his almost incredible ignorance, he, with a foolish taunt, said he was obliged to him, he did not set up for understanding geography and such things as well as surveyors, and engineers, and professional people must. If he had been the son of a surveyor or an engineer, he should, he supposed, know better; but his father would buy for him a fine set of maps the first opportunity, and then he would sit down some morning and *take to* geography: that is to say, as much as was necessary for a gentleman; but he never intended to make a pedant of himself. It was quite pedantic, as he *voted*, to be too accurate about the names of places, and so forth. There were some things of which he owned he was ignorant, and he thanked Heaven for it.

"What," said Lewis, "do you thank Heaven for your ignorance?"

"And if I do, sir," said Power, fiercely, "what have you to say to that, pray?"

"Nothing," answered Lewis, "but that you have certainly a great deal to thank Heaven for."

"Very fair!" said Granville.

Mr. Power's ignorance of every thing but Latin had often been complained of by his father, who attributed it to some fault in his school; but perhaps it had been also the fault of his home, where he had acquired the notion that wealth would supply all deficiencies, and that a gentleman of fortune must command respect, and can purchase all the information he needs.

Frank was glad to hear the strong tone in which Granville pronounced the words "Very fair!" and he was still more glad when Granville repeated,

"Very good, Lewis."

Granville's frozen manner towards Frank was thawing, but it had not quite got rid of its stiffness. Spellman watched him, saw this change, and returned to his former appearance of good-nature; but Frank kept at a distance from him, and retired as much as he could from his civilities.

He saw Tom and Spellman conferring together one day, and by what they said to each other, they seemed desirous to attract his attention.

"I told you," said Spellman, "that you were very rude that first night, and you ought to say that you were very sorry, as I am sure you are."

No answer from Tom.

"Tom, how can you expect that any one will do you a favour, if you are not commonly civil?" pursued Spellman. "Remember, I tell you, you have missed your best time for asking."

"My mother should have asked, when I desired her," was all Tom's reply.

"But he is so good-natured," said Spellman, "you had better ask him now, or let me ask him, do; or get his friend, Lewis, to ask him. I am sure he would do it. But if you put it off, Tom, I give you up."

"I'll ask when I please," said Tom, "or not at all."

Frank, perceiving that he was the person from whom something was to be asked, was tempted to inquire what it was; but he did not like Spellman's mean, indirect way of proceeding, and he determined first to consult Lewis, who advised him to say nothing, but to let Tom take his own way, and either plainly make his request, whatever it might be, or let it alone.

THERE was at Bellombre a walk, which they called the Midsummer walk ; it was shaded with lime-trees, which arched overhead, so as to be impenetrable to the rays of the sun ; it was straight, and very long : at one end of it was a pleasant summer-house, at the other it opened to a smooth shaven lawn, which had been in former times a bowling-green, and which was used by the young people at this day for ninepins and other sports.

One hot day, Frank, Power, Tom, Spellman, with some others, were playing at ninepins there, when Frank saw his mother pass, with a book in her hand, towards the Midsummer-walk. He had a great mind to follow her, but it was his turn to play next. He was called upon, and he went on with his game, saying to himself, that as soon as this game was finished, he would follow his mother, and cool himself in the shade, for he had heated himself running to set up the ninepins for everybody ; but, before this game was ended, a servant came running to them out of breath.

"Gentlemen ! there is a mad dog in the grounds, my lady desires you will run in directly." Instantly they all ran towards the garden-door, which was opposite to them, and which was the nearest place of safety ; the dog appeared, pursued by men with pitchforks ; the boys reached the garden-door, and were safe, all but Frank, who, recollecting his mother, instead of following his companions, ran down the Midsummer-walk to call her. He saw her at a distance ; he ran as fast as possible ; he called as loud as ever he could call, but she did not hear him ; her back was towards him. As he ran, he heard the shouts of the men coming nearer and nearer. Once he looked back—he saw the dog making straight for the walk on which he was running. All power went out of his knees ; but remembering his mother, he struggled on ; he could hardly drag his heavy legs after him, and though he ran fast, he felt as if he could not get on.

"Mother, mother—oh, mother !" he called loud and louder, but in vain ; his voice was gone, but he heard the men calling, "a mad dog—a mad dog—out of the way—out of the way !" Frank made a last effort, his mother heard, and turned ; he reached, seized, drag-

ged her on to the summer-house, flung back the door, and, quite exhausted, fell senseless on the ground.

When he came to himself, he did not know where he was or what had happened. His head was lying on his mother's shoulder, and he heard her tender voice, saying, "He is coming to himself."

"What is the matter?" Frank asked, as he raised himself up, and looked round. He saw that he was in the hall at Bellombre, and that his mother and Mr. Granville were there.

"You feel better now, my dear Frank," said his mother.

"Very well, thank you, mamma; only some odd prickly feeling."

He saw that Granville had a glass of water in his hand, and he felt drops of water on his face.

"How comes this?" said he.

"You fainted, my dear," said his mother.

"Did I," said Frank, "how came that?"

"You ran too fast, my dear, for me. Are you better now?"

"I am quite well, mamma," repeated Frank, fixing his eyes on Granville. "But how very kind you look!"

"Drink what your mother is giving you, my dear boy," said Granville.

"*Dear boy!*" repeated Frank to himself, putting away the glass of hartshorn and water, he said, "Thank you, mamma, why should I drink that horrible stuff; I do not want it. I am really quite well now. What became of the dog? did he bite anybody?"

"No; everybody is safe, you saved your mother, the dog is shot," said Granville, "and you are a noble little fellow."

"Now go to your own room and rest yourself," said his mother.

Frank went, and Granville followed him.

In a few minutes Spellman came to inquire how Frank did, but the door was not opened to him; when Lewis came, Granville admitted him and retired, saying,

"He is an older friend, I acknowledge, perhaps a better; but, Frank," added he, as he left the room, "if ever again you are surprised at my being kind to you, it shall be your fault, not mine."

Granville, in spite of his outward cold manner, had a warm heart, and Frank had quite won it, quite conquer-

ed him, by the proof of affection he had given to his mother, not in words but deeds. He was particularly pleased by Frank's perfect simplicity.

"It was plain he did not think he had done any thing extraordinary; he did not want to have it talked of," said Granville, in giving an account of what had passed to Cressingham. "No fal-lal sentimental nonsense about it. The mother did not say a word too much, and the boy thought nothing of it. I like her, and I love Frank—a noble little fellow. I am glad I am to have him at school. Any one might be proud of him."

This was a vast deal for Granville to say, and to say at once. Cressingham, turning to Spellman, who was standing listening, said, "You look wonderfully surprised, Mr. Spellman; remember, I told you that I knew Granville better than you did. I was sure that this boy's honest, independent character, would please him at last."

"Oh, certainly; who ever doubted it?" said Spellman. But, thought he, you do not know yet how matters will end.

Meantime Frank and Lewis were, on their part, talking to each other of what had happened, and when Frank described to his friend the strange feeling of difficulty he had in running, and said his limbs felt heavy, and that it was all like a dream, this reminded Lewis of some lines in Virgil, of which he repeated the translation:—

"And, as when heavy sleep has clos'd the sight,
The sickly fancy labours in the night;
We seem to run, and, destitute of force,
Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course;
In vain we heave for breath, in vain we cry,
The nerves unbrac'd their usual strength deny,
And on the tongue the salt'ring accents die."

Frank was surprised to find that Virgil had thought and felt as he did, so many hundred years ago; and then, descending suddenly from this grand reflection, was very curious to know what had happened to the mad dog, and where Lewis was standing when he first heard the cry.

And when all this had been explained, Lewis left Frank alone to rest himself, but he was not long allowed to remain in peace. Spellman came softly into the room, followed by Tom, whom he exhorted not to make

any noise. Frank told them that he was not asleep, and that they might talk as loud as they pleased. They both said they came to see how he did, and were very sorry he had been ill; but they looked as if that was not exactly the thing they came to say, and as if something more important was to follow. While Spellman was considering how he should preface it with some nice bit of flattery, Tom blurted out these words: "After all, if you have a mind to go to school with *that* Lewis, you may, for any thing I care."

"What do you mean?" cried Frank, starting up.

"He means," said Spellman, "that if we could manage so as to please all parties, it would be a very good thing in this world; but that cannot be, so, perhaps, it will not do, because I could not speak to Granville so well, and I am afraid you will be afraid to speak."

"Oh," interrupted Frank, "do tell me plainly; I am not afraid to speak to anybody."

"If that's the case, then you are the properest person to speak about it to everybody, and don't mention my name."

"I do not want to mention your name, indeed," said Frank; "but do tell me plainly what you mean."

"Why, then, the short and the long of it is," said Tom, "that if you have a mind to stand in my shoes, you may."

"I have no mind to stand in your shoes," said Frank.

"But you have a mind to go to school with Lewis, have not you?" said Spellman.

"You know I have," said Frank, impatiently; "I told you so; why should you ask me again?"

"Because, if you are quite sure of that, I can show you how it can be done," said Spellman.

"Can you? Oh, show me!" cried Frank.

Spellman said that he had found out that it had been just decided that Tom was going to the same school with Lewis; that it was his place that Frank might have filled; but that, though Tom's uncle had settled this, it could be easily changed, as Tom's mother would do any thing to please her son; and besides, now that she had been at Bellombre and had seen Mr. Granville, she would like particularly that Tom should go to Mr. Granville's school. In short, it could be done if Frank pleased.

If Frank pleased! Frank was overjoyed. He could

hardly stay to hear how it was to be done, he was in such a hurry to run three different ways, to his father, mother, Lewis, to tell the delightful news. Spellman held him to express fears that his father and mother would be afraid to offend Mr. Granville; and again begged that his own name might not be mentioned. "Cannot you say that it came into your own head? Stay one minute, and we can settle how to manage it properly."

Frank said the properest way was to go straight to his father and mother, and he would say nothing but the plain truth; he would have no underhand doings; he did not know what Spellman was about, but he would have nothing to do with it if he might not do it openly.

Spellman let him go, and put the letter which Mrs. J—— had written into his hands, with which Frank ran off directly to his mother.

As he ran full speed along the gallery, he met Lewis and Granville, for the first time, walking together.

"How now!" said Granville; "I thought you were resting yourself, Frank."

"I want no rest," said Frank; "I can have none till I have settled this. Oh, come with me, both of you, I want you both, my dear friends. May I call you friend?" said he, looking up at Granville.

"You may," said Granville, "now and for life."

"But perhaps I may offend you, and I should be sorry to offend you again," said Frank, pausing.

Granville coloured, but, struggling with himself, said, "I shall not be offended without cause again."

"Then come with me," said Frank, "this moment to my father and mother, and you shall hear all I have to say."

They accompanied him, curious to know what it was that he had to say. In Frank's straightforward way the case was stated in a few words; and to the honour of Granville be it recorded, that he was not offended: on the contrary, the courageous truth which Frank showed, fixed his esteem, and roused the best parts of his own character; he stood in silence while the explanations were making, and till the business was completely settled; then holding out his hand to Frank in a friendly, not a protecting manner, he said, "Frank, I am sorry not to have you at school; but promise me,

both of you," said he, looking at Lewis, "that you will come to Bellombre in the holydays, and you will always find in me a friend."

Frank jumped up, threw his arms round his neck, and thanked him with all his might.

Mrs. J——'s letter to the master of the school was much too full of compliments, apologies, and parentheses for Frank to comprehend; he gave it up, saying it was his mother's business to make it out; and while she was doing so, he ran in search of Mary, made his way into a part of the house which he had never before entered, even to the sacred apartment of the governess, where, full in the midst he stood, and seizing upon Mary, carried her off, begging Mademoiselle de Cambrai's pardon, and declaring that he had something of the greatest importance to tell her.

"Now guess," said he, when he had her in the passage, "guess whether it is bad or good."

"Good, to be sure," said Mary, "you need not pretend to look grave. What is it, something about the engineer?"

"Better," said Frank.

"Better, what can that be?" cried Mary.

"I cannot stay for you to guess any more," said Frank; "I am to go with Lewis."

Mary could hardly believe it; her joy was as great as Frank's. He sent her down to his mother's room, where he told her she would be made to understand how it was all brought about; and in the fullness and benevolence of his own joy, taking every creature in, of every kind, he went in search of Spellman, to tell him that the whole business was settled, and that Granville was not offended. This last part of the intelligence Spellman could hardly believe, nor did it seem to give him complete satisfaction, even when at last he was convinced of it by seeing and speaking to Granville himself; it was in vain for Frank to attempt to understand Spellman, he gave that up along with Mrs. J——'s letter. A straight and a crooked mind can never agree.

"What is it you are dissatisfied with still?" said Frank. "Now you see that Granville is not displeased with you, or with me, or with anybody, and that Toni is to go to the school you wished, and with Granville—is not this all you want? I am sure it is all I want."

Spellman said, "Oh! yes, he was perfectly satisfied."

But, in fact, he was far from being satisfied; he had expected that Granville would have been very angry with Frank, and he had hoped to have turned this anger to his own purposes. Tom's going to the same school with Granville would be nothing gained, unless he had the honour of being fag to Granville, and under his protection. This was the point at which Spellman was aiming for his cousin, and of which Mrs. J—— was ambitious. Mr. Granville was known to be very generous to his hangers-on; he always used to invite little Drake to Bellombre in the holydays; he would certainly, it was supposed do as much for Tom. And Mrs. J—— fancied that this must in time lead to an intimacy between herself and Lady Chepstow; and besides the Chepstow family would, she was confident, provide in future for Tom, by their powerful patronage, if once they should take him under their protection. One thing, however, appeared quite clear, that Lady Chepstow's dislike to Tom's vulgar manners had not diminished since she had seen more of him; his habits of idleness, and the impossibility of amusing him long with any thing: in short, all the faults of a spoiled child, and of an ill-bred school-boy combined, had increased her aversion. Yet still, from day to day, he was at Bellombre, "upon sufferance, for poor Spellman's sake," as her ladyship said. And Spellman was meanly satisfied to see his cousin in this manner just endured. He had done imprudently to bring him into any degree of comparison with Frank; he felt it too late. Notwithstanding this mistake, however, and the unexpected turn which things had last taken, Spellman trusted much to his powers of flattery, and to that habitual influence which, mixed, as he was content that it should be, with contempt, he knew he possessed over Granville's mind. Granville had penetration enough to see now plainly what had been the cause of Spellman's great anxiety to bring and keep this boy at Bellombre, yet there was something gratifying to pride in the pains which had been taken to gain this object. It is now settled, said Granville to himself, that this cousin Tom of Spellman's is to go to the same school with me; and as there is a place in the carriage between me and Cressingham, why should not I gratify poor Spellman, and take him with me? If he does not do me credit at school afterward, I am not bound to take any more notice of him, or ever to ask him again to Bellombre. But I can-

not refuse poor Spellman to take his cousin, though Tom is such a vulgar boy.

Spellman saw the waverings of his young patron's mind, and had now good hopes of gaining his point. Never in his life did he take more pains to study Granville's humour, or to make himself agreeable to all parties.

In order to obtain Frank's good word for his cousin, he tutored Tom to make him civil, but he tutored in vain; he worshipped Frank, but he worshipped in vain.

The day for the departure of Frank's father and mother from Bellombre had now arrived. Everybody in the house was sorry that they were going; everybody except Spellman and Tom. Tom did not trouble himself even to pretend to be sorry, but Spellman pulled down the corners of his mouth, and endeavoured to look sad. Superfluous hypocrisy! for Frank did not see or care how he looked. Spellman followed him about the room, and at last, finding a moment when nobody could hear him, said he had one great favour to beg of Frank.

"What favour can you have to beg of me?" said Frank.

"I will tell you," said Spellman.

"Quick then, for I am in a hurry."

"Directly," said Spellman; but he never could tell any thing, much less ask a favour directly; so he went back several steps. "You know, Frank," said he, "at least I know, if your modesty does not allow you to believe it, that you are such a favourite now with Mr. Granville, that he would not refuse any thing you ask. Now, you would do me the greatest favour in the world, which I should never forget to my dying day, and I'd do as much for you, if you would ask him one thing."

"What?" said Frank.

"You know he would rather have you for his fag a thousand times than poor Tom."

"I know," said Frank.

"But, as he cannot have you, will you ask him now to take Tom in his carriage to school with him, properly under his protection?"

No: Frank said he could not ask any such thing; that

Mr. Granville must judge for himself, and do as he pleased.

"Then you are not the good-natured boy I took you for," said Spellman.

Perhaps I am not the weak boy you took me for, thought Frank.

"Then you will see I shall get it done without your assistance," said Spellman.

"I have nothing to do with it," said Frank, "and I shall not meddle with it, one way or the other—my friend Lewis advised me not."

"I am much obliged to your friend Lewis, indeed," said Spellman. "I knew it was not your own thought—I knew you were too good-natured—you will do it at last, I am sure."

"No, I cannot," repeated Frank.

"But why not?—Why won't you speak for Tom?—If he has ever offended you, I'll make him beg your pardon."

"He has not offended me; he has never offended me, and I do not want him to beg my pardon."

"But why don't you like him?" said Spellman.

"Because—I cannot tell you; he is your cousin, and it would not be civil to tell you; let me go," said he, turning away, disgusted by Spellman's meanness; "there is our carriage come to the door, and I must go and call Mary." The whole family had collected in the library; and some were expressing regrets, and others were hoping they should meet again, and some were returning books they had borrowed; some were searching for books that were to be lent to the parting guests; some were looking in portfolios, and others were sending to the gardener for cuttings and layers, which (well packed) must be put into the carriage.

"Oh! my yellow rose that Mr. Berkeley promised me," cried Mary. "I am afraid my yellow rose-tree has not come."

"Never mind," said Frank, "for mamma said that if it was taken up at this time of year, it would not live; and if it did live, it is ten to one that it would never blow."

"But it blows beautifully in Mr. Berkeley's garden, and why should not it blow in mine? Pray, mamma, inquire, will you, whether it is come?"

Inquiries were made, no rose-tree had come for Miss

Mary; but everybody said that if Mr. Berkeley had promised it, it would certainly arrive, for he never forgot any thing he promised.

Some thought that Mr. Berkeley had not yet returned home; but one of the servants had seen him coming home late last night. Frank then was eager to run to bid him farewell, but Mary begged that they might wait; she was sure that Mr. Berkeley would come to take leave of them.

"And here he is," said Frank, who was at the window; "he is coming up the shrubbery-walk that leads from the vicarage—I saw him, and you will see him just now. Here he is, but without the rose-tree in his hand; yet he has something else that you will like, I think," added Frank, significantly.

Tom now jumped up, exclaiming, "I'll bet a crown it's a hare; our parson brings a hare often; but," looking out of the window, he added, "no such good thing; it's only a stupid portfolio."

As Mr. Berkeley drew nearer, Tom saw his face, and said to Spellman,

"That man is very like somebody, I am sure, I have seen before somewhere."

"Did not you see him at church last Sunday?" said Spellman.

"How could I, when I was not there!" said Tom, keeping his eyes fixed upon Mr. Berkeley, who was coming up the steps. The moment he entered the room, Tom hid himself behind a pillar; there he watched an opportunity to get out of the room, but Lady Chepstow was in the way, and he dared not cross her path. Nobody observed him; all were happily intent upon Mr. Berkeley and the portfolio. In the portfolio was a drawing, which one of his obliging daughters had made, of the print which Frank and Lewis had so much admired, and which Mr. Berkeley begged Frank to accept. Lady Chepstow desired to have the pleasure of seeing the drawing, and everybody gathered round to look at it. Everybody except Tom, who, thinking this a good time for escaping out of the room, made an effort to get to the door, pushing by Mr. Granville so rudely that Spellman caught his arm, saying,

"How can you push so, Tom? and why cannot you come and look at this beautiful drawing, like Frank and everybody else?"

"I don't want to see it," said Tom; "I want to see the horses at the door."

Tom struggled and kicked Spellman's shins, who let him go, fearing Lady Chepstow would see this outrage.

"Tom will be quite another creature, I expect," said Spellman, "when he has been at a good school, and under your protection for a year."

"You expect wonders," said Granville, half smiling.

Granville left Spellman, and stood behind Frank, looking over his head at the drawing.

Lady Chepstow made some observations at this instant which could not be distinctly heard, because the horses, which were at the door, and which till now had stood perfectly still, were growing very restless. Looking out to see what was the matter, her ladyship described Tom, who had scrambled up upon the coach-box, and was kicking his feet, in despite of the coachman, against the foot-board.

"Do, somebody—yes, Spellman, that's a good creature, do take that boy down, will you," said Lady Chepstow; "or," added she, as Spellman left the room, "we shall have that boy's neck broken at Bellombre, and he had better break it somewhere else."

Mr. Berkeley now looked out of the window, as others did, at the taking down of Tom, who called out that he would not come down, and that he would do as he liked. "I recollect that voice," said Mr. Berkeley.

"It is not, indeed, a voice to be forgotten," said Lady Chepstow.

Tom, who was now standing near the window, looked up, and seeing Mr. Berkeley, who bowed to him, and was beginning to speak to him, he straight turned his back, pretending not to hear.

Granville called to him, and said, in a stern voice, "Don't you hear Mr. Berkeley speaking to you?"

Spellman turned Tom's face again to the window, and held him by the shoulders, telling him he must not be so bashful, he must not run away, he must behave civilly, and answer when he was spoken to.

"He can't be speaking to me," said Tom. "Let me go, cousin Spellman, I don't know him."

"I am not surprised," said Mr. Berkeley, mildly, "that the young gentleman does not recollect me, for the only time that I ever saw him was nearly a year ago; and then he was stunned by a terrible fall from his horse."

You do not then remember my taking you up from the bank, do you, young gentleman?" said he, again speaking to him from the open window.

"Not I," said Tom, still struggling to get away; "I don't remember any thing about it."

"Do not detain him," said Mr. Berkeley; "he seems to be terribly afraid of me, I don't know why; I was merely going to ask whether his horse had recovered from his sprain."

"I don't know," said Tom, bursting away from Spellman, and making off toward the stables.

"It is only bashfulness," said Spellman, pursuing him.

"Brutal bashfulness!" said Lady Chepstow.

"Depend upon it, this is not pure bashfulness," said Granville.

"Frank, what were you going to say! you look very eager, and yet very doubtful," said Cressingham.

"Because I believe, but I am not sure, sir," said Frank, turning to Mr. Berkeley, "that the horse of which you were speaking is mine. Was it pretty? was it black? Was its name Felix?"

"Whether it was pretty, I can't say," replied Mr. Berkeley. "It was black, I recollect, but I cannot tell whether its name was Felix; its shoulder was sadly sprained."

"Sprained its shoulder! Oh, then it was poor Felix," cried Frank and Mary.

"Thank you for recollecting and asking for him, sir," said Frank; "he is quite well. Did you see him fall, sir?"

"I did," said Mr. Berkeley.

"How extraordinary, mamma, that Mr. Berkeley should see it," said Mary.

"Not very extraordinary," said Mr. Berkeley. "I happened to be at the door of a cottage, where I had been visiting one of my poor parishioners in a remote place."

"In a lane near a pool of water, with flat stepping-stones, was it not?" said Frank.

"Just so," said Mr. Berkeley.

"Now I know the reason, papa, why Felix was so frightened at the sight of those stones the day we led him home; but, sir," continued Frank, returning to Mr. Berkeley, "will you tell me, for I never heard exactly how it was."

"I was at the cottage of a poor woman, who lives in a lane near the common, and I saw this young gentleman and his servant galloping across the common."

"Galloping!" repeated Frank with astonishment, looking at Mary, and his father, and mother, by turns.

"Do not interrupt, my dear," said his mother.

"He was certainly galloping when I saw him," continued Mr. Berkeley, "and as violently as he could go. He, and the man with him, seemed to be running races; he was foremost, and leaped his horse through a gap in the hedge into the lane; the horse came on the stepping-stones, slipped, and fell, and threw his rider on the opposite bank; the horse sprained his shoulder terribly; providentially the young gentleman was unhurt. I took him up, and gave him what assistance I could, but he says he does not recollect me."

Frank and Mary looked at one another again, and stood silent, quite shocked by this discovery of Tom's falsehood.

"But, papa, he certainly said he was trotting the horse, and trotting very gently, did not he?" said Frank, at last breaking silence.

"Yes, and his mother's note said so, and the groom said so, if I recollect," said Mary; "and, you know, he promised upon his word that he would go gently."

"I believe we had better say no more about it," said Frank.

"But I must beg you will say more, and make me understand all this," said Granville. "Before I have any thing to do with this boy, I must know distinctly what he is."

"Do not you see what he is? is not his manner enough?" said Lady Chepstow.

"No, mother, I would not condemn a boy, or give him up merely for his manner. There is a great difference, I hope, between bad manners and bad principles."

Frank's father strongly agreed in this, and thinking that the whole truth ought to be known to Mr. Granville, he related the circumstances.

"What! did he break his promise, and tell a lie? I will have nothing to do with him," said Granville.

"That is right—send him home directly, pray, Horace," said Lady Chepstow, "before we part with our friends, else I shall have him, when we are alone, com-

ing begging and praying to me, and crying, no doubt. Send him off this minute, Horace."

Granville left the room, and went to obey his mother's orders.

He found Tom and Spellman at the stable-door, Spellman still arguing with him, and he struggling and kicking against the door, and crying that he would go home to his mother.

"Yes, Spellman, send him home this minute," said Granville—"it must be so."

Spellman stood astonished, while Granville ordered a servant to bring out Master Tom's horse, and to call his groom to go with him directly.

Tom stood still, and looked much alarmed.

"Surely, my dear Horace, you would not send my cousin off in this way!" Spellman began, as he led Granville out of the hearing of the servants.

"I am very sorry for you, my dear Spellman," said Granville, "but it must be so. You shall hear the facts, and judge."

Spellman heard the whole, but endeavoured to excuse Tom, which displeased Granville exceedingly.

"You cannot excuse such falsehood, Spellman, I hope!"

"He is my cousin, consider," said Spellman, "and so young, and so spoiled as he has been."

"I am sorry for it, but that is not my fault."

"Oh, my dear Horace, for my sake consider my cousin, my own cousin!" said Spellman.

"If he were forty times your cousin I can have nothing to do with him," said Granville, steadily; "besides, my mother desires that he should go."

"But if he must go now," said Spellman, "say nothing about it, will you? or the poor boy is ruined for ever."

"I will never say a word about him. I am sorry for you, Spellman," repeated Granville, "but I wonder you could defend such conduct."

"I! I don't defend it. I think it's horrible. Only I know how he has been spoiled at home, and at that detestable school; and I am sure that when he is at another school, and if he was under your eye, he would become quite another creature."

As Granville was silent, Spellman continued in his most supplicating and flattering tone—"I know he

would become so fond of you, he would be so attached to you; though nobody else could manage him, I know you could do any thing you pleased with him by a word. I know by myself what power you have. I know—"

"Do not flatter me any more, Spellman," said Granville.

Spellman stopped short, and looked at Granville, as if he was not sure he had heard rightly.

"I flatter! and flatter you!"

"Yes, you flatter me."

Spellman, protesting he never flattered, took Mr. Granville's arm, and walking on, began to reurge his suit in favour of his cousin. "If you would say a word to Lady Chepstow, you are all powerful, you would save my cousin from this disgrace."

"Don't urge farther; I cannot, Spellman."

Spellman, however, observing what reluctance Granville felt to disoblige him, thought that if he pushed the matter boldly to the utmost, that he should succeed. He withdrew his arm suddenly from Granville's, exclaiming, in a high tone, that he felt himself ill-used; that he had feelings as well as Mr. Granville, and pride of his own too: that he could not bear to see his near relation so treated; disgracefully packed off: he could not justify it to his conscience to stand by and see it done: that, well as he loved Mr. Granville, if Mr. Granville persisted in sending his cousin away, without saying a word to save him, he could not longer look upon him as his friend. He confessed this was not his idea of a friend. In short, if his cousin was sent away from Bellombre, he would go along with him, he was determined.

Granville stood silent, and Spellman, seeing signs of strong emotion in his countenance, fancied he would yield if he pushed the matter to extremity; so, turning abruptly, and imitating, as well as he could, Granville's own decided tone and manner, he called to one of the servants in the yard, and ordered that his horse should be saddled as well as Mr. Tom's.

"Spellman, you are in a passion; I will give you time to cool. You had better not go," said Granville, leaving him. Spellman was not in a passion; he only pretended to be indignant, to work upon his friend's real feelings. With all his art, as Cressingham told him, he did not know that friend well: he knew all the weaknesses,

but none of the strength of his character. He fancied that Granville could not live without him and flattery. He thought that his quitting Bellombre would produce a great effect, and that he and his cousin would be recalled in a few days. He mounted his horse in a finely acted passion, bowing to Granville as he passed the windows; observed that he looked astonished, and saw, or thought he saw, that Granville beckoned to him, augured well of his weakness from this, galloped on, passed the gate, and never, we hope, was recalled to Bellombre.

ALL this while the carriage was at the door, the horses, who had been standing still against their will an unconscionable time, now pricked up their ears on hearing the step of the carriage let down. But they were yet to wait, while, after everybody else had got into the carriage, Frank was detained on the steps by each individual of the house of Bellombre, to wish him a fresh good-by, and who held him back while they repeated their desire to see him again whenever his father and mother could bring him.

"He has promised me, and that is enough," said Granville. "I am sure of him, and I hope he is sure of me."

"Quite, thank you," said Frank.

"And, Frank, stay one minute—one thing more I will promise you," said Granville, "that the next time you come to Bellombre, you shall not, if I can prevent it, meet any tormentors."

"Nor any flatterers either, if I can prevent it," said Cressingham. "Pray tell me, Frank," said he, laying his hand on the carriage-door, "if you were forced to choose between them, which would you rather have, the tormentors or the flatterer?"

"The tormentors, to be sure," said Frank; "they did me a great deal of good, and I grew used to their teasing at last, but the flatterer never did me any good."

"Right," said Cressingham.

Granville gave his last approving nod, and they departed.

The weather was fine, and the drive home was delightful, even though it was not a new way. Mary,

especially enjoyed it; for it had seemed to her very long since they had been all together. Now she could hear Frank's thoughts and feelings about every thing and every person they had seen at Bellombre; but chiefly she was interested in hearing that his father and mother were quite satisfied with him, that they thought he had borne all his little trials better than they could have expected, and that he had been improved by them in the strength of mind which would be necessary for him at school.

Boys, even at Frank's early age, as his father observed, begin to lay the foundation of a character for themselves, and Frank had now begun well; he had raised in the minds of some of those who were to be his future companions in life, good expectations of his temper, truth, and honourable principles, he had won the regard of two new friends, and had increased the esteem and affection of his friend Lewis, to whom he had proved that he was sincerely and steadily attached; his mother had been particularly pleased by observing that Frank had not betrayed much of that foolish vanity, which she had dreaded as the foible of his mind. Mary was silent, and happy in silence, as long as these remarks on Frank's conduct and character lasted; but, from the moment his praises ceased, she began to talk, and the conversation was kept up between the young people with that unceasing flow of spirits, which the prospect of returning home and to their usual happy ways naturally excited.

The first creature they ran to see was their good Mrs. Catharine.

After she had kissed Mary, she held out her arms to Frank.

"What! and you too!—Do you come back to me," said she, "just such as you went?—I had expected you would have been a fine young gentleman after your visit to Bellombre, and too grand to come to my room to see your old nurse."

"You expected very wrong then," said Frank, "but I do not believe you are in earnest, else I know how I could punish you. Look, here are your spectacles mended for you; you thought I should forget them, but you see you were mistaken in that, too; and, to save yourself the trouble of stooping again, you may give me another kiss, for the prettiest tortoise-shell kitten

you ever saw in your life, which you are to have on Monday."

The expectation of the new tortoise-shell favourite kept Mrs. Catharine from being quite overpowered by the news that Frank was certainly to go to school on the Monday following.

Frank's next care was so to arrange their affairs during this last week, that they should be as much with Mary as possible. Lewis and he agreed that they would take only short rides, so that they might always return by the time that she had finished her lessons. They were the more anxious to be kind to her, because she was so careful not to be any trouble or restraint to them; she even begged that they would do what they liked best about riding, and that they would not return on purpose to walk with her.

"For," said she, "you know I must soon learn to be quite alone when Frank goes to school, and it's better for me to learn by degrees: this is what I often used to try to think in the long fortnight at Bellombre. It will be much easier at home," added she, "because here I have many pleasant things that I like to do, and I have always mamma to talk to when she has done being busy. So pray ride as much as you please."

One day of this week was spent with their excellent friend Colonel Birch. He rejoiced to hear that the two young friends were to go to the same school, though he was still inclined to believe that some delay would occur.

Two evenings were happily spent in revisiting, certainly for the last time this season, old Mrs. Wheeler, and the *gardener of the green gate*. Frank was proud to feel that his having been laughed at about them had made no impression upon his mind. He left with Mrs. Wheeler a legacy which she much prized, a dog, the son of Colonel Birch's great dog, which the colonel had trained for him, and which was the most diverting as well as the most obedient of dogs, and Mrs. Wheeler had no doubt would prove the most faithful of his kind. "I was just wishing for a dog," said she, "for you must know, sir, our Jowler died last winter."

"Do you think I did not know that?" said Frank; "that is the very reason I thought of bringing you a young dog, to comfort you for the loss of the old one."

"Oh, think of his remembering about my old dog, and

my old self," exclaimed Mrs. Wheeler, "after he has been away too, and is going off to school. God bless him, wherever he goes he will never forget his friends."

This last was heard only by Mary, after Frank had left the house. His farewell visit to the gardener and his son was still more satisfactory; for Lewis had received a letter from his father, desiring to have the gardener's son sent to him, and requesting that Frank might be the bearer of this good news. There was also a smaller service which Frank did for the gardener, which pleased him particularly. While he was at Bellombre, he had heard of many curious practical experiments on the means of improving fruit-trees, and especially on the possibility of making our pears and peaches as large, as fine, and as abundant as any which are to be found in foreign countries. Frank thought of his friend the gardener when he had heard these observations, and repeated as much as he could remember of them, lending the gardener the *Review** in which the books containing them are mentioned.

With some of these he was already acquainted; others were new to him, and they were, as he said, the very things he most wished to see; he added, that he took it particularly kindly of Frank that he thought of him and his garden in the midst of all his diversions and fine people at Bellombre: this was what he called having a good memory in every sense of the word; "and here is a garden, in which you and your friends will always find yourselves as welcome as if it were your own, and Miss Mary the same."

The gardener inquired when Frank was to be at home again. And when he was told it was to be at Christmas, he picked out for Mary some Christmas-rose and wall-flower, which he told her would make a good figure in their garden at that season, and would be in blow to welcome him. Mary thanked him more for this thought than for all he had ever given her before, of

"Purple grape, green fig, or apricot."

She found the days of this last week passed away terrible quickly, and when it was Saturday she could not believe it; she thought it was Friday, she had hoped it was Friday, till the appearance of a little new trunk,

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. LXVIII.

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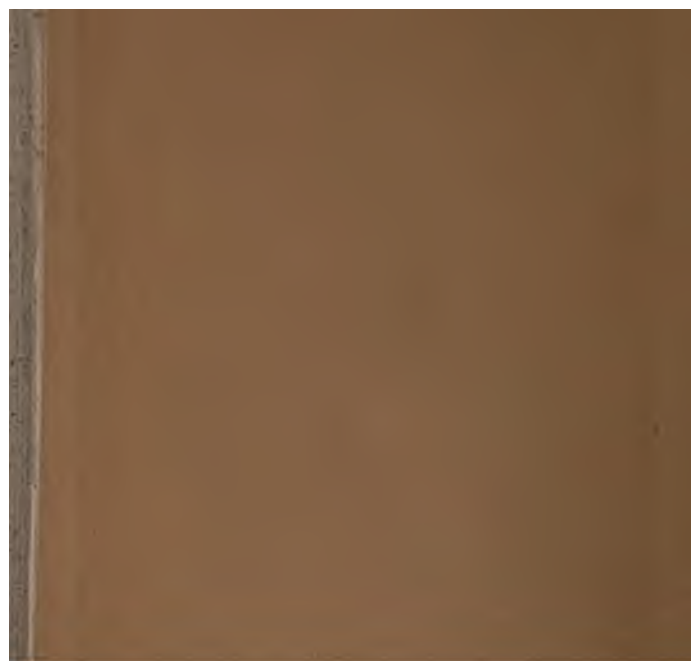
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